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COMMODORE GOODENOUGH
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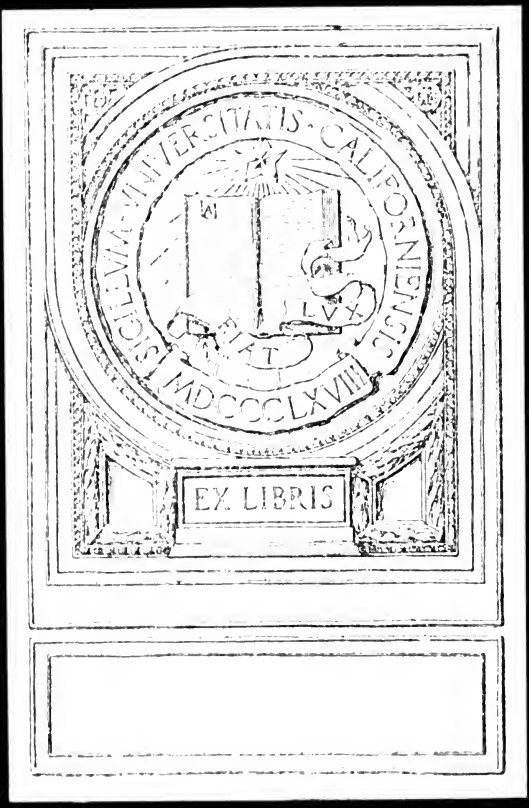
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MEMOIR OF

COMMODORE J. G. GOODENOUGH,

R.N., C.B., C.M.G.

MEMOIR OF COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.

NOTICES OF THE FIRST EDITION.

"Mrs. Goodenough has discharged her duty tenderly and bravely in editing this very interesting volume."—*Times.*

"There is still left to us the bright example of his truly christian and noble life, as depicted in these pages."—*United Service Gazette.*

"A singularly complete, noble, and beautiful character."—*Broad Arrow.*

"Commodore Goodenough was a true christian hero in every sense of the phrase."—*Globe.*

"Such love as that of Commodore Goodenough revives faith in human nature."—*Nonconformist.*

Samuel G. Goodenough

KEGAN PAUL & Co. LONDON

MEMOIR OF

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH,

R.N., C.B., C.M.G.,

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS.

EDITED BY HIS WIDOW.

THIRD EDITION.

CONDENSED.

LONDON :

C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1878.

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"O THOU who for our sins didst take
A human form and humbly make
Thy home on earth!
By Thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O pardon me!"
As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind,
His soul to Him who gave it rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

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PREFACE.

—•—

MANY of Commodore GOODENOUGH'S friends and others having expressed a desire that some record of his life should be made public, the following Memoir has been compiled. In it, it has been the endeavour of the writer to show both his life and his character as much as possible by his own writings, or by those of others (not his near relations), who were intimately associated with him at different periods of his life, and who could judge of him perhaps more justly and more dispassionately than could those in whose affections he filled so great and so absorbing a place.

V. H. G.

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CONTENTS.

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOLDAYS—ENTRANCE INTO THE NAVY —H.M.S. COLLINGWOOD—FOUR YEARS IN THE PACIFIC —H.M.S. CYCLOPS—COAST OF AFRICA—ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE—H.M.S. CENTAUR—SOUTH AMERICA—BALTIC —H.M.S. HASTINGS 1

CHAPTER II.

H.M.S. RALEIGH—VOYAGE TO CHINA—WRECK OF THE RALEIGH—FATSHAN AND CANTON—APPOINTED COMMANDER OF H.M.S. CALCUTTA—PEIHO—JAPAN . . . 15

CHAPTER III.

SECOND VOYAGE TO CHINA IN H.M.S. RENARD—PENANG—PEIHO—SHANGHAI—NINGPO—NANKIN—SUEZ CANAL—COMMANDER OF H.M.S. REVENGE—PROMOTION . . 39

CHAPTER IV.

SPECIAL MISSION TO NORTH AMERICA—MARRIAGE—H.M.S. VICTORIA—MEDITERRANEAN—H.M.S. MINOTAUR—CHANNEL FLEET—TEMPERANCE 61

CHAPTER V.

PAGE

WORK AMONG THE FRENCH PEASANTS ABOUT SEDAN—COMMITTEE ON DESIGNS FOR SHIPS OF WAR—DIEPPE—NAVAL EDUCATION—APPOINTED NAVAL ATTACHÉ . . 81

CHAPTER VI.

APPOINTED COMMODORE OF THE AUSTRALIAN STATION—VOYAGE TO NEW ZEALAND—FIJI—SYDNEY—MELBOURNE—TASMANIA—CAPTAIN COOK—ADELAIDE—NEW HEBRIDES—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL 109

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST CRUISE 190

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOLDAYS — ENTRANCE INTO THE NAVY — H.M.S. COLLINGWOOD — FOUR YEARS IN THE PACIFIC — H.M.S. CYCLOPS — COAST OF AFRICA — ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE — H.M.S. CENTAUR — SOUTH AMERICA — BALTIC — H.M.S. HASTINGS.

JAMES GRAHAM GOODENOUGH was born on December 3rd, 1830, at Stoke Hill, near Guildford, in Surrey. His father, the Very Rev. Dr. Edmund Goodenough, a son of the Bishop of Carlisle, had lately resigned the Head Mastership of Westminster School, and was at that time a Canon of Westminster. His mother was a daughter of S. Cockerell, Esq., of Westbourne. In the following year, Dr. Goodenough became Dean of Wells—and there was James Goodenough's home until he went to sea.

The Dean directed his children's education, and made them share in his pursuits, whether of natural history, architecture, or music; and no doubt this assistance, the early associations of his home, and the interest and beauty of Wells Cathedral and the surrounding scenery, cultivated

in James the love of architecture and music, and that critical taste which could not be satisfied with anything short of the best and purest in art, and which formed a source of enjoyment to him through life. He often recalled in later years one of his early lessons in perseverance and hardihood. When about seven years old he used to ride with his father. His pony had a habit of bolting in at the stable gate, instead of coming round to the front door; and on one winter evening the Dean insisted on the little boy riding up and down the road, till long after dark, and till he had mastered his pony, and made him quietly pass the stable door.

The accident of his godfather, Sir James Graham, having been First Lord of the Admiralty at the time of the child's christening, had led Dr. Goodenough to choose the following of the sea as the profession for his son James; and the boy's mind was from the first led to look upon the Navy as his future career. From his earliest years he showed determination and strength of character—even his elder brothers and sisters were accustomed to abide by his decision in a disputed matter, always recognising his desire for justice; and they remembered that when only about eight years old he for some time voluntarily contented himself with dry bread at the school-room breakfast, in order to harden himself, and make himself more fit to encounter any difficulties he might meet with in the profession which had been marked out for him.

At seven years old he went to a school in Berkshire, and before he was ten he was sent to Westminster School, where he remained till he entered the Navy, at thirteen.

Of his school life a schoolfellow and intimate friend thus writes:—

"At the early age of nine and a half he was sent to Westminster school, in June, 1840. He was, as a boy, what he continued to be as a man—honourable, true, tender-hearted, modest, brave, and a hater of all things evil. There was something in his society which raised others unconsciously, yet he was not one of those boys who were never to be found out of bounds or in the fighting green. On the contrary, while joining heartily in all that other boys did, whether allowed or forbidden, he kept all real evil from himself and his companions by a sort of natural force. Every one liked him, and rejoiced at his successes in school and on the water, which were extraordinary for so young a boy."

In these three years he passed from the third form to the *shell* (next to the sixth form). Owing to the traditional customs of the school, he was involved in one or two severe fights, successfully beating boys older than himself. The only time he was severely punished at school was for a systematic disregard of a rule which he considered an encroachment on the privileges of the scholars; he persistently rowed up the river on a whole holiday, not presenting himself at the roll-call (or "early play," as it was called) in the middle of the day, which he considered unfairly broke into his holiday. But he soon learnt to yield to discipline and to obey orders unhesitatingly, whether just or not. A few years later, when in the Pacific, having gone on shore for a ride, on which occasions it was allowed that a midshipman should leave his sword behind, he was reproved by a superior officer for being on shore without his side arms, and ordered on board his ship. He

immediately went on board, and lost his ride, rather than remonstrate with his superior.

On May 7th, 1844, he obtained his appointment in the Royal Navy. The examinations in those days were not what they are now. He went down to Portsmouth, and should have gone on board the "Victory" to be examined; but, as it was blowing hard, he was desired to sit down in the flag lieutenant's office, given a sum and a piece of dictation to do, and the examination was over. As the "Collingwood," the ship to which he was appointed, was still fitting out, the naval cadets were sent away on leave. He came down to Portsmouth again early in the summer, with his father and mother, to be confirmed (the Bishop holding a special confirmation for those who were soon leaving England); and in July of the same year he joined the Collingwood at Spithead. His father had a house in the Isle of Wight at the time, and a yacht in which he constantly visited the ship, and in which, when the Collingwood finally sailed for the Pacific, on September 7th, the Dean and his family accompanied the old two-decker for some distance down Channel.

In the Collingwood, Goodenough had the advantage of being under officers who materially encouraged and assisted him in his endeavours to advance in his profession. The admiral, Sir George Seymour, interested himself in the youngsters; and the kindly presence of Lady Seymour and her family on board the ship infused a refining influence and homelike feeling which were fully appreciated, and never forgotten by the young boy thus early taken away from the home that he loved.

In his captain, afterwards Admiral Sir Robert Smart, he had before him a man of high professional ability, of the purest integrity and elevation of character,—to whom during all his life he looked up with reverence and affection. Captain Smart took the greatest interest in the progress and wellbeing of his young officers, and young Goodenough fully felt and appreciated the benefit that this was to him. The favourable reports of the progress of the young midshipman which periodically reached the distant home, were highly valued at the time, from the known conscientious judgment of his captain.

The naval instructor, Mr. William Johnson, was a man of cultivation and ability, and who possessed the rare talent, not only of teaching well, but of inspiring his pupils with interest in, and liking for, their studies. Among the many kindnesses shown by Mr. Johnson, one much appreciated was that of giving the use of his cabin to those boys who wished for quiet to read and study. Here many well-spent hours were passed by young Goodenough, amongst others the dinner hour on alternate days when at sea, on which days, as he could not eat salt beef without feeling ill, he did not go to dinner at all.

On the sailing of the Collingwood, the naval cadets were allowed to choose whether they would keep night watch or not; Goodenough at once elected to do so. Also, whether they would study foreign languages as well as the ordinary professional studies. These he also chose; and to Mr. Johnson's admirable teaching in this branch of study he owed much of the pleasure which in after life he derived from his thorough knowledge of French and Spanish.

Among his messmates were his connection and schoolfellow, and dearest friend, Clements Markham; and many others side by side with whom he rose in the service, and for all of whom he always retained a specially affectionate feeling in remembrance of the happy days passed together on board the Collingwood,—the rides, the excursions, Lady Seymour's Saturday picnics, and many other pleasures which were so delightful to all of them. It was a great source of satisfaction to him, at the Naval Review at Spithead in 1867, that no less than six of the largest of the ships were commanded by "Old Collingwoods;" and almost the last dinner he went to before leaving England for the last time in 1873, was to meet a number of these old shipmates.

He gives the following account of the commission of the Collingwood:—

"The Collingwood touched at Madeira, Rio de Janeiro, and the Falkland Islands, reaching Valparaiso early in January, 1845, and remaining there till March. Thence sailing to Callao, Tahiti, and the Sandwich Islands, where we passed two months very pleasantly, returning to Tahiti for three weeks, and finally to Valparaiso in January, 1846."

He often remembered with amusement a little incident which took place at Tahiti. That island had lately become the possession of the French, who had enforced some rule of silence in the streets after certain hours. One night, after hours, an English marine, not quite sober, was loudly singing "Rule Britannia" as he sauntered along, when a French sentry—to the great amusement of some English

officers who were passing—came up to him, touched him on the shoulder, and said, with a meaning smile, "Mon ami, it is *too late* to sing 'Rule Britain!'"

"The Collingwood remained at Valparaiso till April, then went again to Callao, Payta in Peru, and San Blas and Mazatlan, in Mexico. Thence she passed to Monterey in California, and to the Hawaiian Islands again, where we passed another agreeable two months, returning to Valparaiso in about February, 1847, after sixty-five days at sea, seeing but two ships on our way. Hence we went to Juan Fernandez and Callao, whence I went with Sir George Seymour to the isles of Quibo Cocos and Galapagos, and to Payta, in the 'Sampson,' returning to the Collingwood at Callao, and in her to Valparaiso, in December, 1847, where we remained until relieved by the 'Asia,' in April, 1848, and then returned home by Rio de Janeiro, and paid off on August 12th, 1848."

The friend already quoted speaks thus of the Collingwood days:—

"As a midshipman young Goodenough fulfilled the promise he had given as a boy at Westminster. Always modest and unassuming, he naturally took the lead in everything; the best as a linguist, in navigation, in seamanship, in gunnery, and all exercises, and among the foremost in all expeditions. He took to sea with him Burney's collection of voyages in the South Seas, which he read carefully, and he thus acquired a love for such narratives and for the achievements of daring navigators and explorers, which continued to the day of his death. His messmates looked to him as their leader, almost as their guide; and none of them ceased to look back with regret to those four happy years. Many a long ride and exploring walk did Goodenough arrange and carry out to achieve the seeing of some sight, the examination of some

noteworthy object that would have been missed without his clear guiding head and bold lead. Several survive to cherish the remembrance of the midnight gallops to Casa Blanca and Quillota, the daring fording of the flooded Con-con, the dash out to Pachacamac, which ended in a stopping of leave, and the wanderings on the coast of Mexico and California, in the Sandwich Islands, and at Tahiti. He received his first lessons in surveying from Captain (afterwards Sir Henry) Kellett, then in command of the 'Herald,' who kindly gave him some practical instruction in Callao Bay and round San Lorenzo.

"On every emergency Goodenough's first thought was for others. Once he and another youngster took a long excursion among the wild ravines of Juan Fernandez. Scrambling through masses of huge leaves, which concealed everything in front, Goodenough was a few paces a-head. Suddenly his companion heard a crashing sound, and as he crept forward Goodenough's warning voice urged him anxiously not to follow. At the moment he must have been in great agony. He had fallen down a sheer precipice, and had sprained his ankle, besides being severely cut, crushed, and bruised. It was twenty-four hours before he could be found and extricated. His companion never forgot that warning cry, which probably saved his life, and which added a feeling of reverence to his love for such a messmate. But such was Goodenough's character, in pain or in danger his first thought was for others."

On the paying off of the Collingwood, the Port Admiral at Portsmouth asked Captain Smart to point out any officers with whom he was specially satisfied; and, among others, Goodenough was brought forward. On his certificate his captain wrote "An officer of promise."

The Dean of Wells had died in 1845, and on his return to England, James Goodenough found his mother and

sisters settled at Loughton, in Essex. After six weeks' leave at home, he was appointed, October, 1848, to the "Cyclops" (Captain Hon. G. F. Hastings), and sailed in her for the coast of Africa. After touching at Sierra Leone and Ascension, the Cyclops went to the Bight of Benin, and visited every port on the coast—from Accra, on the Gold Coast, to Fernando Po. Later, she went to St. Paul de Loanda and the River Congo, till August, 1849,—when his desire for advancement led him to ask permission to return to England to compete at the Royal Naval College for the lieutenant's commission, which was then annually given to the mate who after a year's study passed the best examination. He returned to England in the "Dart," in December, 1849; and when paid off, went at once to the "Excellent," where he had to stay six months before joining the college. In March, 1850, he returned home on a month's leave; and in June passed his examination and became a mate. In July he entered the Naval College; in December, 1850, he had one month's leave; and in July, 1851, passed his examination and obtained the lieutenant's commission.

His principal rival was also his greatest friend in the college, and they worked together in the most friendly and affectionate emulation—a friendship which the unsuccessful competitor generously continued through life. He thus speaks of those days:—

"There are few, if any, the delineation of whose character should be more inspiring to young men who are seeking after the best and noblest things of this life and that to come . . . . I have watched his career with such interest as to know that all

the good and great qualities that then endeared him to me only ripened and intensified as he grew older. I wish it were so with all, but I fear that it is only the noblest who continue to progress or even to retain the highest aspirations of their youth. The time we spent together in the 'Excellent,' and at the Royal Naval College, was one of close study and constant companionship, but was very much without incident; we taught in the Sunday schools together; we read and prayed together every night, and what little time was snatched from study was generally devoted to walks into the country, to which a little sketching and a little botanising added interest."

Another fellow-student thus writes:—

"It was my good fortune to have known him since the year 1850, when we were studying in the same class at the Naval College; then I saw what a man amongst men he was, that his actions were all guided by the purest Christian principles . . . . a man who was ever manly, gentle, and kind, an officer as smart, and a seaman as able as ever lived."

A former professor at the college says:—

"His conduct while with us was so uniformly exemplary, that there was nothing in it of a chequered character. He had at that early age the same devoted sense of duty that has marked his career throughout his life, and he gave himself up to the subjects of study not only for the sake of the reward which success would give him, but for their own sake, and to enable him to serve his country in an intelligent manner . . . . His was a character that required but little moulding. What he was at the last, the same he seems to have been at all times. His superior intellect and steady, cheerful perseverance gained him the first great step in his public life, by enabling him to win the

lieutenant's commission—the only prize of scientific merit in those days."

During this period one of Goodenough's greatest pleasures was an acquaintance (slight as it was) with Sir Edward Parry, who was then Superintendent of Haslar Hospital; and in later years he often spoke of the refreshment it was to him after his hard study to spend an hour or two in that distinguished officer's company, or to attend, as he often did, the Bible readings which Sir Edward Parry held every Sunday afternoon for the seamen in hospital.

After obtaining his commission he was for ten weeks on half pay, part of which time was spent in an excursion to Switzerland, and part in a trip to Copenhagen, with the late Captain F. Blackwood, R.N., to observe an eclipse of the sun. In September, 1851, he was appointed to the "Centaur," bearing the flag of Rear Admiral Henderson, commanding the South-American station. The Centaur remained on that station, visiting all the different ports along the coast, till February, 1854. In this ship he interested himself in the ship's boys, whom he used to teach on Sunday afternoons. The following extracts are from letters written at this period :—

"H.M.S. CENTAUR, RIO DE JANEIRO,
November 11th, 1852.

"I do not make much progress in sketching, having finished but few lately. My indolent nature prompts me to gaze on and admire the wonderful magnificence, without daring to attempt to copy it. That expression of Mr. P.'s, speaking of Wales, is a

very apt one. I mean 'If this is so much to be admired, how much more is there in that "other state"'—and still more—If to know and see a little of God's doings is a source of real happiness, how much more is to be obtained by what Dr. Milner calls, in homely phrase, making God our 'Summum Bonum'—the source of *all* our springs of action.

"I think I told you that two Quakers have come out here to present an address to the Emperor on the subject of slavery. They were well received, and thanked by the Emperor. I have not been able to meet them yet, but hope to do so to-morrow if I can find time."

"BUENOS AYRES, *May 1st*, 1853.

". . . . Thank you for a copy of Captain S.'s note. I think with you that it would be not right to ask for a recall without a definite appointment; indeed, I would not at all wish it were it offered. What I wish you have divined and done, viz., to have my name known as an individual wishing for employment in the surveying branch, being in a certain manner adapted to it by the advantages often enjoyed at the college and elsewhere. This failing, I must get an exchange or appointment to some sailing ship as I best can, or else wait for another fresh commission. So I think that nothing can be done unless an opportunity should offer. To you, dear mother, to whom I wish all my thoughts and doings to be known, I must say that I fear I have wished too much for this change, and that I have thought and talked a great deal too much of myself to the exclusion of others. So a truce to it."

In February, 1854, at the breaking out of the Russian War, the Centaur was suddenly recalled, and her crew sent to other ships.

After a fortnight's leave, and after trying in vain to get appointed to a ship going to the Black Sea, Goodenough,

much to his disappointment, was sent to the "Calcutta" (84), the guardship at Plymouth. Ships were wanted to take troops to Bomarsund, and 150 officers and men were sent from the Calcutta to the "Royal William" (120), among whom was Goodenough. The Royal William embarked 1500 French troops at Calais, and took them to Bomarsund; and after the capture of that place, returned to Plymouth with 1200 Russian prisoners. The officers and men returned to the Calcutta, and Goodenough was reflecting how to get into active service, when he hit upon the plan of asking to rejoin the Excellent to requalify as a gunnery officer. This was allowed, and in a month he passed from the Excellent to the "Hastings" (60), Captain Caffin, as gunnery lieutenant, in February, 1855, and went in her to the Baltic. At the bombardment of Sweaborg, August 20th, 1855, the Hastings was engaged with the battery of Sandhaven; and Goodenough was gazetted as having been in her boats when engaged at night with the frigates moored between the forts. Two men were wounded in Goodenough's boat by the bursting of a rocket. The chaplain of the Hastings thus records the impression that he made on his messmates at that time:—

"He knew the fact that we were intended for hard service. It was generally believed that hard fighting was in store for us, and that the block ships, of which the Hastings was one, would bear the brunt of it; and he not only speedily got all matters connected with his own department in order (for he was Gunnery Lieutenant), but was always my friend and counsellor in every scheme for the good of the junior officers and crew. He was genial, kind, and sympathetic, and would help me at all times to

gain the end I had in view, without violating ship's rules and naval discipline. He supported me in introducing the celebration of the Lord's Supper, then almost an unknown thing on board ship. By all of us he was much beloved, and, though a strict officer, and very particular in matters of duty, he was known to be so conscientious and scrupulous about doing his own work thoroughly, that all admired and many emulated his high tone of doing everything as unto God and not unto man.

"Twenty years have passed since then, but I have the impression still very distinct that I never met in my naval career one whose thorough religious feeling impressed me so deeply, or any one of whom I felt more sure that if life should be spared he would rise to greatness in his profession, and be a blessing to many, in whatever sphere he might be placed."

While he was in the Baltic he received the news of the death of his mother, from cholera, while travelling in Spain, for his youngest brother's health. On his return to England, in the winter, he applied for six weeks' leave to go to Malta to see his sister and brother, which was refused; and he then got permission to be put on half pay, in order to be able to do so. He spent part of January and February, 1856, at Malta, refreshing himself with, and thoroughly appreciating, the highly-prized family intercourse he so seldom was able to enjoy.

Of this brief holiday a friend thus writes:—

"How well I remember him in his first manhood at Malta, and thinking that he unbent so naturally from the rather stern and grave habit which had been described to me. One had the happy feeling of being so safe with him, whatever was the subject in hand; however high people's spirits were, there would not be a single word to regret."

CHAPTER II

H.M.S. RALEIGH—VOYAGE TO CHINA—WRECK OF THE RALEIGH—FATSHAN AND CANTON—APPOINTED COMMANDER OF H.M.S. CALCUTTA—PEIHO—JAPAN.

AFTER just two months' holiday Lieutenant Goodenough returned to England, and obtained command of the "Goshawk" gunboat, at Woolwich, which he fitted out and took to Portsmouth, and there joined the squadron of gunboats under Captain A. C. Key, being present at the great review at Spithead after the Peace. He was then sent to Plymouth, and remained there till August 4th, when he was paid off, and appointed first lieutenant of the "Raleigh" (50), bearing the broad pendant of Commodore Hon. H. Keppel. The Raleigh sailed soon after for China, making a very rapid passage, taking only thirty-five days from Madeira to the Cape, in part of which she averaged 240 knots for nine days in succession. On this voyage he began studying German, working at "Ollendorf" every evening. "For a moment," he says, "I thought it would be possible to learn to write Chinese, but a look at a dictionary soon undeceived me."

After a short detention at the Cape, the Raleigh sailed again, making over 230 knots for thirteen days in succession, touching at Penang and Singapore. On the

way thither they passed to the north of Sumatra, which he thus describes:—

"The heat began the first day we saw Sumatra, since which we have passed through a narrow passage at the north end—a very pretty thing, for it was not so wide as the mouth of Portsmouth harbour at high tide, with high rocky sides clothed with trees, like a gigantic gateway, to our station. Everything was dead still as we passed through, except the loud hum of the cicadas. Several canoes of Sumatrans were paddling about, and in the afternoon a Chinese junk came past us—a regular junk, with eyes on her bows, those odd-looking sails, and a high poop stuck about with nasty-looking spears."

When within 100 miles of Hong Kong, on the 15th of March, 1857, the Raleigh struck upon a rock not marked upon the chart, and was run ashore not far from Macao, as the only means of saving her. Lieutenant Goodenough gives the following details of the occurrence in a letter home:—

"KOKO ISLAND, NEAR MACAO, *April 22nd*, 1857.

"It was a great disappointment to us all. We had just got to the end of our long journey, and were ready to go up to Canton to disembark men, or go into action on board, and had won every inch of the last part of our way with difficulty, when a *vilain rocher* sticks its point through our bows, and in a few hours sinks the ship, spoils our arms and ammunition, and keeps us at this dull work of recovering her in a wet, unpleasant season.

"We were coming into Hong Kong when we struck; the ship was about twenty-five miles from it, and among some islands, close to the great Ladrone, when she bumped on this stone, which was not marked on any chart that we had, and which the surveyor

himself does not know of. It was equally distant from two islands, Jongo and Palakiki, and a well marked rock. I was writing when she struck, and of course ran up, and found a crowd of pale, inquiring faces asking what was to come next. To my surprise she did not strike again, but glanced off, and still moved through the water. No masts had come down, though the shock was violent, and we had been going seven knots. Some of the men were saying, 'She'll never recover that; it was an awful blow, and no mistake.' I rather 'pooh-poohed,' and said to a petty officer, 'Ah, she may stand many another like that.' But I thought I would go down to the fore store-room, where the shock seemed to have been. On getting down I heard a rush of water, and when a light was brought, saw that the timbers were evidently broken, and the inside planking all started, so that I could thrust in my hand along a space 4ft. long by 2½ft. deep, about 14ft. under water. As I was leaving the deck I heard the Commander give orders to sound the well, and when the carpenter had reported, he ordered him to rig the pumps. In the store-room I got six of the strongest hands near to hand everything out of the lower part where the leak was, and before ten minutes they were over their knees in water. When the place was clear I went down again, to make sure of the extent of the damage, and thrust my hand in again. It was far too extensive to hope to repair it even temporarily inside. The Commander had given orders to prepare a sail to go over the bows, with a view of letting it down weighted till it should be sucked into the leak; so after the place was full of water I went on deck to direct its preparation. I found that the Commodore had ordered one watch of the men to go to the pumps, and the other to work the ship, make sail, &c.; and after measuring the distances on the chart from the nearest ports, and observing that the ship was settling by the head, had determined to run for a beach on this island near Macao, and to put the ship on shore here to prevent her from sinking, as the leak was gaining fast upon the pumps. The course was therefore altered, and sail was increased

with the greatest coolness and regularity, Graham, whose watch it was, carrying on the duty, while Gilford attended the pumps, and I took what men I could gather to prepare the sail for the bows, and in the intervals of altering the sails moved the forecastle guns to the quarterdeck. At two o'clock, about one hour and a quarter after striking, one of the chain-pumps broke, and the men were set to work with buckets, but of course the leak now gained faster than ever. My sail was now ready, but the Commodore feared that it might not get correctly into its place, and that it would stop the ship's way so much as to prevent our reaching the flat ground we were steering for before she sank. We therefore kept on trimming and making sail as we steered amongst the numerous rocks and islands, and getting guns aft. Earlier in the day we had made out a frigate and steamer at anchor in Macao Roads, and therefore commenced firing minute guns, and when we saw them again hoisted the ensign, union jack downwards. They were both French. The upper deck guns being all aft, I began the main deck, when the Commodore sent down to salute the French Admiral. This was done, and we had got several guns aft, when about 3.30 we put her on the mud, driving her into it as far as she would go with all available sails. The pumps were now left, and a party of men sent to save the bread, which was getting wet, and the remainder to take in the sails. In the three hours and a quarter between striking the rock and taking the ground she had made ten feet of water against all our endeavours to keep her free by pumps. This had deepened her till she drew twenty-six feet of water, and as we had run into the mud till we were in only eighteen feet, she appeared pretty safe.

"Five minutes afterwards the Commodore sent for me to assist in speaking to the French Flag Lieutenant, who had come on board, and told me to go to the French Admiral, ask for the 'Catinat' steamer to take me to Hong Kong, and there tell the Admiral what had happened, and ask for assistance. In half an hour after striking I was in the French boat. Unfortunately the Admiral was on shore, and it cost us till half-past eight to get on

shore, and ask permission, and to get back to the Catinat, which started in a quarter of an hour. The officers kindly gave me a cabin to lie down in; I was asleep by ten, and called at three to be told that we were close to Hong Kong. I got up, and when we anchored went to the 'Calcutta,' the flag-ship, saw the Flag Captain and Admiral, and told them all. The Admiral instantly ordered a steamer to prepare to move, and when she was ready sent her up the river with orders for the 'Nankin' and 'Inflexible' to come to our assistance; then got ready an old vessel to come down and take our guns. Our friend Catinat was to take me back at nine, but did not start so soon, so it was four when I saw our ship again. I could not believe my senses. She had sunk in the mud up to her main-deck guns, and I could see no one moving on board. I found the Commodore on board, his secretary, the chaplain, a guard of marines, and a boat's crew. All the rest were on shore in tents. They told me that on the night that I left she began to settle in the mud, and at seven o'clock the water came up to the lower deck. The men took their clothes and mess-traps on the main deck, and the officers' things were moved out of their cabins into the Commodore's. My old servant and my boy worked nobly, and saved nearly everything for me, except some books. At eleven the water was over the lower deck. Things remained thus till morning, when we went to the French frigate to ask for assistance in transporting our men, and to beg provisions for two days. At the same time we began unbending our sails, and sending small spars on shore to rig tents, landing boat guns, small arms, ammunition, and officers' and men's traps and beds. The French Flag Captain came over, and with the Master and Gilford, who was sent as beach-master, picked out a good place for our tents, which the French began to rig, assisted by a few of our men, who began to come ashore in each boat. Visconti was there on leave from his ship, the 'Virginie,' interpreting, rigging tents, and doing everything possible to provide for our comfort. The French boat brought us a present from the officers of wine, eggs, bread, and cooked fowls. We could not

have done without their kindness and assistance. I found the Commodore sitting on a raised platform above the deck, and after we had talked about our doings, boiled some of our eggs, and smoked a cigar, we lay down to sleep on the bridge. Early in the morning I went on shore, and found a long tent with the Commodore's things at one end, and then the officers' and the men's at the other end. As there was work to be done on board, the Commander gave the men some biscuit, took them away, and left me with a party to put things in order. He had not been gone ten minutes when a deluge of rain came down, filled a pond which received the drain of a ravine, and made it overflow its banks till the water burst through the whole length of the tent, and nearly carried it all away. My party rushed out and dammed the course of the torrent, tried to open a new course for it through the sand, and saved the brass guns from being either carried off or buried in the sand.

"The rain lasted all day, but not so violently as at first, and we made a new tent, which pleased me so much that I at once put half the men into it when they came on shore again. On Friday the Nankin and Inflexible came to us, and on Saturday we sent 300 of our men to live on board the former. Captain Corbett very kindly sent me a sheep. On Sunday the old hulk 'Alligator' came down, and we officers came to live on board her."

In May, Goodenough was given the command of a small hired steamer, the "Honkong," with two large and four small guns, and took command of her just before the battle of Fatshan, which he describes in the following letter:—

"I took command of this craft, the hired steamer Honkong, on Saturday morning, the 30th May. All Sunday I was running up and down the river on various duties, and on Monday, at half-past four in the morning, weighed to go into action, to take some junks anchored in the Fatshan Creek, a branch of this river.

The junks were protected by a hill fort, and this was first stormed by Captain Elliot after a small resistance. We then advanced on the junks with four other gunboats, towing all the boats of the squadron, silenced a four-gun battery on our way, and were just within range when we got on shore. Can you conceive anything more disappointing? The Commodore, who had his pendant in me, jumped into his boat, and away went all the boats to the attack. The other gunboats passed me, and I felt thoroughly sold. Nothing was to be done but to get off, and then to follow the boats, which, after leaving a division to destroy the taken junks, passed on to chase the Chinese flying in their boats. All the other gunboats had got on shore not long after passing me, and I passed them one by one; but after a couple of miles got on shore again, and had just hauled my vessel off, when I saw firing ahead. I called out to cut our hawser. Young Harry Stephenson seized a cutlass and cut it through, and we went on again, and soon found the boats retiring from a strong force of twenty picked junks moored across a narrow part of the stream. The boats had pulled on after the capture of the first body of junks, and ignorant of the existence of these twenty, in front of whom three or four light leading boats suddenly found themselves at a turn of the river. A heavy fire began directly our boats checked their speed. The heavy boats with guns came up, but either touched a bank or were carried by the current against those already on it, and a sad loss followed. Major Kearney, a volunteer, Deputy Quartermaster-General of the Army, was almost the first killed by a round 18-pounder full in the breast, as he sat by the side of Captain Leckie, in the Fury's gig. A round shot struck the Commodore's galley, and she began to fill. He stepped on the thwart to keep dry till another boat came up, and another shot passed under his feet and went through the bottom of the boat. Victor was with him, binding the stump of a fine young Isle of Wight man's arm. Another man had both his legs taken off, and two others were wounded as she sank from under them. The Commodore called out to save his pendant, and stepped into

Captain Turnour's cutter, shaking his fist at the junks, promising to pay them out for this in the afternoon. Graham, close to me in the pinnace, had his jacket riddled by grape, and his legs blackened by the wind of a round shot. Two men's heads were taken off by his side, and the blood from their poor trunks literally covered him; three or four others were wounded in his boat, and the Commodore was persuaded to retire and re-form. Just then we came up, and opened fire from our bow gun. The boats gave us some of their wounded, which filled our mess-room and cabins, and then dropped astern to re-form. The Commodore would not allow me to advance any farther, and we had the disadvantage of engaging at a distance all these fellows, who knew their range accurately, and dropped some shot on board, taking off one poor fellow's leg, and wounding another badly. After half an hour's firing the junks began to retreat, and we followed. The boats came up again, and gave the Commodore a cheer, and off he dashed. The river got shallower, and we got a little beyond where the junks had lain, and found it impossible to get any further. We drew seven feet, and there was nowhere more than six. Some more junks in a small branch creek opened fire at us, seeing our mast-heads over the trees, and in about ten minutes we drove them out, and tried again to get afloat. We could see the Commodore taking and destroying junks as he went up, some in the very suburb of the city of Fatshan, which stands in the same relation that Manchester does to Liverpool, and has always been a shut book to Europeans. We recovered the Commodore's boat, which had floated up with the stream, and as soon as we could we got down the river again to where the first junks were destroyed.

"I had received many more wounded, nearly all very badly so, and so I was ordered to take them straight to Hong Kong at once, and passed a horrid night on the bridge. Put the sick on board the hospital ship at seven in the morning; coaled, watered, and started again at six in the evening, passed another night on the bridge, piloting the ship, and reported myself to the Admiral at

nine o'clock the next morning. I never was so dead beat in all my life. All the way down I had the ringing of shot in my ears, and the groans of a poor fellow with half his skull fractured and carried away, who could not be removed; and coming up we had two alarms of springing a leak, and I had actually steered for a sandy place to put the ship on shore; the first from the injection pipe of the engine bursting, and the second from the speed and immersion causing a shot to work out of a hole which it had before stopped for itself."

Beauty of scenery always had a great charm for him, and he took pleasure in finding out what it was that pleased him in a landscape. About this time he thus speaks of his first impressions of China, as compared to what some of his family were enjoying while travelling in Italy and Spain :—

"How I envy any one even of your fellow-travellers in Italy, and how I could enjoy it with you. Long before I get home again it will all be over, I am afraid, unless I would whisk myself overland to join you. The scenes and climate, and, above all, the associations, must be delightful. This country is totally wanting in the last. There are no scenes one remembers with interest, no people who have spirited, free, or gentle natures to give one an *interêt de cœur*. The little one knows of the past history here excites no interest or reverence. The impressions of the character of the Cantonese, received on the spot, accord completely with the ideas imbibed from reading Huc. Some parts of the river are excessively pretty now. The rice plants have grown up to a height of four feet or more, and are therefore never covered by the tide, and they appear to keep the same brilliant green until cut. Junks of all sorts move about with their round-headed dark brown sails of matting, following the windings of some creek, till they disappear or lower their sails behind a mass of wide-spreading, dark-leaved trees, which the

village people sit under in front of the waterside. Still in the tropics one can never say that any part of scenery like this is absolutely beautiful; for where light and atmosphere vary so immensely with the time of day, what is dull at mid-day if it is cloudy, or all of one colour if the sun shines, is full of tender shades and pretty minute changes at early morning or sunset.

"I had your note from Madrid. I can quite understand your not liking it after your visits to quieter places. I think that to like a large town one ought to know many people intimately in it, and have some one, at least, whose countenance changes for you. In the country one is content with the scene and sky which change for no one, but are always full of beauty and grace, for those who love them.

"I have seen a man who has travelled through the heart of the central provinces of China, going from Canton to Hankow. He says that there were no traces of rebels there, but that all was quiet—this is satisfactory. The country he describes is pretty and varied, but never gets beyond the *petitesse* of the willow pattern. Does not this account to you for their cramped, dwarfed style of art. They have nothing that is really stupendous or magnificent to set off against the work of their own hands—dykes and canals—which are stupendous as works of human labour, and in their intense self-love they prefer to pourtray the quaint, grotesque weavings of their own fancies to copying the beauties of nature, or rather of God's hand. They don't perceive or admire the lovely changes of the hues of clouds or sky any more than they can the harmony of music. Sharp contrasts of brilliant colours please them best, and in the latter they cannot go astray with all the carpets of brilliant flowers which the central provinces possess."

In the same letter he gives an account of taking some war junks, with regard to which action he was mentioned in a despatch of Sir R. McClure's :—

"*July 4th.*

"There is an immense amount of piracy going on in a small way right under our noses, and on Monday, the 4th, I went with Captain McClure and boats of 'Esk' to try and rout some out of the shores of some islands. He was unsuccessful in his search, but while he was away I saw a Mandarin boat of twenty-six oars, and pulled after her in my gig and took her—a very pretty boat of four guns, built exactly as most war junks that I have seen are, like the plates of Venetian galleys in the sixteenth century in the old MSS. in the Royal Naval College library. Just when I was close to her, a junk, which I had taken from her seedy appearance to be a merchant, fired some grape at me, and by the time I had taken my first chase the fellow had got to a village, and I did not think it right to follow him with only four men, so went back to Captain McClure, got two of his boats, one with a gun. He pulled in on one side of the village, while I went by another branch of the creek to the right to join him. Finding no channel I returned and was going up his creek to join him, for I heard a good deal more firing than seemed due to the occasion. I soon saw him coming out, firing as he retreated, and with a small junk, like the one I had taken in the morning, in tow. My paddles prevented my getting into the creek after all, and I pulled in in the gig, and heard that McClure had boarded the junk and tried to tow her out. The crew got behind their village walls and fired jingals, and killed or wounded nine men, so he set her on fire and left her, and when the gun-boat reached him, went in again, firing a few shot to scare the crew off, and completed her destruction."

In September the "Honkong" was returned to her owners, and Lieutenant Goodenough took command of the "Bittern," where he remained for a few weeks, when he was offered to go as second lieutenant of the flagship, the "Calcutta," which he accepted, as he would be in charge of

a landing party. While in the Bittern he describes a dinner given to Captain Turnour, the late commander of the Raleigh—

"Captain Turnour has not yet left; and the day before yesterday the officers and men at the fort, who are all old Raleighs, gave him a dinner on his going home. They had caught a young heifer a few days before on a foraging expedition; another foraging party went away and got a quantity of plank and shot some pigs. They rigged a table for 170 people, which we found on going up, covered and ornamented with evergreens and flags. A chair came down for Captain Turnour to the landing-place, ornamented with green, and with 'a pleasant passage home,' &c., on a Chinese paper over it; and he was carried up with cheers to the table. The heifer was roasted whole and was delicious, and they had made a quantity of plum puddings of about fifteen inches diameter. Johnson, one of our lieutenants, managed it all, and I never saw anything better done. It would quite have borne comparison with any tenant's dinner at home. I gave Captain Turnour's health in a speech which I had to shout out, at the top of my voice. After dinner, there were races, jumping, hopping, quoits, &c., on flat ground without the walls; and when it grew dark we sat in the mess-room, once a joss-house, and heard songs and recitations from the men who sat in a semicircle outside. The men waited to carry Turnour in triumph to his boat again, and the leader presented him with the visiting paper, begging him to keep it as a memento. The mosquitoes are something frightful. I was learning Chinese words just now from an old washerwoman, who had brought my clothes, when she coolly hit me a slap on the forehead, and quite gravely showed me a splendid mosquito on the palm of her hand and told me its Chinese name."

In December, Goodenough landed at Honan Island, in the Canton river. He thus describes the landing and preparation for the taking of Canton :—

We left the Calcutta on Saturday last, 19th, and came here (Honan Island) in a gunboat, 200 men and officers, whom I command, with Gilford and Beamish under me, and a half-dozen mids and youngsters, among whom are two old Raleighs, Dupuis, and Wilson. We are very happy in our quarters, which are a row of large empty packhouses. On landing, we had to clear the rubbish out of one of these, lay planks on impromptu trestles, cover them with mats, and then forage for tables, stools, basins, quantities of which were in the deserted houses in the neighbourhood. We landed at half-past two, and at half-past five all was done, and the men were having tea in their house, which they divide into port and starboard side. We have a room which has served as an office or something of that sort, and have arranged ourselves pretty much as the men. Our occupation has been to send parties making batteries or reconnoitring on the opposite side. We are here on the south side of a branch of the river, the north side being Canton city, about 1500 yards off. The Chinese have not attempted yet to check our movements. One day I was with a party at the French Folly, an island fort dismantled by us a year ago, and within five hundred yards of the city wall. The Chinese took no notice of us whatever while we cleared the ground and began to make a pier. To make a good job of it I ordered some of our boats to take some cargo junks which I meant to place, sticking out from the beach filled with stones. Unfortunately one of these was laden with salt, and the sanpans, who had held aloof and picked up stray bits of wood, now closed in for the handfuls of salt which the men threw to them. As it was necessary to lighten her I let them clear her; there was a rush of old women and men and girls scrambling, pushing and digging at the salt, not waiting long enough to take a whole bag, but burrowing into the mass of about £200 pounds worth of cargo. Yesterday we had a pleasant trip, reconnoitring from Tsimpoo, a village from which Lord Gough attacked the heights last war. We went within 2000 yards of their forts without drawing their fire, and had a quiet view of some very pretty country, highly cultivated, and

of some pretty gardens. 28th. Fancy what I have been doing for the last two days—bill sticking! I have been with H. Parkes, the consul, sticking bills up, in Chinese, within 130 yards of the walls, telling the people that we begin to fire to-morrow, and that the city will be ours. We call on all good citizens to assist us, when we shall be in possession, to maintain order and to keep up the police of their districts. The people pressed round to get the proclamation, and eagerly joking and talking to Parkes. At one place we stuck them up on a triumphal arch, created in honour of our having been kept so long out of the city. In another a fellow was pestering for a paper, so Parkes said no, I want to give them to respectable people. 'Oh, then, pray hand me one, and I will give it to one of those.' Whereat the crowd laughed greatly. We shall not be engaged for two days; we scale the wall which is twenty feet wide, and go along it till we reach a gate which we open for artillery, and then wait for orders. I do not expect fighting till we enter the city."

Of the taking of Canton no letter has been preserved. Goodenough commanded the men and field guns of the Calcutta in that engagement, and the following letter, written in 1875 by a former seaman of the Raleigh and Calcutta, now settled in Australia, alludes to this action :—

"When the Commodore was in Adelaide, a few months ago, I, an old and humble shipmate of his, and one who has stood in the breach with him before to-day, met him in the street by accident, and although seventeen years had passed since I last saw him, I recognised my old commander. We had a short conversation, and I begged for a visit, which he did me the honour to pay next day, and had a quiet cup of tea with me and my wife; and we had an hour's delightful conversation. . . . . When in the Raleigh he had the soubriquet, among certain of the crew who were not afraid 'to speak evil of dignities,' of Holy Joe. I relate this as showing his character as a young man. And at Canton,

where I formed one of the small company he commanded, just before the conflict, standing with his face to the wall and sword in hand unsheathed, I turned round and saw him in the act of opening his eyes, I presume, after a short, mental prayer for strength and protection. I have often read with admiration the Bible story of Gideon and his 300 chosen Israelites. Comparing small things with greater, I have often thought this brush at Canton was of that ilk. The sixty men were composed of ten men belonging to the Calcutta's field piece (Lieutenant Goodenough had charge of five guns belonging to the Calcutta, but only one was at that point, the other four being further back on the walls of Canton) and fifty men belonging to the Esk. The Chinese came trotting up the hill, waving flags, &c., and we had expended every shot and shell with the exception of three rounds of canister, with one of which our gun was loaded. After the discharge, the rush at the foe was made, Lieutenant Goodenough, singling out a big Tartar Mandarin. When fighting with him his field-glass, which was slung round his neck, got in the way, and by sheer strength he broke the leather strap and flung it away. When the enemy were scared away we sought for and obtained it again. There was a tall Tartar soldier who had a wound in the thigh. Lieutenant Goodenough, I remember well, poured the contents of his water-bottle in his mouth. That man's look was a reward for the self-denial; if a painter could have painted such a look it would have created a sensation. A short time after this I found a fine well and replenished our water-bottles therefrom. The poor Chinaman laid till the next day. We sailors thought that the most honourable position of the day was given by the Admiral to the Calcutta's guns. We were placed in front of 4,000 marines, stretched out on a beautiful plain in three long lines, before two forts on hills outside the city, and when the bugles sounded the advance we scoured along the plain in front of all and scaled the wall with ladders, some getting through one of the gates—curious gates those eastern cities have—and dragging our guns after us."

A companion of those days speaks of Goodenough in the following terms, alluding to this time :—

" . . . a thorough good naval officer, who I felt was always a good example to me, both as a messmate and shipmate in all matters connected with our duty, not only in the drudgery of peace time, but during the excitement of active operations before the enemy, when I have often seen him exercise his influence in checking licenses occasioned by the inexperience of the young hands, unaccustomed to victory, and commended afterwards by the older and superior bystanders."

Immediately after the taking of Canton, the Admiral gave him a commission of acting commander; and a few weeks after he was promoted to that rank from the Admiralty, and gazetted for service on that occasion. He was at once appointed commander of the Calcutta.

In March the Calcutta went to the Gulf of Pecheli, and Goodenough commanded her men at the capture of the Taku forts, in May, 1858, where she lost one killed and two wounded. The letter containing the account of the engagement was unfortunately lost, but the following extracts speak of what immediately preceded and succeeded the attack :—

"H.M.S. CALCUTTA, *March*, 1858.

" At sea at last, in real truth; for the first few days it gave me an inexpressible feeling of relief to feel the ship moving under me, to be able to look round without seeing that horrible Victoria peak over one's head. The north-east monsoon is not yet over, so we are beating up, and in our zig-zag course have sighted 'Lurzon,' various islands with grassy knolls and ravines, full of dark scrubby trees, and to-day we are in sight of the north end of Formosa.

Yesterday a lovely bird was blown off, and perched several times: a dark red body, with a long oval of green on the back, and a long pink bill, perhaps one of the birds of Formosa celebrated for their beauty."

"The military chaplain was on board here a few days ago, and dined with us: Mr. Huleatt, an excellent man, with a manly, straightforward, pleasant manner, exceedingly taking with the men, who ought to adore him. I don't know if they do. At Canton he has already got a reading room and a school, and different amusements, such as lectures for the soldiers and marines, and has organised besides rice and soup kitchens for the poor Chinese, of whom there are many, although there were foundling and aged asylums well endowed long ago. Of course, with such sharp people, he has a great deal of difficulty in dealing with rogues, who counterfeit the tickets which he gives to the poor, and receive quantities of rice. He made tickets and set his seal on them, and in a very few days discovered a counterfeit. He seized the man who presented it, and by promise of a reward found the old woman who sold it to him, and the little girl who passed it to her, and at last the manufacturer in the middle of his work, who was handed over to the provost marshal."

"We have a poor old Chinaman with us whom we are taking back to his kin. He is a commercial traveller, and had been only six weeks in Canton on the day of the bombardment. After the place was taken, an English sentry shot him in the leg, which was afterwards amputated at the hospital established by our medical men. Huleatt, the military chaplain, a noble fellow, took care of him, and brought him on board. The poor old fellow was miserable when we first began our bad weather, and took to opium for a solace. He coiled himself up, lit a little lamp, and smoked fifteen pipes running, then went to sleep, to wake fifteen times more wretched than before, and smoke again. He can speak no English, and not even the Canton dialect of Chinese, being a Shanghai man; and to find out at what time he would like to eat,

my tailor Atrick had to sit down and write the questions we asked, and receive written answers."

"*April 22nd.*

"We have just entered the sea of Pecheli, and it is blowing hard and cold from north-east. We passed this morning some rugged, barren islands, which lay about the entrance. There is excitement in cruising about these seas, which are so little known. If we go right or left of the straight course, through foul wind, any moment may bring us on an island or rock. Except the 'Bittern,' in 1855, I think no ship has been here since 1840. There is no trade with Europeans; the people are too poor to buy any foreign luxuries, and no doubt are forbidden to sell us provisions, so we shall be on short commons. We entered the yellow sea with a smooth sea, and fresh clear sky, the sea streaked with discoloured muddy patches; and if there was a wind I have no doubt it would shew its right to the name. The tides are so swift, and their direction so little known, that navigation is only safe for us by day; we are the largest ship that ever visited these parts."

"OFF THE PEIHO, *May*, 1858.

"After three weeks' endeavour to negociate with the Chinese court, we are going to take the forts which guard the entrance of this river. All the time that we have spent here has been employed by them in strengthening their works, and bringing down some men, among whom are some five hundred cavalry, so that the loss of them will have a greater effect than if they had been taken at first. Count Putiatine, who, having been here before, is better acquainted with the people than the rest of us, has advised them in vain not to offer resistance. They say, 'we know the English are very strong at sea, but on shore they cannot cope with the Chinese. He has had a visit from Russian missionaries, belonging to the college at Pekin, who say that people there are much excited, and that they have no doubt that the capture of

the forts will be followed by an instant desire to treat. They came from Pekin by a fine broad causeway, by pursuing which the distance to Pekin is shortened by one half, the river being very winding. We are to go close in in gun boats and our own boats to-night, and attack early to-morrow morning. I went to look at the forts yesterday, and as we are not yet at war, was allowed to look at them quite close, and see the place at which it is intended that we should land."

"*June 5th.*

"I was able to write to you from the forts, to say I was all right. I embarked in 'Coromandel,' and went to Tientsin the day after I wrote; stopped there three days, and came back here three days ago. I have been reading Sir G. Streeton's account of the journey of the embassy of Lord Macartney. Neither the river nor the people have changed since then at all, and his quaint story is a perfect guide book to them. We were four days going up the sixty miles, as it was all new, and necessary to send *éclaireurs* a-head, besides which the French ships were frequently aground. Our track was very winding indeed, and through a perfectly level country, well cultivated, near the banks, with barley, wheat, millet, and vegetables; the villages, which are ver poor, are built of sunburnt bricks (adobes), and there are fruit trees in abundance. The people appear to be very poor and dirty, and afraid of us; ran to assist us if we wanted a rope hauled, or to turn the vessel in the abrupt winds. The river was full of large junks, which had brought and discharged grain from the southern provinces. As the mandarins might at any moment set them on fire, and send them on top of us or sink them to block up the river, we turned them out. I have often wondered at people speaking Chinese with such vehemence and gesticulation, but found it was quite necessary. If you say a thing quietly they repeat the last word, look at you, and think no more about it. The interpreter was telling me of this one day, and of ordering bullocks. 'We want bullocks.' 'Bullocks.' 'Let us have ten

bullocks.'—'have ten bullocks.' 'Yes,' vehemently, 'send us down ten bullocks.' 'Ah, send ten bullocks.' Immense gesticulation and a screech, 'yes, go away and bring at once ten bullocks.' 'Ah—ah—bullocks.' At last the interpreter screeches, claps his hands, spreads his arms, and drives the people off like a flock of geese. My stock of Chinese, and of patience, were both too short for the work of driving the people off. All day was I calling out, 'Chŭ-la! chu la pen. Ta kŭā! Tung pa tung?' On arriving at Tientsin we found a white flag flying; soon two deputations of merchants and tradesmen came off with petitions, setting forth that they had heard that the ship of our honourable nation being refused leave to enter the river, had come in by force. Now had we come to trade or to make war? If the former, would we furnish a list of our merchandise, and they would hasten to lay it before the Emperor, and get his leave to trade, and give us whatever we asked. If we came for war, would we give them time to remove their goods from the city. Probably this was an offer to ransom the city. The only reply they got was,

'6 bullocks.
'20 sheep.
'Fowls.
'Fruit.'—'Bring.'

written by the interpreter on the back of a visiting card; and instead of extortions, they must have been pleased to find that they were compelled to receive payment for their few things which they wished us to receive as a present, that we might have become in some sort their debtors. A joss-house was ordered to be prepared for Lord Elgin, and was nicely fitted up in the Chinese fashion; it must be the same as that in which Lord Macartney was received sixty years ago. We hear to-day that two plenipotentiaries of higher rank and higher powers than any that have previously conferred with English have arrived at Tientsin, and have opened conferences with the European and United States plenipotentiaries, who are all now there."

"*June 13th.*

"My last fortnight has been spent in preparations of all sorts. Preparations for going to sea so as to be ready on the Admiral's return; preparations for landing our men again in case we had to march on Pekin, equipping them with defences against the sun, with haversacks for their food, bottles for water, &c.—one need to be half a soldier. Plenipotentiaries have been sent down to negotiate with our ambassador, and the treaty was to have been finished all but the formal signature to-day. Lord Elgin has been living at the expense of the city. When we arrived there we selected the best looking temple near, and ordered the townspeople to fit it up in the best style. They did it immediately, for they were only too glad that their city was neither attacked nor plundered; and in a short time the joss-house was cleaned, papered, carpeted with red cloth and embroidered dragons, and furnished with square uncomfortable seats, with covers of the same sort of stuff. Thirty servants were appointed and put in uniform, and I suppose the attention we exacted made them think much more of our ambassadors.

"Tientsin has been visited, and proves a dirty, wretched place. The suburb is the best part, and Lord Elgin's house happens to be the best looking building in the place. Roderick Dew was pelted as he walked along, and had to make the best of his way off with the loss of his hat, and when a party of marines went up, the gate of the city was shut in their face. However, Osborn got over the wall with half a dozen blue jackets, and came down on the flank of the astonished crowd, who were well belaboured with cutlass and scabbard, and the gate was opened to the marines, who marched through and round the place, and chastised some of the most impudent looking. I have been trying to write to Mrs. E. about her little boy, who died in this ship, and find it easier to tell her about him than I thought it would be; he was so good and pure a little fellow that I could not but give her comfort in speaking of him. When such a thing occurs, one feels how great is the responsibility on one's shoulders when there are so many young boys to look after, tenderly brought up, and not

judges of their own fitness to stand fatigue or climate. Two others were lying dangerously ill at Tientsin; they are better now, getting stronger; both are charming boys, full of spirit and honour."

Early in August, the Calcutta having touched at Shanghai, went for a short time to Japan—being one of the first English men-of-war which had been admitted there; and the first impressions of Japan are thus described:—

"NAGASAKI, *August 6th.*

"A rainy day, pouring in torrents, but even that cannot hinder me from feeling pleased with the place and people. We came in three days ago, on a lovely morning. The harbour is a long arm of the sea; rocky points jut out on either side, hiding strangely shaped boats with bright sides and flags. The hills are cultivated in terraces to the top, and at this season clothed with fresh tender green of vegetables and corn. Clumps of dark trees stand in the ravines and on the tops of the highest hills. We are the first line of battle ship that has been here, and so are crowded with intelligent visitors. It is really a pleasure to see them, they are so polite and clean, and well-mannered. Many speak Dutch and a few words of English, and ask questions incessantly. Yesterday I went with the Admiral to call on the Governor, and lunched at his house or dined there, at half-past two. We were placed on chairs on one side of a room, floored with several thicknesses of matting, and with mat sides; the Governor and his suite were seated on sofas opposite to us. The conversation was sufficiently tedious, having to be carried on through two interpreters, from English to Dutch, by one of our seamen, and from Dutch to Japanese, by an interpreter, who spoke to the Governor on hands and knees, and with his head bent. One would expect to find this servile and disgusting, but it appeared to me to be merely a form of respect, and the manner of speaking to the man on his knees was always polite. Servants brought cups of tea, then

trays of sweetmeats, at which we nibbled; after cups of water to remove the taste, came very handsome black Japanese trays, with a broth of fowl and vermicelli, broiled pieces of fresh pork, and bits of fish on separate japanned platters, and a shallow red cup of salt—very nasty. After pecking at these came another tray with hard boiled eggs, a cup full of capital lobster salad, and lobster floating about with tough mushrooms. Everything is delightfully clean after Chinese dirt. Just now all the party who were yesterday at the Governor's, were presented with their plates of sweetmeats from yesterday's dinner, nicely tied up with tinsel thread."

The Calcutta returned to Hong Kong at the end of August, 1858. During all this time Goodenough suffered, as did most people, a good deal from fever at intervals, and once from a sunstroke, from which, however, he soon recovered. About this time he thus speaks of the ship's company of the Raleigh:—

"HONG KONG, *December 13th.*

"The old 'Raleighs' hold together to the name and to the ship wonderfully. We were only six months together, and were separated a year and a half ago, yet the men still talk of being Raleigh's, or *Riley's*, as they say; and on every ship I go on board on the station, there is some fellow who comes up with a pleased grin, to be recognised and nodded to. I never saw such *esprit de corps* before among seamen. That sentence in the advertisement for men, 'none but the right sort need apply,' first got the men a good deal of abuse from other ships' crews, but finally separated them from other men, and made them endeavour to earn the title of the right sort."

In February, 1859, the Calcutta was ordered home, and was paid off at Plymouth on August 12th of the same

year. Immediately on arriving in England, Captain (now Admiral) King Hall proceeded to another command; and on Commander Goodenough devolved the task of paying off the ship. She was dismantled with such rapidity as to elicit a compliment from the authorities.

CHAPTER III.

SECOND VOYAGE TO CHINA IN H.M.S. RENARD — PENANG — PEIHO — SHANGHAI—NINGPO—NANKIN—SUEZ CANAL—COMMANDER OF H.M.S. REVENGE—PROMOTION.

ON paying off the "Calcutta," Commander Goodenough spent a few weeks with his relations in different parts of England; but his holiday was to be of short duration. When he had been in England about a month, came the news of the second and unsuccessful attack on the Taku forts. Goodenough, feeling that the knowledge of China which he possessed could be made of use, immediately volunteered to return to that station. On the 18th of September, just five weeks after he had left the Calcutta, he writes to his sister:—

"I hope you will have half expected what I am going to tell you. When I heard of the terrible news from China, I could not do otherwise than offer my services to go out there again. I went to the Admiralty therefore, yesterday, and saw Sir Michael Seymour, who happened to be there, and he told me that I should in all probability be employed."

A day or two after he was appointed to the command of the "Renard" sloop, which was then lying at Sheerness, and which he joined on September 22nd. The preparations were hastened forward as much as possible. He left

Sheerness on the 10th of October, and finally sailed from Spithead on October 18th, 1859, having been but a little over two months in England. Of his doings in the Renard, Commander Goodenough, in a short *résumé* of his life, written some years later, gives the following account:—

"I left England Oct. 18, and went to Hong Kong by way of Teneriffe, Ascension, Penang, and Singapore. From Hong Kong, in April, 1860, I went to Chusan, and was at the second capture of the Taku forts in June, afterwards taking command of a flotilla of boats to Tongku and Pekin, my ship remaining at Tientsin. I left Tientsin in November, and passed my winter partly at Shanghai and partly in the Gulf of Pesheli, and in March, 1861, remained as Senior officer at Shanghai and then at Ningpo, which place I put in a defensible state against the rebels. Thence in August I went as Senior officer to Nankin, and remained there till Sir J. Hope allowed me to return to England in November, 1861, which I did, meeting one of my brothers at Point-de-Galle and the other in Egypt in January, 1862."

The reason for his returning to England at that time was, partly that his health was weakened with being so long in China—he was constantly suffering from fever and ague—but still more that he felt he was losing ground professionally from being so long away from England, and getting behindhand as regarded inventions, or whatever was new and active in the naval service. He was never so happy as when fully employed, and often in writing says, "Hard work, as usual, agrees with me;" or, "I am fortunate in having always something to do;" "For a long time I have never been a week at anchor," and such expressions as these. Having a constant desire to be

always learning something, as soon as he felt he had mastered any subject, or any piece of work, and that his full powers were no longer required, he sought for some new object on which to expend them.

An officer who served with him in the Renard has spoken of him and his influence at that date as follows:—

"Goodenough was a man not thoroughly appreciated by those who did not know him intimately. His manner on duty could be as uncompromising as his actions, and it required a man to know him well to understand fully the stern truth with which he could reprove negligence or wilful default; but to those who had the privilege of serving with or under him, his manner, whilst never passing over a lapse of duty, was singularly loving and attractive. There are many officers now serving (1875) who date their best feelings for the honour and well-being of the service from the time when they first came under Goodenough's fostering care. One only had to try to do one's duty to ensure his kindly smile, his readiness to condone any error in judgment, and his pleasant way of showing the right thing to do. As a specimen of his attractive qualities, the writer of this note, who was a member of an ill-assorted mess in Goodenough's first regular command, recollects that the only bond of union, the only thing on which all were agreed, was their love and respect for the skipper. As a specimen of his ability, the writer was present on an occasion, when, without the slightest warning, Goodenough was called upon to verify the nationality of several filibusters, which he did to their astonishment, by speaking to them fluently in no less than seven different languages. These were only two of the many good qualities upon which want of space prevents enlarging. I am sure that those who have served under him, whilst feeling pride at having been associated with such an officer, can have no better ambition than that they may in some degree resemble him."

The following extracts are from letters written from the

Renard, and from a journal kept while on board that ship; on the first page of which, after writing his name, he had written:—

"Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed."

"H.M.S. 'RENARD,' AT SEA, *December*, 1859.

"We are in a free and exhilarating air, and have prodigious appetites; the misfortune is we have so little to satisfy the latter. Two men are beginning to suffer from sore gums, from being so long on salt meat. I send them carrots and turnips, but they won't last long, and we have still a fortnight before we can sight land. The weather is so lovely that I am beginning to paint and polish ship and guns, and to exercise, and shall pop at a target the first fine day. I have been thinking of what I should do if I find we are at war, and if I fall in with a French steam gun-vessel, and I have decided on having my long guns on the bow, and short ones on bow and beam, commence firing and close; load the last round when at 500 yards with round shot and grape, and fire at 200 yards, then prepare to board, load short guns again with grape, run alongside, fire, and board. My men begin to be capital swordsmen, they are full of life and vigour, and their instructor is blessed with good temper, which effects wonders. I like them better every day. The officers, too, are all anxious to make the ship shine amongst others: It is a long voyage on salt provisions. Fifty days from port, and eighty from fresh beef, as at Ascension we had only a couple of days' turtle. I send them some compressed vegetables, and some tins of carrots and turnips, which are very good."

"H.M.S. 'RENARD,' *March*, 1860.

"I am *en route* from Singapore to Penang, a second time, to tow transports down, which seems to be about the most honourable and glory-compelling service that I shall have to perform

this campaign, as it seems probable we shall not go up to Tientsin, and that the Taku forts may be taken by land forces in their unguarded rear. I found Singapore pleasant, though it constantly rained. I used to dine at the *table d'hôte* of the Esperanza hotel, kept by a Spanish lady, a Sevillana, married to a French count, who had plantations in Java, which failed to return him any profit, and in their misfortune his wife took first one and finally all the hotels in Singapore. After dinner I sat with her and Sir R. McClure in the verandah, talking French, Spanish, or English, according to the nationality of the last speaker, for there is an innumerable variety of guests there."

"*March 22nd.*

"Since I left Penang on Saturday last, I have towed the headquarters of the Rifles to Singapore, where I arrived at 2.30 A.M. Went to see Sir R. McClure at 4 A.M., found him asleep with windows open and doors locked; leaped in through the window, and slept till he awoke. He naturally thought I was a thief, and came to the defensive attitude when he got up and heard me jump to my feet. Started again at 6 A.M., and have just picked up two more troopers with the remainder of the Rifles. Penang is very odd and very amusing. The people are very anxious to be attentive to us, and naval officers are at a premium here.

"Last night I met some of my Rifles whom I towed in, and find some of them knew W. at Benares. One H. had begun life in the navy, where he spent five years, and did not enter the army till twenty-one; he found his naval education of great use; it has led since to his getting staff appointments. I suppose his increased handiness may be owing to his having seen more of service and life. It is interesting to hear these little things, especially as you know how averse I am to special *training* for either army or navy until the life is actually begun. I triumphantly cite Lord Dundonald now, in support of arguments on this side. He entered the navy at sixteen."

"*April 5th.*

"I hope that I shall now start for Hong Kong, as this is my fifth load and seventh ship full of troops, and I find it both monotonous and fatiguing to myself and my men. I always enjoy going in or out of Singapore. I pass through clusters of rounded islands which have been partly cleared of their dark-green trees, and their place supplied by fresh grass. Ridges of rock run here and there into the glassy calm water joined by belts of rich yellow sand, and junks with tanned sails, or prahs with bellying white ones and a strip of red flag, pass between in every direction."

"*June 3rd.*

"I left Hong Kong ten days ago, encountered a gale, and had to anchor in various snug bays along the coast. Will you believe it? I was actually sick again. It was rather unexpected, for I had hoped that I was well of that complaint for three years at least, but the weather was really bad, and things flew about my cabin in an alarming way."

"IN THE PEH-TANG-HO, *August 5th.*

"On the first of this month I was signalled to go in after the gunboats as soon as I could find water enough. I followed, but unfortunately grounded on a point just inside. It was a good deal my own fault for not keeping a stricter look-out, but I was rather jockeyed by another despatch-vessel on to the bank. There was no firing, so it did not much signify in that respect, but I was much vexed at looking clumsy in my first essay before the Admiral. As we have not to fight here, the Admiral has set me to work to buoy and mark the channel, which gratifies me in my present state of humility after my mishap, as it is a business which requires care and accuracy. I am always glad to have more to do. The troops are all disembarking, and we make the village at the mouth of this river our head-quarters and depôt. Provisions and stores are being landed as well. A reconnaissance pushed out

two mornings after landing, and found a camp of 4,000 cavalry three miles off, who exchanged shots, wounding fourteen men, and stood their ground. The cavalry are, as usual, the prettiest sight in the army. Boats full of Probyn's and Fane's horse, have passed in their blue and red turbans, sheep skins of burnt sienna, and red cummerbunds. A gunboat went alongside a pier, and in seven minutes and a half, sixty-one troop horses and men, all accoutered, and with three days' provisions, were on shore, mounted ready to engage an enemy."

"*August 22nd.*

"It is all over, and except some half-a-dozen gunboats, no naval men have heard the whistle of a shot. I am just recovering from the labours of the day before yesterday. The road was in capital order, and I walked to the camp, and as near as possible to the point of attack. I intended to go right on, but a guard and a staff-officer had been left behind at the camp, with orders that no one was to pass except on duty, and all the troops not engaged were confined to their own camps. I was sold, for I had just put a bottle of claret, a tongue, and half a cheese in my wallet to share with Barry or Bedingfeld. The next best thing to do was to sit in the gate, and hear what was going on from passers-by, staff-officers, wounded men, or artillery officers going to the camp for ammunition. It seems that there were two ditches to be crossed, and a mud loop-holed parapet to be scrambled over. Some sappers and the marines were to carry a pontoon bridge and scaling-ladders, and the 44th and 67th were to storm. The artillery kept up a fire for four hours, and the steamers advanced. The Chinese kept up their fire to the last, and even after the ladders were planted, pushed some men down with spears, and shot several others with jingalls through their loop-holes. Our Chinese coolies behaved very well, and were very useful in carrying off the sick. Their step is very even, and their bamboos have a light spring, which makes them the best stretcher bearers possible. The French wounded went to the rear on ponies, or

walked three miles, whereas our hospitals were but one mile and a half. In the afternoon a tremendous thunder-shower came on, and ground, which thirty-pounders had gone over at a trot, became laborious for a single horse. I started to return, and walked six miles in the mud and wet, and then nearly gave in; but one of Probyn's gave me a cup of chocolate, and I trudged on till eight o'clock, and begged a lodging from a kind doctor of the 31st, out on picket, and hobbled in very stiff the next morning."

"*September 22nd.*

"I started early to reconnoitre the river (Peiho), and rowed, or tracked, my boats as high as a place called Yungtsun by 10 P.M., forty miles. I went on till twelve, and then slept rather uncomfortably in the stern of the boat till 5 A.M., when I was rewarded by a sight of the splendid range of hills at the back of Pekin. Masses of Indian corn and millet, interspersed with villages half hid under trees, led my eye to the foot of the hills. I tracked on till eight, and was then obliged to return to time, having discovered beyond a doubt, that small boats and large river barges could convey the baggage of the army so far. I was on board my ship in forty-eight hours from starting, having done ninety miles at least."

"*October 6th.*

"The river transport is now in full force, and we have about two hundred boats, manned by eight hundred natives, and kept in order by two hundred seamen and their officers. The boats are chiefly those which are used in the salt trade, as they do not draw much water: and when the owners found their boats pressed for service, they grinned, and readily accompanied them. They were really astounded when they were told that they should receive two dollars a-day hire, but soon rose to the level of their new situation, and sing out loudly that they have nothing to buy food with if they happen to be a day in arrear of their pay. At first

the boats were sent in small divisions in charge of a lieutenant, but a fortnight ago a rumour came of bands of Tartars on the left bank, and it was thought necessary to form a grand flotilla of three divisions, with an escort of two hundred men. I went with a division of ninety boats in all, taking my gig, and sleeping in a covered boat which contained some cargo. Our first and second days were over the same ground I had traversed in my gig, the river winding between fields of maize and millet, and kept in its course by high embankments of great age. Mud villages are here and there on the highest part of the bank, with good vegetable gardens around. The road constantly touches the river, and the army having so far marched peaceably and with plenty of food, we found the villagers most alert in bringing fruit and ice, besides fowls and vegetables; they called out '*Combien?*' 'How much?' with pleased faces, showing they had been well paid by French and English. Everywhere along the banks labourers were irrigating their gardens, or cutting their corn, as if no English were near, and only gazed stolidly at us unless they had something to sell. The alarm about Tartars proved false, and I had no hesitation in walking along the banks. After two days' constant journeying through corn, I was glad to see the hills which I had caught sight of at my highest point on my first trip, and to find some brick houses in the villages, and stone bridges over small canals. The dwellings had hitherto been small mud huts. Just above Yang-touw, and before reaching Ho-si-wo, I came on a curious sort of flood-gates, apparently for irrigating a neighbouring district. It was faced throughout with capital granite, and had a well-finished white marble monument on its mound to the north, standing on the back of a tortoise. The monument is in three pieces: the upper represents twining dragons, the next has an inscription, with a border of crabs and lizards in bas-relief, and the foot is a fine large tortoise. I have seen such things elsewhere, but never so good and perfect an one as this. There had once been a roof over it, with the pole in front which always accompanies a temple. I felt very much inclined to make a prize

of him for Sydenham, but was deterred by the idea of 'barbarians' stripping the country, as well as by his serious weight. We reached Ho-si-wo at noon on the third day, and stayed all next forenoon. It was a town of 10,000 people, and quite abandoned.

"A party of French overtook me at four in the afternoon, while I was halting to collect my boats, and a long way ahead of the French boats. They each had a mule or a donkey, and presently the owners came to claim them, and kotowed to me to restore their property. I could not resist their wretched appeal, and as I could not order, tried to persuade the Frenchmen to give them up, and of course got an immense deal of impertinence from them. I began with, 'Come, give this poor devil back his animal, since it is evident that it is his property, and not yours.' '*Ah! Chinois, c'est à toi, hein! prends ta mule,*' and one gave his up.

"Another was rather drunk and stupid, and would not give his up, till I threatened to wait for his officer and report him. The last I tried to restore was led by a smart little chasseur, who I thought would be well disposed. He began with 'Who knows if this is the right owner?' *tiens, Chinois;* and then he made the beast start back when he tried to take him. I began to get angry, and spoke bad French, said I would report him, and wait for his officer, and tell him how he had behaved to me. The little chasseur was perfectly cool: 'Behaviour, *vraiment!* what behaviour?' 'Don't you see that I am an officer?' Really he didn't know the difference of ranks, and took off his cap. 'I presume you do not give an order to me; I shall present this animal to my lieutenant: we are terribly in want of animals for land transport; if my General were here I should present it to him. I am going back to join my convoy. *Adieu, mon lieutenant—mon capitaine,*' looking back over his shoulder, and making a supplementary bow. I was angry, but laughing at the fellow's coolness and impudence, when in ten minutes I saw the same animal being led by one of our own escort, and was told that the fool, who had just heard me find fault with the Frenchman, had

actually given three dollars for it. Then I am afraid I was furious, for the Frenchman had completely done us all, and the foolish escort had to give up his beast and lose his money, which I was just going to repay him in my softness, when he saw fit to be impudent, and was punished instead of repaid.

"The Admiral has given me the business of landing provisions and stores for the winter for the garrison of Tientsin, and it is nearly half done."

"ON THE BAR OF THE PEIHO, *November 19th*, 1860.

"I am rather astonished to find myself here, as I had just made up my mind to pass the whole winter at Tientsin. So sure did I feel about it, that I had begun a negotiation for a capital grey horse, for riding to Pekin and other parts of the country during the winter. The very next morning I met the Admiral, who said, 'A fine high tide, Goodenough; will you come and dine?' An hour after he sent for me, and asked me in how short a time I could get away, gave me my orders, and in five hours I was away, with all my debts paid, pony on board, and with an odd feeling concerning my own identity. The high water carried me successfully thus far, and I am now with F. Marten, waiting another rise of the waters to carry me to the Fleet. I was surprised when I neared the mouth of the river to find myself cutting through a floating sheet of sludgey ice. It had formed on the flat ground in the night, and had been carried into the stream by the high tide in the morning. The thermometer during the night had fallen to 23°, with a biting north wind. Last night it was from east, and with constant sleet, which has not yet melted from off my sails, or the bastions of the Taku forts."

"*November 28th.*

"The ice is becoming a more decided obstacle. I have not been able to get out, and am again at Taku. It is often difficult to pull to the shore, but the Chinese push and pole their clumsy boats, with fowls and ducks, and keep up a cry of 'How much'

all day. Did I describe to you my Mahommedan baker at Tientsin? He lived next door to a temple on which we had a guard. His cakes were so good that he attracted universal custom, and before we left he had a vocabulary of English, French, and Russian phrases which he brought out with great rapidity: 'Ingleez sponge-cake, pain de sucre; I say take sponge-cake, dis donc, no cash.' I used to find my ship's company there on a Sunday afternoon, eating cakes and drinking tea. There are numbers of Mahommedans all over this part of the country. At Tientsin they have a handsome mosque, into which I went *descalzado*. The priests wear a turban and peaked cap, like those in the illustrations to the *Arabian Nights*. They made great friends with the Punjaubees who went to worship. All the bakers' apparatus is a mud oven, two feet wide and a foot high, and a deal board. As fast as white rolls can be baked they are put into baskets and carried away on rafts made of five logs of wood to our ships. Like all Chinamen, they learn our wants in an instant, and get up a small trade. I hope that for once we may do these people service without alloy, and be able to leave them with a feeling that we have benefited them. It is pleasant to be liked even by these poor fishermen, and it is always sad to feel we often do wrong and violence, and that wherever we go our visits are remembered with as much fear as pleasure."

"HOPE SOUND, MIATOW ISLAND, *December 13th*, 1860.

"Will it bring you any nearer to China to see a mandarin's card, eight or nine inches long, and in plaited folds? I got it yesterday by going to see the chief man of Tang-chu-fu, a large walled town on the mainland, from which we want supplies, and which from the beginning of the campaign was to be our head-quarters in Shantung. It is a dreary-looking walled town, with a picturesque fort, with a narrow entrance between two high piers. A temple, with storey rising above storey on terraces, lies on a rugged point on one side, and on the other a stony point leads to a broad sandy beach, above which rise the walls and roofs of

the city. Range beyond range of purple and blue hills are beyond, and on the top of the most distant is a temple and pagoda dedicated to the 'Good Mother.' A small mandarin came down to receive me, and begged me to walk into the temple of the 'Peaceful Sea,' while he told his chief that we wished to see him; but we replied we wished to save time, and preferred to walk. Our friend evidently expected a blowing-up from his master for not having stopped us, and entreated us to remain, and at the gate was reinforced by an old man with a seedy old felt cap, who gave a dozen good reasons at the top of his voice why we should not enter the town, but did not succeed in stopping us. We walked smartly to the Yamun, and there, to our amusement, met our old friend with a smarter hat and a blue button, and in his best coat, smiling and grimacing a welcome. While our cards went in we chaffed him on the soundness of his lungs, and hoped he was not tired with his run, while he stolidly pretended not to be the same man. He turned out to be the Commandant's aide-de-camp. The Commandant himself is a pink button man, with a stupid grave face, who gave us good tea and nasty sweetmeats while we presented our letter from Prince Koum. Part of my business was to announce that Lord John Hay, as the Admiral's deputy, would come over to make an official visit, and I was to manage that the Commandant should come to the beach to receive him. He agreed at once to do as I wished, and to-day Lord John Hay and I went over, with Captains Willes and Day, of the 'Sphynx.' Both the Commandant and Prefect came down in their dresses of ceremony—coats of real sable. We then went through the city to the Yamun in the most ridiculous procession—Lord J. Hay and the mandarin in sedan chairs, the rest of us on rough ponies with native saddles; ragged ruffians carrying red canopies, others beating gongs, and absurd boys in Chinese felt pot hats carrying wooden swords. They went before and behind us, howling like dogs baying at the moon. Guards of ragged soldiers were posted at each gate, and fired a salute of three guns as we passed. While Lord J. Hay did the business,

Captain Willes suggested that the Commandant should give the rest of us horses and a guide, and send us outside the town. A sedate mandarin took us out, and was very officious in keeping back the crowd and regulating our pace, when, to his astonishment, away went one or two like rockets, pitching into their beasts with sword scabbards, and of course the rest of us followed, scampering along on the little rough ponies over uneven fields, shouting with laughter. When we returned to the Yamun the business was finished, and we went down to the beach, where the mandarins said 'Good-bye,' and then went to a little look-out on one of the high pier-heads, where they appeared very grand and handsome in their silks and furs. I imagine it was intended to be a most cordial reception; generally every form has to be stipulated for beforehand, and the number of times 'Hwaylai' ('come back') is to be said is laid down by the board of rites. I hope the products of my mission will be fat mutton and cabbages. The latter are just half-a-farthing a pound. I bought some for my men, and told the man who sold them to keep the change. To-day he grinned, and told the passers-by, 'That taya gave me a dollar yesterday for 800 cash worth."

"AT SEA, *December 14th.*

"I was ordered off at seven this morning to go to Shanghai; so I lose my mail. It has just passed me in the 'Ringdove.' It is a curious sort of feeling to know as one passes the mail, there in the corner of that craft's bread-room are my papers and letters. It's all about Garibaldi, and whether he has gone on to Rome, or whether he hasn't; and yet it must go fifty miles, and I must go a thousand before I can get hold of it."

"*December 16th.*

"It is one o'clock in the morning and I have just passed the Yang-tze lightship to my satisfaction; the tide was washing me to and fro, and I began to doubt my position. 'Lightship ahoy! Hulloa. I want a pilot.' 'Ain't got none; they be all out. Go

on a-head full speed,' and that is probably all I and the lightman shall ever have to say to each other. I hear W. calling the 'deep six,' and till he lowers to 'deep four' I can stay down and wait for the chocolate Corporal P. is making for me."

"*February 12th.*

"I am writing this off Miatow Islands, my search for 'Furious' having been in vain. I finished it by landing at the Shalin-tien Island, about 500 yards long, where lives a hideous old priest who serves a temple visited by crews of junks. The tide sweeps strongly round it and throws up all sorts of waifs and strays from the fleet, and the flowers and incense-sticks at the feet of his gods were stuck into square gin bottles, and jars which held preserved fruits. We had to launch our boat over a great sheet of ice in order to land. We are excessively fortunate in being in this glorious climate instead of Hong-kong or Amoy. I should be all the better for passing five or six years in a temperate zone. I find I cannot go on with impunity in the tropics."

"It is a misfortune for our service, that as a navy, it is so long since it had anything to do. There is an evident disposition in the papers to depreciate the service, and they seize readily on anything they can find fault with. I will not, for a moment, say that no fault is to be found; but harm is done by attributing the errors to a wrong source, and the fruit of it will be that the Admiralty will be at last goaded to apply the remedies of the papers instead of gradually making reforms recommended by the best officers. The question of pay is nothing compared to the much greater ones of the Admiralty keeping faith with the men in granting leave, allowing choice of stations and ships, and sanctioning exchanges, and, above all, pursuing an even treatment of the men. It is quite necessary now to form a permanent navy of as many as can be obtained, who will live in barracks, as Admiral E. proposes, and take part in dockyard work till it is time for them to go to sea."

"We may laugh cheerily at the wrongs we suffer at the hands of the world; they leave no sting except when we feel that our own folly has brought them on us, and then but a slight one compared with the misery of feeling that our wrongs to others are the bad examples of feebleness we have shown. This misery would be quite overwhelming but for the assurance of complete forgiveness for Christ's sake."

"SHANGHAI, *March 15th.*

"The scoundrel rebels have come near here again, and are burning villages in the neighbourhood. They have excited our anger by enticing away a number of seamen of the fleet as well as of merchant ships, by offering them sixty dollars down on the nail, and sixty dollars a month pay. I suspect that the former is all that they will get. The grog-shop keepers as usual are to blame; they offer credit to the men who are on leave, and who get so hopelessly into debt that they close with the offer of bounty in order to clear their debts. None of my men have gone yet, as they have money enough to keep them going. In fact, they have behaved very well. One man, who broke his leave, was sent off by a fresh batch as soon as they found him, and he was the only one. To-day, in publicly punishing a man who had left a boat on duty, I said that I suspected some of his messmates who were on leave had offered to treat him, and tempted him away, on which all the men who had been on shore at the time asked to be allowed to clear themselves from the imputation, and did so, which I thought a good sign, and told them that I was glad they were jealous of their good name, and that they felt themselves on such terms with their captain that they could come forward promptly to assert it."

"ENTERING GEFU, *Easter-day.*

"Going at full speed, and for once shaking a little. The Reverend Father Monsignor Mouly is reading his newspapers, and a French captain has got mine, so I can finish my letter. They

came on board yesterday, and I am putting them both up, as my officers have some English officers and an adventurer to take care of. Monsignor has been twenty-seven years in China, latterly as Metropolitan, and it was from his mission, the *Vallée des eaux noires*, that Huc and Gabet started on their travels. He has almost forgotten his French, and was hardly understood at the funeral of the murdered French over whom he pronounced an oration. As Lent is over, I have the satisfaction of seeing him pitch into my victuals with a good appetite. The French captain is quite a gentleman; he belongs to the staff, speaks English, and is an agreeable fellow. I quite wish I were going to take them all the way to Shanghai instead of to Gefu only."

"GULF OF PECHELI.

"People are quite right in saying a return home damages one's prospects, and so it does if one's prospects are all included in the word promotion. But there are so many things besides promotion which affect one's welfare that that ought not to have too much weight. It were better to defer one's advancement for two or three years than to pass them in inaction. I feel very decidedly about the benefit of a return home, not for the health of my body, but of my mind. I have lost sight of home things and home feelings far too long already, and might not again have the opportunity of seeing Fred for years. Therefore I shall stand by my intention to come home overland, if the Renard is not ordered home by the mail of about March 10th. I shall never wait for bad health, for I am sure that if that fail it will be altogether, and then it will be too late."

"I have had an eight days' trip into the silk country, which has been exceedingly interesting and curious,—curious, as I have been issuing my commands at various places to the rebels, or Taepings, as though I was their chief.

"They had thought fit to interfere with people of ours and boats bearing an English flag, and had taken a quantity of silk

which they were obliged to restore. The mulberries, like the vines on the banks of the Rhine, are disappointing; they are pruned down to about six feet high, and being trimmed to grow as large leaves as possible, bear very little fruit. The Changmaws (long-haired ones) have nearly all the country, and though infinite rascals, will overrun it without a check. I was mistaken for a rebel myself, at a place where there were seventy boats of braves of the Imperialist side; they fled at the sight of my four-oared gig, drowning several people in their panic, but when they saw that my boat was quite alone, and found out that I was a friend, they wanted to make me responsible for the death of the drowned, blew up their matches, flourished swords, cut at me, and for ten minutes I was thinking how many of them I should be able to dispose of if I had lost my temper. Fortunately I kept it, and my revolver in my pocket, and only flourished my umbrella, and, thanks to an ebb current, drifted away from the place and the tumult while talking to a magistrate who came down to see me.

"I am going to Ningpo to put that place in order against the rebels, though I am forbidden to take an active part, *i.e.*, to fire on them. My business will be to trace fortifications, plant guns and bully the mandarins into execution in their own cause, a much more difficult task than fighting."

"NINGPO, *July* 14.

"I live on deck altogether, only go to my cabin to dress, ride at six round the town, breakfast in the French manner at ten or eleven, and dine or not as the humour compels me at four, after which ride or walk again, and go to see the American missionary, the French *sœurs de charité*, or other Europeans. There are some charming *sœurs*. They have an *Enfants trouvés* establishment under the walls of the town, with one hundred and thirty girls from two to twenty years old, whom they teach to read, write, and embroider. It was charming to see the affectionate manner of these very poor, draggly, often deformed, creatures, with the quiet neat, white-capped *sœurs*. A French bishop acknowledged to me

that the baby tower is a system in China—an institution—and in Ningpo there is more than one. I believe it is quite a toss-up whether a poor deformed baby is taken to the Chinese baby tower or to the *Enfants trouvés*. I feel it a greater nuisance than before not to be able to talk Chinese. The Chinese have no reserve, and would talk or argue on any subject, and my daily visits to the city throw me in the way of them. Even the priests are ready to talk about their gods, and their manner of worship, while they civilly give you a cup of tea, and a seat, and a water-jug. It is excruciating to talk through a Cantonese pigeon English, but better than nothing. I asked for the translation of a poetical sentence written by the Governor of Nganhwin, and got for answer in a sing-song voice,—'He say, you know, that fresh water, you know, come down top-side that mountain, he makey wash that heart, you know.'"

"NINGPO, *July*.

"A French lieutenant came here a few days ago, and I showed him about, and happened to visit a temple which has been newly decorated. It was full of people, and chiefly of very well dressed ladies of the upper classes, a very rare sight. They were not at all frightened at the foreigners, and went from one god to another, kotowing, and offering sticks of incense, attended either by a patient husband, or an old servant, who held a reserve of incense, and helped them along. The French lieutenant was convinced that some of them were rather pleased with him, and I think one was well pleased at being admired for her dress and coiffure. We met her in several different chambers, but at last my friend's attention was taken off by a very modest pretty young wife, attended by her husband, and rather plainly and simply dressed. Our first friend was then piqued: she made little remarks to her servant on the other's dress, followed her, and when she passed before us, turned about, and stepped backwards and forwards as if she had forgotten to burn incense before some one of the numerous gods. Her hair was all drawn back, and finished behind with a false

tail, like a dragon-fly's wings half folded, coming below her shoulders. A blue silk gown with loose sleeves fitted close round her neck, embroidered with gold and colours at the cuffs and collar, and with a rich braid down the front and round the skirt, leaving about a foot of petticoat beneath, with wavy broad belts of pink, red, and purple needlework. Her little feet were just to be seen when she walked, her real heel was a couple of inches off the ground. A small mandarin came in while we were there in full dress, with his servants, and went through the ceremonies as if he were shewing the deities a polite condescension. The temple is Tavuist, and is dedicated to one Shang-yu, a learned man who was deified and made the patron of learning. He is the principal figure, and the lesser ones are his disciples, and sundry interpolated gods of thunder, rain, spirits of the air, and water. One thing is curious; at the main entrance is a furious red demon with angry countenance and outstretched arms; he is the door-keeper of the temple, and, as in real life, petitioners to a Tavu-tai or Gee-fu give a handsome present to the door-keeper of the Yamun before they can gain admittance, so here the worshippers make their first offerings to appease the hideous wretch."

"NANKIN, *October 14th*, 1861.

"I see strange sights. Turning a corner on Saturday, I saw two men struggling, and became aware that one man had the pigtail of another strongly twisted round his left hand, while with his right he was chopping off his head with a big knife. He managed this in about a dozen blows, severed the remaining flesh, and chucked the head away, leaving the trunk in the middle of the street. A bystander went up to the head, lifted it by its tail, and looked it in the face, to see if he knew it, but apparently did not, dropped it, and went his way—and there it lay. People standing thirty yards further on did not appear to remark anything, and a small boy smilingly volunteered the information that the beheaded one, who was very well dressed, was a thief, and had stolen 'quite a number of dollars.'

"An American, who was once a missionary, lives in the midst of all this rascality. He told me the Teenwang had given him a robe, a crown, a title, and a sum of money. He lives in the palace of the Kan-wang, the prime minister, and is no doubt useful to him in settling differences with foreigners. The little, lively, agreeable Dutch Baptist missionary, who came up with me, assures me that the American constantly preaches and teaches as he himself does, varying his employment by doctoring those who come to him with horrible skin diseases. The chiefs here teach the people on large sheets of yellow paper by proclamations, in which they go, like the old Spanish plays, from Genesis to Revelation, saying a little on all subjects, but especially against idolatry, and insisting that the sacred king, the Teen-wang, receives his orders from heaven direct and cannot lie."

Commander Goodenough was relieved from the command of the Renard in November, 1861; and immediately started homeward by the mail. At Point de Galle he had the great pleasure of falling in with his brother, in the Royal Artillery, who was returning from service in India, having met with a severe accident; and at Cairo the two met with their elder and only remaining brother on his way to India, and the three spent a few days happily together in Egypt. On arriving in Egypt, it was found that a fortnight must elapse before the elder brother could arrive, and Goodenough's restless activity made him plan an expedition to the Suez Canal, the works of which were then in their earliest stage. The two brothers descended the fresh-water canal from Zagazig to El Ghisr in a flat-bottomed boat, and following the line of the canal on camels, crossed the shallow lake Menzaleh in a small row-boat, and so made their way *viâ* Port Said to Damietta.

Goodenough returned to England in February, 1862, and remained unemployed till July, thoroughly enjoying his holiday in the society of his relations—spending most of his time in the New Forest, and, as long as it lasted, deriving much pleasure and restoring his health, which had been tried with work in a hot climate, in hunting—the only sport of which he was excessively fond.

In July, his old captain of the "Collingwood," Admiral Smart, then in command of the Channel Squadron, asked him to come as commander of his flag-ship, the "Revenge." In that ship he went, in August and September, to Kiel, Stockholm, Riga, Copenhagen, and Christiana—a cruise in which he took great pleasure, the officers being everywhere most kindly received, and finding much that was interesting to see. In the winter the squadron went to Madeira, Lisbon, and Gibraltar; returning in March to escort the Princess of Wales from Antwerp to England. In May, the Revenge took Admiral Smart to Malta, to assume the command of the Mediterranean squadron; and on arriving there Goodenough found his promotion to post captain. He immediately returned to England, stopping only a few days at Toulon to visit the dockyard. The summer of 1863 was spent partly in Normandy, partly in England—first at the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle, and later in the New Forest.

CHAPTER IV.

SPECIAL MISSION TO NORTH AMERICA—MARRIAGE—H.M.S. VICTORIA—MEDITERRANEAN—H.M.S. MINOTAUR—CHANNEL FLEET—TEMPERANCE.

HE had, of course, been much interested in the struggle then going on in North America; and, looking at it from a professional as well as a political point of view, had been impressed with the desirability of an officer being sent to that country to report. It was, therefore, with much gratification that he found his representations had been so well received at the Admiralty, as that he himself was nominated to proceed on a special mission to North America; and, placing himself under the instructions of the British minister at Washington, to obtain what information he could with regard to the ships and guns there in use. This call to service, interesting as it was, came at a moment when he was loath to leave England again; but he threw himself at once into the spirit of his mission, and notwithstanding another strong and engrossing interest, was able to concentrate his attention on completing his own knowledge of the most recent professional improvements in the establishments at home, before proceeding to examine those of the foreign country he was to visit.

Within the fortnight he left Liverpool for Boston. From Boston he proceeded to Washington, where he obtained

permission to see the navy yards of the United States. All of these he visited in succession, going also to Pittsburg to see a big gun cast; and early in April, in company with two officers of the English army, who were in America on a somewhat similar mission to his own, he visited the camp of the Federal army before Charleston. He returned to England on the 1st of May, 1864. His letters from America treat principally on American manners and politics, and on the contest then being waged in the United States, and, therefore, are not of general interest at present. A few extracts, however, will show something of the under-current of his mind at this time, and of the way in which he viewed the deeper aspect of all that he saw and heard :—

"LIVERPOOL, *December 11th*, 1863.

"I went on board the 'Akbar,' a floating reformatory, where the first person I met was an old shipmate, who insisted on showing me all his arrangements for teaching and employing the boys. It was really very interesting, and the good of it was shown by one word of the master to my friend, an old boatswain in the navy, who is his right-hand man. 'They come to us convicted rascals, but we don't find them so very bad, do we, Mr. L.?' Being out of harm's way they learn good habits, and stick to them. Good begets good, as evil begets evil."

"*December 20th*, 1863.

"It is a happy thing to begin a day with such vivid poetry, so rich and full of meaning, as that 5th Chapter of Isaiah, especially in the dreamy life of a passage, when one's thoughts are not violently disturbed. How immensely humbling and still how soothing they are. How one always feels the beauty of them afresh, and in a new way from the last . . . . I have thought of

death sometimes with a weary expectant wonder, and now it is all so different. It seems more like the happy crown of life. I was reading yesterday of Johnson's intense dread of death,—as death, the end—and of his saying that every one feared death whose thoughts were not occupied by some stronger feeling which, displaced, did not conquer that one. I think that saying quite true, and that the fear of death can only be blotted out by looking beyond and upwards to the Hands which help us over. You don't mind my talking of death ; for you would have me brave, and the only real bravery is that which can look quite calmly and in cold blood upon it. I should like to have the feeling which Captain Bate had, a man like Sir Edward Parry, whose memoir you must read if only for his coxswain's description of the morning of his death."

"*December 23rd*, 1863.

"How beautiful those words are, 'Beloved, if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things,' and it is understood 'knows all things to forgive, and to love us still.' How true it is that love is strongest of all."

"BOSTON, *December 27th*, 1863.

"I find already much of what I have read of, of Yankee freedom. Fortunately it amuses without irritating me, because I am prepared for it, and though I dislike the manners, I like the independence of spirit, which makes a man free spoken."

"*February 1st*, 1864.

"What a long affair the Crawley court-martial has been, and what a lesson the public ought to learn from it. That lesson this evening (1 Cor. xiii.) is full of thinking matter as any, and beautiful indeed. How beautiful the embodiment of charity is. One of the highest tests is, I think, 'thinketh no evil ;' and one of the highest attributes 'rejoiceth in the truth, believeth and hopeth all things.'"

"NEWPORT (NAVAL ACADEMY), *February 23rd.*

"This college is more advanced than our Britannia . . . . If application and study are of any use, I'm afraid that these people will have very superior men to ourselves in their navy. They are working harder and more intelligently for it than we are . . . but the boys don't seem to get exercise enough. I can't make out that they have any games, or outdoor amusement either."

"*February 24th.*

"I have been to see the classes of midshipmen in their recitation rooms. One class was at mechanics, and another was at moral philosophy, of which I have never read a word, nor do I ever wish to. It seemed so odd to hear certain rules laid down drily, as guides for our actions, without *any* reference to Christianity at all. A young fellow stood up, and was asked what guide he would take to determine his course under certain circumstances. 'My conscience.' 'Are you quite clear on that point, Mr. K.?' 'Quite sure, sir.' 'And should you be in doubt whether it be right or not to do a certain thing, how would you proceed?' 'I would leave it undone, sir.' 'Is that what President Edwards said, Mr. K.?' 'Yes, sir.' How incomplete—is it not? and how different from 'If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not.' I could not help saying so to my friend the commandant, who accompanied me."

"AT SEA, *April 24th.*

"An old clergyman preached a very good sermon on the Lord's Prayer, and concluded very well by saying that our life was like our voyage in all respects but one. At the end of the voyage we should part perhaps never to meet again. At the end of life there would be a great mustering, and we should be divided, and only lovers and followers of Christ would go together into happiness.

"Some one spoke the other day of love and duty, and which was the higher motive. I think that love is the stronger, higher motive, and that perfect love replaces duty, as it casts out fear; and if my love was always fervent enough, I should never feel it necessary to obey a call of duty."

On the 31st of May, 1864, Captain Goodenough married Victoria, daughter of William John Hamilton, Esq., to whom he had become engaged shortly before leaving England for America. The spirit with which he entered on this new period of his life may be seen in the following lines:—

"If God will, in His great love and tender all-providing care, continue His guidance, if we can always only take hold of His promises and love, we shall indeed live happily, because even trials will appear in their proper light."

While travelling in Switzerland, in August of the same year, he received a letter from his old chief, Admiral Smart, who was then Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron, offering him the post of flag-captain, with the command of his new flag-ship, the "Victoria," three-decker, which was shortly to be commissioned. This appointment was everything that he could desire. Two days after receiving Admiral Smart's offer he returned to England. The Victoria was not quite ready for commission; but, in September, Captain Goodenough was appointed to superintend her fitting out; and on the 2nd of November he commissioned her—the last sea-going three-decker.

In a fortnight he was at Spithead, and sailed for Malta on November 23rd. The Victoria was scarcely out of the

Channel when she fell in with a violent gale, which—though specially unpleasant in a ship where all was yet scarcely in working order—Captain Goodenough hailed as a really fortunate occurrence, as helping everyone to find their place, and to settle down to their own work. He arrived at Malta in the middle of December, and was soon fully engrossed by the close work of flag-captain to a large squadron. The next six months were spent at Malta, with only cruises of a day or two every month for exercise. During this time Goodenough was interested, among other matters, in the starting of the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute," a sort of club and recreation rooms, where the men might spend their time of leave on shore pleasantly and quietly, and away from the temptations which they met with in their ordinary resorts. He was always an advocate for giving his men as much leave as possible, and at the same time anxious to induce them to use that leave sensibly and soberly. The success which has attended this Institute, which was opened at the end of 1864, has shown how useful an undertaking it was, and how much appreciated by those for whose benefit it was organised.

On the 1st of July the Mediterranean Squadron left Malta for the summer cruise. The first place to which the ships went was Barcelona, where Goodenough found his knowledge of Spanish most useful. The Spaniards were delighted at the sight of the big ships, and availed themselves freely of the permission to come on board, crowds of them, mostly working and country people, coming every day, and on the Sunday not less than 4000 visitors were on board.

From Barcelona the squadron proceeded to the Bay of Rosas, also in Catalonia, celebrated by Lord Dundonald's action. Of this place and its neighbourhood he thus speaks :—

"BAY OF ROSAS, *July 27th*, 1865.

"This is only a village, and as yet I have only been to look at the watering place, and to a funeral of a poor lad who died of inflammation of the brain. I was afraid that it might be difficult to get leave to bury him on shore, but I suggested to the governor of the ruined fort that fifty years ago, when Spanish and English fought side by side, no doubt many an Englishman was buried there where he fell, and I claimed an honourable place for my man. He consented at once, and the poor fellow was buried in the rampart near a ruined chapel in the fort. The little place, which has only 2400 inhabitants, or about a third of our ships' companies, is quite overwhelmed with us, and the *Gobernador de la plaza* declared to-day that eggs were selling by the pound—shilling a pound. There are olives and grapes on the slopes, and corn and gardens on the level plain."

"*August 4th.*

"I have been on shore to get leave for a head-board to be put up to the poor young man whom I got leave to bury in the fort. The governor was not to be found at first, so I went to the fort to look for him, and near it found him on his way to drink his daily glass of water with Doña Anna his wife. He gave permission at once, and we went together into the fort, and to his little three-cornered garden with a spring of fresh water, which he told me was so good that one might drink five or six glasses without fear. During the afternoon I talked to a friend of the Alcalde's, who came on board, an intelligent man, well up in the history of the country, and he told me of another *Ampurias* besides the one that I went to yesterday, and the real Phœnician colony, and declared that there is a museum of antiquities worth

seeing, in which are pieces of money, earrings, amphoræ, mosaic pavement, &c. We went yesterday along about five miles of very good road to *Castellon de Ampurias*, a very old town indeed, with a church which was once a cathedral, almost in ruins, but in some parts so handsome. It had been knocked about by the French in 1800, who had stabled their cavalry in it, but there was a porch and an altar of the same date, of marble, which were excessively rich in ornament, and handsome, and like in style to a tomb of a Duke of Medina Celi who was also a Count of Ampurias, with a long line of descendants, who probably erected the whole to his memory. The country is all corn and wine about there, and looking rich, and the hills have that wonderful rich colour which they have nowhere else in Europe."

From Rosas Bay the squadron proceeded to Italy, spending a short time at Genoa, Spezzia, Leghorn, Castellamare, and Naples. The constant duties of a flag-captain left Captain Goodenough but little time to go on shore at these various places; but a day at Pisa, an afternoon at Pompeii, one or two hurried visits to the Museo Borbonico at Naples, gave him intense enjoyment. Although he had had few opportunities of seeing much either of modern or ancient art, yet whenever occasions presented themselves for doing so, his intuitive feeling for what was true and beautiful enabled him at once to appreciate and enjoy what he saw, even though he had not the special knowledge on the subject which he would have desired. The following letter gives an idea of his feeling for art, while the natural beauties of the Straits of Messina equally delighted him:—

"NAPLES, *October 21st*, 1865.

"What a pleasant day I have had, and how much I have seen,

though my two hours and a half at the Museo Borbonico were spent downstairs only, except one run at the end up to the precious objects' room, and the Cave Canem. We first went to the Mosaic room, and I was astonished at the beauty of the small ones, particularly the women and boy playing a tambourine, in rather pale colours, and the rich coloured Hercules or pugilist, who is on a dark-blue ground and has a cock under his feet, but the first as art in design, the second as skill in work and placing the colours; but oh, how lovely delicate and graceful are those monochromatic frescoes on marble; there are only four. Those girls playing knuckle-bones are lovely. I felt sure that a purer taste than Roman had drawn those figures. They are so different from the other gross pictures, but there was one figure of a Danzatrice which I thought especially beautiful. Then we went to the statues, and saw first the Balbi, which struck me by their great expression; then the coloured marbles, where the Diana of Ephesus astonished me greatly—I thought some Egyptian God, a regular Fetish. Then the lovely Greek vase, so like in shape, though larger than that lovely one at Pisa; and so suddenly we were by the side of the Psyche. What a contrast again to all that impure art. When the objects were impure, of course the art declined, but when art was raised and ennobled by giving a human resemblance to an ethereal essence, what a lovely result was produced; it is all ideally beautiful. Then I admired Aristides, Eumachia, one and only one of all the Venus', but we so looked at what we saw, that we forgot to ask for what we didn't see, and so forgot the Toro Farnese, and lost it. Then to the bronzes. First and before all, before the Dancing Fawn, is the Venus Anadyomene, then the Narcissus, which is in the Fresco room, and Alexander, which I cared for more afterwards than at first, and the bust of old Seneca; but there were many which I ought to but could not find it in me to care for. By this time it was 2.30, so we just ran upstairs into the Cave Canem room, in time to see a *custode* shut the window and prevent our looking at the Onyx Medusa. But what a pity to put the Cave Canem there. Its

age (contemporaneous age) and respectability should have gained it a better billet than to be trodden under foot by a crowd. Then we took refuge in the shop downstairs, and all the copies were so hateful to me that I really couldn't buy anything, but I will be more sensible another day and buy a Psyche. We drove afterwards to San Gennaro and San Domenico, but I couldn't be interested except in some details of sculpture robbed from Pozzuoli, and so on board. I had seen quantities of our men on shore, and all very well dressed and quiet, many in the Museum, but more driving in two-horse carriages, while we were in a cab."

"*October 24th.*

". . . . I went to the Museum, saw the Papyri, which speak for themselves; then to the Cameos, Intaglios, &c., and chiefly admired the Intaglios, to which you should give a whole day; then rapidly through the old bronzes, and passing through some rooms of pictures, where we lingered a minute to look at the St. Agatha and Guercino's Sibyl and a Magdalen, till a vile copyist put his daubs in front of us and pestered us; passed by the models of Amphitheatres and Pæstum, and went carefully through the pottery. In each room the *custode* had been very civil and obliging, but this man was particularly so, and went through the whole collection, pointing out to us the best objects. He said that things were found every day, those from Pæstum excelling in drawing and design, those from Nola in varnish. I could only go by what he told me, but to my eye the small gem of the collection was a little yellow vase, with a single female figure on it, from Sicily. Among others I liked the drawing of the one with a fight of Centaurs and Lapithæ, and I liked much the general effect of those white, yellow, and light and dark red figures on a black ground; the little yellow one was of indescribable harmony of outline and proportion. After this we went swiftly through the picture rooms again, giving only one look to lovely Santa Agatha again, for the fiends of copyists were upon us, and so across to the *Capi d'opera*, where I stayed till it was time to go;

in going out I just rushed to see the Toro Farnese, which is villanously placed, and then to the shop to buy a terra cotta of Psyche—and a Seneca. Judge how I hurried through all; I was swept out from each place at the end, but I enjoyed it all greatly nevertheless."

"*Saturday, November 4th*, 1865.

"We are through at last, and have left Messina a little way behind us. I lit up at two o'clock this morning, and began steaming, and at six we were through the Straits, with a boiling surging current against us. The morning has been so lovely. First, there was such a lovely dark purple shadow on the Italian side, after passing Scylla, then lovely lights on clouds on Sicily, and then the sun got up and lit with rich orange and crimson all the mountain tops and slopes over Messina. Then the houses on the hillside glanced in the sun, while still the lower town and the ships in harbour were in a haze. Little fires of blue wood smoke rose near the white cottages standing on their terraced slopes; the old priest at the round grotto church tinkled his bell as we passed, and then the eddy tide took us and we swept out quickly through Charybdis, past all those forts and handsome rich houses, past the light-house and into the open sea again. The fires were let out, and here we are becalmed six or seven miles below Reggio. Etna is capped with snow which comes down far on his sides, and a good deal of vapour rises from his top."

The squadron returned to Malta in the beginning of November, and there, after a short detention in quarantine, Captain Goodenough had the happiness of seeing his eldest child, a boy, who had been born while he was at Naples.

The second winter at Malta passed much like the first, in a constant round of routine duties; he seldom left his ship before nightfall, being kept there, not always so much by the press of work, as by the desire to be at his post

should anything unforeseen occur; and one occasion may be mentioned where the value of this course was clearly shown. He had come on shore early one afternoon to a concert, and when it was over, resisting the temptation to stop on shore where he lived, true to his principle, he returned to see that all was well on board. He had not been there half-an-hour when a fire broke out on board one of the ships, and the harbour being very full, he instantly made arrangements for the whole squadron putting to sea at once. The fire was soon extinguished, and this measure was not needed; but the preparations which he had taken were such as to elicit a letter of approval of the Lords of the Admiralty.

In May, 1866, Sir Robert Smart's command of the Mediterranean Squadron having expired, he was succeeded by Lord Clarence Paget; and Goodenough's command of the Victoria naturally ceased at the same time. He returned to England through France, again spending a few days at Toulon, mainly with the object of seeing some new French ironclads which were then lying at that port.

The next few months were spent quietly in England. In September of the same year he received an offer from the late Admiral F. Warden to serve with him as flag-captain, when he assumed the command of the Channel Squadron in the following spring; and early in December he was appointed to superintend the fitting out of H.M.S. Minotaur, which was to be Admiral Warden's flag-ship. The winter was passed in preparing this ship for sea, and in the beginning of April she was commissioned. On the

22nd of May she went to Spithead, and on this occasion Captain Goodenough granted permission to the ship's company to invite their relations and friends to go out to Spithead in the ship, an indulgence much appreciated by the men, upwards of 500 visitors coming on board and remaining for several hours.

The Minotaur left Portsmouth on the 7th of June for Portland. Shortly after leaving Spithead she passed, in St. Helen's Roads, the Victoria, then returning from the Mediterranean. The two ships passed close, the band of the Victoria playing "Auld Lang Syne," and Captain Goodenough's former officers collected on the poop of his old ship to see him; the first salute fired from the Minotaur being the one answering that with which the Victoria had saluted Admiral Warden's flag. At the same time a tug was close at hand towing the "Nankin," an old sailing vessel, the different types and eras of ship-building being thus, as it were, grouped together.

The first service performed by the Minotaur was to accompany the Sultan across the Channel, in July, 1867. Captain Goodenough had been much out of health for some time, the consequence of a cold caught while fitting out his ship; and this last cruise in the Channel so unfitted him for duty, that he thought it right to offer to resign his appointment. This resignation, however, the Lords of the Admiralty refused to accept; but very generously gave him two months' sick leave. He came to London, and after three weeks of complete rest and good advice, was sufficiently restored to be able to rejoin his ship at Plymouth,

just before she sailed for Ireland, in September. He thus expresses himself when at Cork :—

"CORK, *September 28th*, 1867.

"I went to see some foot races, where were all the population of Queenstown, and some of Cork. The vivacity and shouting, and altogether different bearing of the Irish crowd amused me, and the entire absence of the brutal surliness which marks the class of people who are most interested in that sort of thing interested me. I dislike more and more those people who abuse the Irish, and complain that nothing can be done with them—and they have such pleasant manners. I think it must be that they are not borne down bodily and mentally by the wealth of their superiors ever present before their eyes. Oh! how I hate wealth. How I hate rich houses and exclusive people, and every one who does not open his heart to mean as well as rich people. How wonderful the sympathy that some Irish natures have, and how one sees what a source of comfort and peace their human sympathy is to them. It is all the difference between a spring welling out fresh clear water, and being ever renewed, and a stagnant pool receiving to itself all the refuse and evil drained from other minds."

After a short stay in Ireland, the squadron proceeded to Lisbon, returning to England on the 20th of December, the Minotaur coming to Portsmouth, and remaining there until April, when the Channel Fleet went to Holyhead, to accompany the Prince and Princess of Wales on their visit to Dublin.

The summer of 1868 was spent in various cruises, with occasional short stays at Portland or Spithead; and in August the squadron again went to Ireland and Scotland —first to Londonderry, then to Belfast, and afterwards to Greenock and to Milford, returning to Portsmouth in

October. In these various ports, as has always been the case, both officers and men were most hospitably entertained; and much enjoyment was derived from the visits both to the towns and to the neighbouring country, though from its being a wet and stormy summer, there was a good deal of bad weather, which also means plenty of work at sea.

At Glasgow an entertainment was given in which Captain Goodenough was particularly interested—a dinner to the *men* of the fleet—and which he thus describes :—

"GREENOCK, *September 19th*, 1868.

"A dinner was given yesterday by the people of Greenock, to the men of the fleet, which went off capitally. The men (500) marched up, headed by our band, and were all seated by two o'clock, very comfortably. Then there was a delay, and till half-past three they sat talking and listening to the band. No end of porter and beer and cigars were placed before every one, but though the dinner was a long time in laying no one touched either bottle or meat till a clergyman was called on to say grace, and then they fell to with a good will.

"The speeches after dinner are not half so well reported in the papers as they were spoken, and they were not helped a bit. I merely told them the day before that there would be one or two speeches required, and that they had better go round the next day to arrange with the other ships who should speak; it ended in their choosing a gunner's mate, and the signalman from this ship. I went away after the 'Death of Nelson,' the refrain of which was splendidly taken up by the whole body of men in the hall."

In November the squadron again sailed for Lisbon, that port continuing as their head-quarters between their cruises until their return to England, at the end of April, 1869.

In December, 1868, Admiral Warden having been appointed to Cork, was succeeded in the command of the Channel Squadron by Sir Thomas Symonds, Captain Goodenough remaining with the latter officer as flag-captain.

The following letter was written about this time :—

"H.M.S. MINOTAUR, *May 11th*, 1869.

"I am astonished to find even after the *success* of the government, which generally carries the multitude, how strongly conservative all service people are . . . . I am surprised to find so little economy or real reform . . . . Certainly we possess, as a people, no political foresight; we are led into the wildest schemes and follies by refusing to apply to politics the rules of every day life. We go on persisting and believing that the French will invade England, and so pitting our navy against theirs, and trying to swell our little army to a force which can take a part on the Continent, decrying or suffering others to decry the volunteers, and every other movement which is akin to the spirit of the country, and aping some one else's system. It seems to me that education is the great question of the day, the question I should study most if I thought I could get into Parliament. Education will do something—not everything—to relieve pauperism and to diminish crime, and something to stay the gradual process which is to me undoubted—of the rich getting richer and the poor poorer; the distance increasing as it is, with increasing population and strife for living, between grades; when the law, however slightly, is made by and favours the richest and most satisfied people. Education is the only way we have of enabling the lower ranks of life—without surpassing merit—to raise themselves to their proper level with the rich; to make themselves, body and mind, of such worth as to make the highest wealth of small comparative value."

In June, 1869, Captain Goodenough was sent in the Minotaur to the opening of a new North German dockyard at the mouth of the river Jahde. This expedition was a source of great interest, not only to himself, but also to a small party of military and naval officers whom he received permission to take as passengers. The Emperor William was present himself, and after formally opening the dockyard, which received the name of Willhelmshafen, His Majesty came on board the Minotaur, and remained a short time inspecting her various departments.

The Minotaur returned immediately to England, and after several short cruises in the Channel, the squadron left Plymouth, in August, under the command of the Lords of the Admiralty. With the exception of a stay at Cork and at Milford, in October, 1869, the ships remained in the South from August until the following May, 1870, visiting by turns Gibraltar, Teneriffe, Madeira, and the Azores, with agreeable interludes of a month or a fortnight at Lisbon between the cruises. Captain Goodenough had this winter the enjoyment of the society of his wife and children, who came to Lisbon for some months. The following was written in September, 1869:—

"I shall come away from Milford if I can get leave for my men, but I won't go away on leave unless they do. I want to engraft that principle on my officers—that excellent rule of the sea, by which the naval service is more excellent than any other—that in all great hardships and privileges officers and men share alike. That is a principle under which all discipline may progress evenly and harmoniously."

It is satisfactory to be able to add that the leave was granted to officers and men alike.

It was during this winter that his attention was first strongly directed towards the temperance movement. There had been a decided feeling in that direction for some time in the squadron, and meetings of various descriptions had been held both at Lisbon and at Gibraltar, where the men of the squadron were entertained by a Highland regiment at a great tea. In the spring of 1870, Captain Goodenough was asked to take the chair at a large tea-meeting given to the seamen by some English residents at Lisbon, who were promoters of the temperance cause; and speaking on this occasion, he told his hearers how much he appreciated their efforts and wished them success—that though he considered total abstinence a less high standard than temperance, yet, looking upon it as an *extraordinary* remedy for an *extraordinary* evil, he felt that in many cases it was a man's only safeguard, and the only means of saving him from ruin; adding, that he thought it right to tell them that, though he approved and applauded what they were doing, he did not do it himself. In June, on the return of the squadron to Portsmouth, he was asked to a similar meeting at the Sailors' Home in Portsea, and spoke in similar terms; but on his return from this second meeting, he came to the conclusion that he could not, consistently with his own ideas of right and wrong, continue to advise people to do what he did not do himself. Having already become much more firmly impressed with the advantages of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors—an opinion which gained strength

with him every year that he lived—he from that day, though he took no pledge, gave up the use of all wine, beer, or spirits; and, except in case of illness, continued to do so all his life.

He had at first, as he once expressed it in a letter, taken the step out of sympathy with those who were doing what they could to raise his men, and to make their path easier; but as he continued he found it of increasing value, not only furnishing him with an answer to those who said—excusing themselves, or others, for any excess—that it was impossible to do without stimulants in hot climates, or after much hard work; but he also found his own health improve, and when again in the tropics he observed that he suffered less from the climate than he had ever done, and that he was, as he said at a meeting at Sydney only a few weeks before his death, "as much up to hard work, as ready for any enjoyment, any exertion, or exposure (even to passing a night under a tree), as I have ever been in my life, and even more so."

In June, Admiral Sir Hastings Yelverton relieved Sir Thomas Symonds in the command of the Channel Squadron, and requested Captain Goodenough to remain with him as flag-captain. The Channel Squadron joined the Mediterranean Fleet, and cruised for a short time in the Atlantic. The war just begun between France and Germany is alluded to in the following letter from Vigo.

"*August 29th*, 1870.

"You say that I say nothing about the war. What can I say? It fills me with grief and confusion to see the best passions—not the worst, as writers say—supporting the continuance of war.

Whichever side wins, it is grievous and horrible. Feelings are blunted, unfair dealing is suggested and believed in, and contact with each other, which ought to dispel prejudices, is likely to engender more hatred than at first. It is awful and horrible. If there were a dynasty in France, it might end; but now that the prosecution of war is in the hands of the people, who can say how far it may go? The *Times* says it does not believe in Paris besieged or resisting. I say that Paris and what we call the most luxurious French society is infinitely more capable of a sacrifice of what they acknowledge to be luxuries, than the virtuous English society is of comforts which are the more costly of the two. Our Pharisaical self-contentment is at the bottom of that argument throughout. Ah! it is better to have no possessions at all than to run the risk of getting attached to them. How horrible to belong to one's possessions rather than they should be our property!"

It was in this cruise that occurred the catastrophe of the loss of H.M.S. "Captain," almost immediately after which the squadron returned to England.

In the month of October, Admiral Wellesley assumed the command of the Channel Squadron; and Captain Goodenough was relieved on October 25th, 1870.

CHAPTER V.

WORK AMONG THE FRENCH PEASANTS ABOUT SEDAN—COMMITTEE OF DESIGNS OF SHIPS—DIEPPE—NAVAL EDUCATION—APPOINTED NAVAL ATTACHÉ.

CAPTAIN GOODENOUGH did not, however, remain long idle. The war had already brought many hardships to the districts in which it had raged, and several English societies were doing what they could for the relief of the inhabitants, as well as of the wounded. Among them, the French Peasant Relief Fund, under the direction of the *Daily News*, which was working among the peasants about Sedan, had just appealed for volunteers to assist in the distribution of food which was being made in that neighbourhood. Captain Goodenough offered his services, which were immediately accepted; and on November 8th started, with his wife, for Bouillon, a small Belgian town, close to the frontier, and about ten miles from Sedan. Of the assistance which he then gave, Mr. Bullock Hall, the energetic director of the undertaking, has lately publicly written in the following terms :—

"In the dreariest period of the gloomiest of Novembers, when autumnal rains were giving place to snow, and sleet, and frozen winter fogs, and we whose business it was to convey food and clothing over the slippery and almost impassable roads to the

destitute in the villages about Sedan, were almost in despair at the task we had undertaken, and were in sore need of encouragement, there came in answer to our appeal for volunteers, a man, the very sight of whom at once communicated new life to us. Here was a man, the very model of an Englishman, with unbounded energy, and combining extreme gentleness with an iron sense of duty; born to command, and with a genius for communicating the love of order and regularity, which characterised him; a man before whom one could only feel inclined to bow down; here was this man come to place himself meekly under orders, and to go plodding day after day through snow and slush."

The following extracts from Captain Goodenough's own letters give some account of the work done:—

"BOUILLON, *November 21st.*

"I was in Sedan two days ago. The town looked dismally dull. A few knots of people stood chatting at different points near the bridge, and in the market place, and were probably deriving comfort from the report that the siege of Mézières is raised. It is certain that there was fighting on Thursday and Friday, and that some Germans were driven over the frontier on that day; but fancy their being in ignorance of what had been done at a place only twelve miles off, two days before. The only bright shops were those of the *pâtissiers*, which, as usual, looked cheerful enough. In scarcely any of the others was there more than one jet of gas burning. I went into a bookseller's, who was so painfully affected, poor fellow, when some German soldiers came in, he was like a man with delirium tremens. One is almost afraid to sympathise with them, they have sons or brothers in the Mobiles at Mézières, and every shot they hear fired during the day is a shock and pain to them. The expression of their faces was like a continued moan, and as though they were saying, 'How long, O God, how long!' in plaintive agony. This was the note

which struck me throughout, and which was continued and impressed on me by the sermon we heard on Sunday at the Protestant Church. It is the church of the Pasteur Goulden, who is now in England, and the sermon was from the pasteur *des annexes*, who has charge of the neighbouring towns and villages where there is no resident clergyman. His sermon was on 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2, and he began by referring to his last sermon, in which he enjoined the practice of charity among the many poor, and desired his hearers not to be disheartened at being deceived and imposed on by the people who sometimes came to them, and to prepare themselves by prayer to meet such cases justly, temperately, and wisely. Then he went on to bid the congregation pray for all men—for kings, remembering that while St. Paul wrote, Nero was emperor; for all people—for both peoples in the great war; for the extension of brotherly spirit and kindness, which would prevent the possibility of future wars, and breathe a spirit of humanity into the conduct of this war; for peace—ah! that we may have peace at last, as the fruit of our labours, peace among all men, and wisdom in rulers to maintain it. And shall we not pray for our dear country—that this war may do us good? Already we see it has done good; we were living in too great luxury. Our sons were growing up in enervating habits of idleness and self-indulgence, were neglecting, and caring for none of the manly virtues. Do we not already see a change? Is there not a greater love of country already apparent, and a growing inclination to live for the good of the country, and not for our enjoyment? And before peace is made, before we are quite triumphed over, may we not pray for a little success for our country. 'Oh, God! a little success, only a little, so that we may not be utterly humbled and despised in the eyes of surrounding nations.' It was this cry of nature which was so touching to listen to. All his sermon had been so wise, and so temperate—not clever, but excellent, and all eloquence restrained by practical earnestness; and this little cry from the heart was enough to bring tears to one's eyes. I went to see him in his vestry after service,

for I wanted to ask if his Protestants in the different villages had received their share in the distributions of bread, and I find that all has been fairly arranged. Directly after church I started for Bazeilles, through Balan. Balan begins at the gates of the town, and in every bend of the long street the bullet marks on the walls and shutters show that the ground was yielded bit by bit. A crowd of people with pannikins and jugs was collecting at the door of a factory, and a long stream of young and old women were coming from Bazeilles to get the soup, which Dr. Davis pays for, and which Mdlles. Goulden, sisters of the pasteur, distribute. There is an interval of three quarters of a mile, and then one sees Bazeilles. A single house stands at each end of the village, I think they have been used as Field Lazareths. Everything else is burnt. Here and there the walls seem sound enough to allow of the place being fitted up again, but nineteen out of twenty among the houses must be pulled down altogether to be rebuilt. We soon fell in with some people, who were saving some potatoes out of a cellar, which was letting in the rain —a man and wife and two pretty little children, who came up to us, and followed us about. The man had been a weaver, and had a loom which was worth 200 francs, and on it a piece of cloth within one day of being finished. He had gone off to Belgium with his family on the day of the battle, and had returned after a fortnight to find his house destroyed, and nothing left but a little lean-to at the back of the house, which had escaped the fire, and into which his pig had wandered from its stye. It was very thin after a fortnight, still he turned it into eighty francs, and so had enough to give him bread for some time. All this was told with much cheerfulness and resignation both by husband and wife. A little lower down we came upon an old man with an axe, who had been chopping wood, and he at once began to speak of, not his own, but his neighbour's misfortunes—the poor widow with seven children, whose husband died three years ago, and who had lost everything and was living in her cellar. Really, until we questioned him, he never spoke of his own ruined

house, and his five looms burnt, and his little lean-to, which he had established out of his ruins, for his children and grandchildren. The cheerfulness and forgetfulness of self was 'a lesson to those who would be admonished.' From Bazeilles we crossed a railway bridge over the Meuse, whose railways had been banged by shot, and returned to Sedan by Wadelancourt, where Dr. Davis is still giving soup. This morning I walked over here, round by Floing, St. Menges, Fleigneaux, and Illy, thirteen or fourteen miles through the forest. I found my first curé in all the difficulties of arranging his distribution, and surrounded by women; and he appealed to me for aid, and to explain the intentions of the society; for the poor souls had all come, without exception, to ask for bread. I had to say that we expected those who had money to furnish themselves, and that we could only help the destitute, and at last released the curé from them all. But he had an excellent idea for helping the people. It seems that the cloth dealers will buy small quantities of cloth, but will not give money for it; and the curé, M. L'Alouette, showed me a 'bon' for seventy-five francs (payable after the war). A woman had brought it to him, to ask him to give her seventy francs upon it, which he would not do, but lent her twenty francs upon it, to be returned. 'Now,' he said, if you would buy these, the Commune would guarantee you against loss in case of the failure of the merchants, and my people would retain their independence and dignity, which are injured by their coming to beg for bread.' There is really an opening for the very highest effort of discriminating philanthropy, for, of course, mere charity has a bad effect. I found the curé of St. Menges was much of the same mind. At Fleigneaux I saw the schoolmaster of a very dirty school. He had everything taken for an ambulance: six pairs of sheets, and six-dozen of pocket-handkerchiefs. 'You see, I take snuff, and want a handkerchief every day,' he said, by way of explanation. There were some Protestants here, so I got a guide to take me to one family, and found a very nice-looking, intelligent old woman, Madame Berthe by name, and

her son and daughter-in-law. They were quite content with their distribution of bread, and, more than that, had had a little work from one of the 'anciens' of the church at Sedan, and a gift of a petticoat. At St. Menges I left ten francs with a poor woman whose house had been burnt by a French shell, and who had lost all her savings of sixteen years."

"*November 22nd.*

"From Sedan we walked to a village called Glaire: no fighting took place there, but on the island formed by the bend of the river and the canal, most of the French prisoners were encamped, and the Bavarians were at Glaire for twelve days. Here the farmers seem to have lost everything: one, the Maire of Glaire, had driven 250 sheep to Iges for safety, and when the camp came began to sell them; but after getting 750 francs, the rest were suddenly seized, and carried off, and he lost 6,500 francs' worth, as well as three horses and eight cows. All the poultry of course disappeared, and all the oats and hay; consequently there is no employment for the farm labourers. He told us he had always kept four servants, but that now he had discharged three, and the fourth would leave in a few days. We called on the curé, and on two farmers, and on some workpeople, some of whom were terribly poor. One old blind woman was burning a soldier's boot on her hearth for want of fuel, for all the wood in the place had been taken; even the roof of a new unfinished barn had been torn down to burn, while the doors and shutters of houses and farm-buildings had been used as shelter in the camp. Another poor woman was very ill indeed, and had got so low from want of proper food that she was scarcely able to take nourishment; her husband was formerly employed at the *filature*, was out of work, and they had four children. I asked if she had seen a doctor, and found they could not afford the six francs required to pay for one from Sedan. I advanced the six francs, and sent two tins of preserved soup for her a couple of days later. The curé promised to send me in a few days a list of

the persons most in need of clothes and bread. One of the farmers of Glaire kindly drove us over to Iges, where we visited the Maire. He, too, had lost nearly everything. All his cows, sheep, and pigs, as well as wood—everything had been taken by the unfortunate French prisoners who were encamped in the neighbourhood, and who for days were on the verge of starvation; they even ate the potatoes and beet-roots which they dug up, the latter of which brought on much illness, which has been in some cases communicated to the villagers. At Iges, also, we were assured that gifts of bread would be most acceptable to the poor.

"On Thursday we started at about nine o'clock for Illy, Floing, and St. Menges, where I hoped to make arrangements for baking the bread on the spot, instead of having it sent to Belgium. Our waggon, with the Union Jack flying, started at the same time laden with 120 loaves, of five kilogrammes each, and six bags of coffee, and a case of preserved meat. At Givonne I saw the curé, and arranged to speak to the bakers on my way back. Soon after leaving Givonne, a farmer from Glaire, who was returning with us, having the day before brought us two strong farm horses, which he lends for the winter, suggested our leaving the carriage and taking a path over the hill to Illy. Path there was none, but we went across the fields, and through the mud and clay, seeing evident traces of large bodies of men having passed that way, in the trodden-down ground and broken hedges. We passed to the right of La Garenne, seeing some graves and still finding a few *débris* of the battle, we rejoined our carriage at Illy, and drove to Floing, a large and formerly flourishing village, lying in a hollow, between the heights occupied by the French and German artillery, and though the balls were flying over the village all day not a house was struck.

"We went straight to the Presbytère, and found the curé just finishing his *déjeuner*. He was delighted when he heard that I had come to arrange for a distribution of bread, as he said there was very great distress in his village, which was all the more painful to

witness from the fact of the sufferers being persons who were accustomed to be in easy circumstances, with plenty of well-paid work. He explained to me that the cause of the distress was two-fold;—the occupation of the German army during twelve days, in which time they had taken everything they could lay their hands upon; and, secondly, from the complete stoppage of business in Sedan, on which the inhabitants entirely depend. Sedan being a fortified town has not room for its many work-people, and a very large proportion of the cloth-weaving is done in the poor weavers' own houses. At this moment such is the want of confidence in affairs among the manufacturers, that not only will they not give work, but they are even sending away their wool to be stored in Belgium, fearing lest it should be taken, should the town at any time be unable to pay the Prussian requisitions. The very few who still give a little occasional work do not pay in money, but in bills payable seventy-five days after the signing of peace, and the bakers will not take these bills in exchange for bread. The curé told us that three-quarters of his people were weavers. They are not in general thrifty till they have been able to buy a house; but once a steady workman has his own little house, he may be considered safe and provided for for life; he no longer frequents the *cabaret*, but every penny goes towards the comfort of his house. But now most of these householders have lost what little furniture and linen they had managed to get together; the furniture was either wantonly broken, or used for fire-wood, and the linen and blankets were all taken by the soldiers, or for the wounded. In many cases the only covering a family has left is the coarse sack which, formerly stuffed with straw, served as a mattress. In one case a poor man with fever was found covered only by a sack of shavings. The curé's sister told us, that only that morning a person formerly quite well off had come to ask if she could not give her a little help, and she saw that she was wearing one of her husband's shirts, having no clothes of her own left. In another case a mother and daughter who had sixty pairs of stockings of their own

knitting had lost them all. While we were talking, our waggon arrived and stopped at the curé's to deposit some coffee and preserved meat. The waggon was on its way to St. Menges, and poor people of Floing seeing the bread, were sadly disappointed when they found it was going on further. I, however, went at once to call on the Maire, who received me most kindly, and spoke in the warmest terms of the sympathy of the English. Meantime the curé had sent for the bakers, of whom there were five—one was represented by a pretty little daughter of eighteen, almost the only young girl who had not fled during the battle. The Maire and curé kindly explained the terms which I proposed to offer to the bakers, and after a little demur on their part, and an injunction from the curé, not to be behind-hand in helping their neighbours, when foreigners, on whom they had no claim, had come forward to help them, they consented to bake the 150 kilos of bread a day for thirty-five centimes a kilo. Part of this was to be for Claire and Iges, small villages just across the Meuse, which have no baker of their own. Each baker was to take a baking in turn, which we thought would ensure the quality of the bread being kept up to the mark, and would also make a fair distribution of the gains throughout the fraternity. The curé's sister was most glad to take charge of the preserved soup for some fever patients. Having made our arrangements, and got the contract for the bread signed by the bakers, we started for St. Menges, Monsieur le Curé accompanying us part of the way, and explaining to us most clearly the position of the armies, and the direction of the Crown Prince's forced march, as well as the site of the disastrous cavalry charges. In the village we met a French lady, who had come in search of the body of her husband who had fallen in one of the charges at the head of his regiment. She knew what kind of wound he had received, and in the village it was remembered that an officer of high rank, wounded in that manner, had been buried on the heights above Floing. Accompanied by the Maire, she had the grave containing forty bodies opened. The body was found and easily recognised by the

peculiar wound, and by the white moustache. The poor marquise wanted to embrace the body, but was held back by the kind-hearted Maire, and it was immediately buried in the churchyard in a place which she had chosen.

"At St. Menges we found the curé just returning from visiting one of his sick. He had much to tell of the sufferings of his flock, from the pillage of the Germans who occupied the village for ten days. Only two houses were burnt, and these by the bursting of French shells, which, he added, made it seem all the sadder. In his little ante-room we found the three sacks of coffee and all the loaves our cart had just deposited, and on the table two large knives ready for cutting them up for distribution at eight o'clock the next morning. He told us that the way he had made his list of those who were to receive bread, when he first heard from Mr. Bullock of his offer of sending it, was to go round to the different bakers and beg them to show him their list of their customers. He then asked, 'Are you still supplying all these people with bread?' 'Oh no, to many of them we are obliged to refuse credit; we know they cannot pay us." He therefore then got a list of those families who actually could not buy bread, and to them he distributed that sent by Mr. Bullock. Here also I saw the bakers, and made the same contract with them as at Floing. At another village one of the bakers had lost his son as well as all that he possessed on the day of the battle, and ever since had been so completely disheartened that he had not held up his head nor done a day's work since. The contract was given to him, and it was a comfort to know that, within a few days, with his work his spirits had returned, and that he was quite an altered man. The curé of St. Menges told us of a number of his people who had lost all their clothes, and especially their blankets and sheets. In this village the people are nearly all weavers, so that, till some work begins again, they have no means of retrieving their losses.

"Scarcely a house seems to have been spared. One poor German woman living at Glaire forms a solitary exception, and now owns the only pig in the village, and if the inhabitants had

the misfortune to leave their houses, then the havoc was complete. The curé of Daigny told us that he was only absent twenty-four hours, but returned to find his house bare—not only his plate, his linen, his little *batterie de cuisine* had been taken, but his very clothes, even his large three-corned hat. '*Je ne sais pas à quoi leur pouvait servir un chapeau de prêtre, mais ils l'ont pourtant pris*,' and the panels of his large wardrobe had been forced out with a chopper, to make boards for the soldiers to cut up their meat upon. And with all these there is a wonderfully resigned and hopeful spirit abroad; so many have said to me, 'Ah, if only it was all over, and we did not see them any more, and could begin to work again, we should forget the past and make a fresh start; but as long as they are here there is no hope of work, and how are we to get through the winter?' In some cases the poor have made a little money by selling a few arms, &c., from the battle-field, but that is pretty well all spent, and the prospect of the winter is very dismal."

"SEDAN, *November 23rd.*

"This morning, after waiting to despatch some things to Francheval, and ordering another despatch of things to St. Menges to-morrow, I came on through Francheval, Rubécourt, and La Moncelle to Sedan. At La Moncelle the walls are covered with shot marks, and a part of the houses are burnt. A list which M. de Montagnac has had made gives fifty-nine families burnt out, besides the Maison Communale. As I stood talking to some men at the foot of the street, I counted forty-two bullet-marks on the face of one house. M. de Montagnac's factory is half-way between this and Rubécourt, and when I asked them about *bons* and cloth, they said that he had kept his mill working twelve hours a week, and had always paid ready money for work or goods."

"*November 24th.*

"I started at eight o'clock this morning for St. Menges, and found the curé in the midst of his distribution of bread, so waited

while he finished it. He is unfortunate in having no organization in his parish; the last curé had quarrelled with the Maire and the Adjoint, and the Conseillers Municipaux, who are all weavers, and of the 2000 inhabitants not one is a *rentier*, or in a position to give tone to the Bureau de Bienfaisance, or to be able to devote time to its affairs. There is, consequently, no organization for relief, no subscriptions for a doctor to attend the sick, and the curé is unsupported. He thinks, that by-and-bye, even his schoolmaster and the three *sœurs* will have to ask for bread. They have but £20 a-year a piece, and even this is not likely to be paid in January.

"As the bread was being issued, I obtained sad details of distress in some of the families—many were ill, and their illness was aggravated by the want of good food. The father of a family of six children, only one of whom could work, was away at Mézières as a *Garde Forestier*. Two poor women who came for their share had been of the class of *pauvres honteuses*, whose cases require careful investigation, but now came openly to ask for relief. They had kept the only café of the place, and supported an old mother of ninety-two, but since the first of September all custom had ceased; the Germans had smashed their windows, and taken their beds, and they were, as we should say, 'on the parish;' that is to say, they would be on the parish if the parish had anything to give them.

"The funds of the Bureau de Bienfaisance are usually 500 to 600 francs, and are derived chiefly from some land, and partly from occasional market rents and levies on fêtes at the Maison Communale. This has not been a year for fêtes, and, therefore, the receipts have been small and the expenses large; and the Daily News Society will therefore put 200 francs into the *Caisse*, in case the doctor is required, and more in case of need of medicine.

"The society is now sufficiently in relations with St. Menges to see to its wants during the winter. It receives now 1500lbs. of bread a week, and 200 lbs. of bacon, and the committee of the

Bureau de Bienfaisance have a store of preserved meat, and 'soup and bouilli,' of coffee and potatoes, to meet special cases. At the mention of coffee the curé said,—'*Ah, monsieur, vous parlez des élégances de la vie.* Bread is the chief thing—if only we had bread. There are many who eat nothing else.' After the distribution I visited some of the cloth weavers. With each family the story was the same. Their beds had been taken for the wounded, and soiled with blood, or lost; their clothes had disappeared during the fifteen days' occupation by the German troops; and the pig, which is kept by most of the weavers' families, had been eaten. In each house a little work was going on, but as it is paid for either in cloth or in written promises 'to pay after the war,' there is a considerable loss to the workman in every case. Before the war a good weaver made sixteen *enseignes* or eighty-four metres of cloth in twenty-one to twenty-five summer days, and was paid fifty francs for his work, the material being supplied direct from the 'filatures,' which employ 100 persons in addition to the 900 weavers, so that the families which I visited, which had two or three looms a piece, could gain from thirty to fifty francs a week. But they now suffer loss from three causes. Firstly, they are paid by cloth which is taken into Belgium at a loss of ten per cent. duty and at the cost of a long journey on foot; and, secondly, they lose much time both on these journeys and in going to Sedan to fetch the threads which used to be brought to their own doors; but the worst feature of their case is the profound depression into which the invasion of their soil, the loss of their children, and the dread of some greater unknown trouble yet to come, has plunged them. The people of this district are of a gentle and cheerful disposition. The life of a working man was, perhaps, in no part of France more promising; and the existence of a sympathy for their suffering among English people, which is shown in gifts and visits, will be understood by those who know the French character, to have a more than visible influence on their health and spirits under the heavy trials of the winter. The common distress has extinguished much selfish

repining. I have not yet met with a case in which the speaker referred, unasked, to his own peculiar hardship. A poor woman, whose husband was just able to sit up after about fourteen days' fever, showed me the movements of her loom, and after a few strokes, said simply, '*Je n'ai plus la force d'autrefois ;*' and after trying to quicken the movement left off quite flushed by the exertion. She had been used to work all day, but was weakened by attendance on her husband, and indifferent food. They will both have portion of soup and bouilli in future. She had taken a piece of cloth, valued at twenty-seven francs, into Belgium a few days ago, wrapping it round under her dress to escape the duty, but had only succeeded in getting fifteen francs for it. Her whole house was in wretched disorder and uncleanliness, and had never recovered the invasion of the troops. In another house where two looms were at work, a man had been more fortunate. He had taken his fifty francs' piece of cloth into Belgium, and brought back forty-five francs ; but at the cost of two days' travel, which, in good time, would represent two and a half francs more. But the workers at the 'filature' are in the worst condition, as they can do nothing, or next to nothing."

"*November 25th.*

"To-day I have been to Floing. Thanks to the last as well as to the present curé, M. L'Alouette, and to the Maire, M. Amédée de la Brosse, who is greatly respected both here and in Sedan, a capital organization exists in the village.

"M. Alouette himself has a genius for organization, and the sick subscription, which is but five francs a head a year, not only pays the doctor, but also twenty-five per cent. of the medicines. The whole village has a brighter appearance than St. Menges, to which its nearness to Sedan, no doubt, contributes. The population, and the proportion of weavers, are but equal to St. Menges ; but at Floing there is a growing disposition among the weavers to lay out their money in acquiring a separate cottage and garden, and this practice, which has not only an excellent moral

side, adds to the cheerful aspect of the place, as well as to the agreeable manners of the people. It does not, however, put bread into their mouths at this particular moment, and therefore the same help in bread and bacon is given by the 'Relief Fund' as at St. Menges, as well as a portion of preserved meat and coffee for special occasions.

"I have begged both the curés of St. Menges and Floing to take care that all their parishioners know that they are helped by an English society, so that the existence of friends abroad may help in giving some little heart and hope to them in their dejection, and the latter intends to hold forth from the pulpit to this effect on Sunday."

After giving what assistance he could at Sedan, he went on to Thionville and Metz, where he remained a few days, returning to England in December.

He was immediately after this, January, 1871, appointed by the Admiralty a member of a "Committee on Designs for Ships of War," on which he served until July.

In February he went for a few days to Dieppe, to superintend unloading and transmitting to Paris the stores which the English Government sent to the relief of that capital at the end of the siege.

During this year of leisure, Captain Goodenough had time to give expression in a public manner to the views on the education of naval officers which had long been maturing in his mind. The very considerable number of junior officers, of different grades, who had successively passed through the two large flag-ships he had lately commanded, had afforded him many opportunities of judging personally of the standard of education in our own service; while a long and intimate intercourse with officers of foreign navies

had enabled him to make a just comparison between their officers and our own.

He felt strongly our need of a more systematic combination of the education of the practical seaman and the scientific officer, and the drawbacks of sending midshipmen to sea at an early age, thereby taking them away from the ordinary schools of the country, and from the companionship of those who were looking forward to and preparing for other professions than their own, and at the same time limiting their grasp of all that goes to make a thoroughly liberal education, and prematurely confining them in the narrower groove of their professional career.

He read a paper "On the Preliminary Education of Naval Officers," at the United Service Institution; and also wrote a more popular article, which was published in "Fraser's Magazine." The following passages are from the former paper:—

"I have been asked to offer to the members of this Institution and through this Institution to the Naval Service, by means of our very useful journal, some remarks on preliminary naval education. They are the results of many years' observation, and of much thought on the training of naval officers, in the course of my service in the largest ships of Her Majesty's navy, during which time I have become convinced of the necessity of our providing a much more careful and methodical course of instruction for our officers than now exists, or has before existed.

"I have undertaken my task with some diffidence, but with the assurance of the kind disposition of my brother officers to listen to the ideas which have occurred to me, and to the facts which I can put before them, though ill strung together, trusting that they will connect them, and argue from them in better fashion than I can pretend to do. Engaged as I have been in the active and

practical performance of duties afloat for many years, I do not pretend to read such a paper as I can conceive might be offered to you on this subject by those who have studied the machinery of teaching, and are acquainted with the ascertained results of modern instruction in actual schools. Still, perhaps I may have some knowledge of what results we ourselves obtain, and I may have been able to estimate better than many others the effect of our own recent changes, and of still more recent proposals; for having been convinced from a very early period of my career that there was occasion to introduce more *method* into our system of education, and to leave less to the chapter of accidents, and to the undivided and often ill-directed efforts of the few who emerge from the mass of the possessors of mere superficial knowledge, I have naturally been confirmed and strengthened in my early views —the progress and inventions of the last twenty-five years having tended materially to methodise the practice of navigation and the management of ships of war.

"I do not expect to convince any one off-hand of the accuracy of my judgment in the matter. My wish is chiefly to excite thought and examination of the subject, and to evoke free discussion, not only here in this theatre, but in the journals and periodical publications of the profession; for I am of those who believe that more good than harm is to be attained by the discussion of most professional subjects, and that the power which exists in all military services of suppressing or forbidding such discussions should be exercised most sparingly and patiently.

"I should be guilty of an absurd and forced indifference to what is passing around me, if I were not to say that an impression now exists very generally in the service that the view which finds most favour with regard to the training of officers for Her Majesty's navy is, that the naval officer should be caught young, that he should be made to devote himself to the details, and nothing but details, of his profession from boyhood to youth, and from youth to middle age, and that somewhere between middle age and old age he should be deemed to be worn out, and be thrown away a pensioner

on the country's gratitude, unfit even to have a voice in the guidance of the affairs of the service to which he may have been an ornament. I say that such is the impression abroad, and I entreat those who can show that it is not so, and who can contribute to remove such, to aid in doing so, for such an impression is doing much harm in all directions. It is weakening the desire for knowledge and self-improvement in naval officers; it is tending to narrow and circumscribe the idea of responsibility of a naval commander for all things coming within his ken, and to lower his conception of his own position from that of a representative of his country in all parts of the world, an agent of her policy, and a guardian of her commerce, to that of being a mere executive tool, whose only argument is force. The naval reputation of this country has not been achieved by men who held so mutilated a notion of their duty as to be the mere executioners of their country's judgments. I believe that I may boldly say that we have scarcely a man in our naval history, distinguished as a naval commander in action, who has not also been distinguished in some other pursuit, professional or otherwise, practical or scientific; but if we continue to acquiesce in the meagre education which is at present permitted to naval officers, we must resign ourselves to the position of a Chinese military mandarin, and be at the beck and call of civilians and consuls, and to be hustled and forced into perpetual mistakes in war. I would, therefore, here give a word of encouragement to those who have felt the chill which is given by the indifference to individual exertion out of the main line of routine of a continually narrowing departmental system. I would say, 'Don't be afraid of discouragement in following up any line of study which your taste leads you to choose. Nothing prevents your taste and your study from running side by side. Nothing that you can learn will come amiss to you in your profession. Nothing which you learn can be useless to you. More than this, if you wish to serve your country as a commander of any force, great or small, you *must* nourish yourself by study. Opportunities come in vain to men who are unprepared. No visible smile may encourage you,

but *le ciel t'aidera.* Your day will come. The Danes always land, *pour qui sait attendre.* Above all, don't fancy that the *men* of the department of Government under which you serve are against you. The tendency of a departmental system is stronger than the *men*, and *they*, in many things, are as much chilled and bound by it as *you* may fancy yourself to be. You are only *chilled* by its influence now. One day you may be bound by it also, until the day when the general spread of educated and instructed, willing intelligence shall set us free from the bonds of system, while giving us free use of its machinery.

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"The warning which I would give, and it contains the whole case, is this: that while all other circumstances of life at sea have changed considerably in the last thirty years, the preliminary training of our officers has not changed in its main features. It is not merely that our *matériel*, whether in ships or guns, steam engines or canvas, has changed; it is not only that our *matériel* has become far more complicated than of yore. If that alone were the case, the system of a former age might supply the wants of the day. No! the change whose bearing we have failed to acknowledge, even though we may have perceived it, is this: that while formerly the conduct of ships at sea, their discipline, and the handling of their *matériel* generally was based on the experience obtained in the practice of individual lives from early years, and on an acquaintance with external phenomena and internal details which were not reduced to laws or elevated into systems; *now* we *do* possess rules and laws which greatly reduce the value if they do not quite supersede the practical experience of a single life.

"In every one of the varied practical duties of a sea officer this is the case, whether in navigation or in discipline, in artillery or in manœuvring; and I say that this constitutes the great change in a sea life to which we have no corresponding advance. I say that although those laws and systems exist, we still continue to let the details which they include be painfully and only partially

acquired by experience, instead of methodically teaching the principles on which they are based. Such a course not only involves the waste of many years of life, but also burdens the mind with ill-assorted facts. The opposite course educates while it instructs and enlarges the mind to receive much more solid knowledge, as well as actually many more facts. I do not say that there are not here and there talented young officers who have made the most of their time, and of special and exceptional opportunities; but I do say that the mass are ill-taught in all subjects, and particularly in those exclusively practical and professional ones for which the present system is sought to be retained."

Speaking of the age of entry into the navy, he continues:—

"It has been said that early entry into the Service is associated with all the traditions of the navy, is in accordance with its historical recollections, and is in unison with the general tone of professional feeling on the subject; that it insures the obtaining a supply of young officers at a time when their minds, being plastic and docile, and their habits and modes of thought yet unformed, they can be more easily inured to the peculiar habits of a sea life, be more accustomed to its unavoidable privations and occasional hardships, be trained up in attachment to their profession, and be induced to adopt it heartily as their vocation in life.

"I am therefore impelled to ask if this opinion is sustained by facts. Is it a fact that the education received at large or public schools is such as to make boys less docile or plastic than is consistent with their adoption of a profession of hardship? Is the habit or mode of thought which is formed at a public school an opposite one to that demanded by the naval career, or incompatible with it? Are the peculiar habits, the unavoidable privations, and the occasional hardships such as to turn the stomach of a public schoolboy? Is the age of seventeen or eighteen too

late for a reasonably educated lad to accept and attach himself to a career which combines much enterprise and interest with a service of honour? And, finally, while early entry into the Service is no doubt associated with its history and traditions, is it in unison with the general tone of professional feeling on the subject?

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"I shall not go into details in explaining my own proposals for preliminary education and training of naval officers, but the principles on which I consider that that education should rest are these:—First, that a distinction should be made between the period of education and that of special training; secondly, that special training should be the business of the Government, while education should be left to the care of the parents at the ordinary schools of the country; thirdly, that the handling of ships' sails and boats, and the principles of command, should be methodically taught, instead of, as at present, being left to chance observations and the accidents of service; fourthly, that the young officers under training in school ships should have no command except over each other, and should count no sea-time, and that on entering the service afloat in sea-going ships they should become at once in some measure responsible officers, though liable to future examination, and to produce evidence of having done work after leaving the training ships; fifthly, that, in order to discourage cramming, all entrance examinations should be confined, as far as possible, to the subjects of study at advanced public schools, and that every candidate should be required to bring with him certificates of a year's good conduct from his last school.

"Why, I ask, is it necessary for the Government to undertake the work of education as distinguished from special training? Are the schools of this country so bad? Is it that their course of instruction is so ill-suited to modern aims as to make it necessary to set up a model Government establishment? I think not. I believe that a Government school cannot in the long run compete in this country with our public schools, and therefore I wish to

see the work of education accomplished before the Government begins that of special training. I regret the loss of individuality, which is inevitable when all young gentlemen are passed through the same course from the age of twelve years. Captain Sherard Osborn, an officer of eminence, and of distinguished merit in our profession as a man of varied experience of the world, and an instance of most successful self-culture, and to whose opinion I therefore attach great value, advocates early education apart from special training, and deprecates the loss of individuality which ensues from long continued running in the same groove."

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In conclusion he says :—

"I have been told that it is not desirable to make the navy a scientific service. Science indeed! We are far from that—we are safe enough from any danger of that sort. I only wish for such an education and training as shall enable our officers to understand a few elements of the laws by which their ships float, and move, and are guided; such an education as will secure them from asking the impossible in a ship, while it prepares them to comprehend the simple phenomena and acts of nature; and such a training as will enable them to discharge efficiently the routine duties of their profession, and to maintain an ascendancy over those they will be called on to command. Don't suppose that I speak of science. I speak of things which concern the safe navigation, or, at least, the economic navigation of ships. I speak of the bare elements, and not of any deep scientific acquirement. And if I go a hair's breadth away from practical professional topics, I may ask, What is the knowledge of military law?—what is the knowledge of the leading principles of the rules of evidence?—what of political geography?—what of our own mercantile marine?—what of maritime law? I leave these questions to be thought over by those who have sat as members of a court martial—by those who have found themselves the servant of a consul at some unexpected political crisis, or who have been face to face

with mutinous merchant ships. It is then too late to look into the elements which should have been acquired in youth, and for want of which the gravest errors are often committed in judging of facts presented to our notice. Are we who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy our business in great waters, are we alone of all men only to see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep, and not to comprehend them? Are we alone, by reason of our isolation when on service, and our want of preparation before it, to be debarred from examining, reasoning on, and enjoying the wonders of nature and the diversity and infinity of creation? Can we be right in allowing so much endowment and so many well-formed minds to lie fallow for so long? All reason, all analogy is against it, and sooner or later the intelligent opinion of this country will dictate to our service what it requires of us. I wish to be beforehand with the country. I do not wish for that dictation; and, to avoid being forced into much that I should not approve, I wish to effect our reforms from within, being confident that that character which I love, and which has been described by a great statesman as the noblest and finest this country can produce, will be enriched by culture, and reinvigorated and nerved by mental discipline, and thus be fitted to render as deep and lasting services to our country as those of the great seamen who have gone before us."

In August, 1871, Captain Goodenough was appointed naval attaché to the Maritime Courts of Europe, with orders to visit the different arsenals of the Continent, and to report to the Foreign Office upon the navies of the European powers. He started in September for St. Petersburg, where he remained for some weeks.

Among the amusing anecdotes of which he had so ready a store, was one of a visit to a factory which was to be shown with much ostentation and pride as having a

management exclusively Russian. After visiting the whole of the works without being undeceived, the party repaired to luncheon, when an unassuming individual coming into the room was introduced by the director. "Oh! I beg your pardon, this is our Scotchman, Mr. A., taken over with the establishment." To which the new comer, in an unmistakably Scotch accent, added, "Yes! Lot 99!"

Of St. Petersburg he writes :—

"I haven't told you of the impression made on me by St. Petersburg. I said to myself *Astrakhan!!* as I drove past the eastern-looking markets and bazaars; and really there is a strong tinge of eastern look and habit in the place and people. The defect—as a town—is that every street and building except the churches has a straight horizontal sky line, and the streets are so wide that one can see this defect. Then the streets are horribly paved, except those which lead from the palace to each theatre, which are paved with wood at immense cost. Subject for moral reflections! I have been paying my last visit to the hermitage, which is simply wonderful in its wealth, and admirable in its arrangements. Such Rembrandts, such De Hoogé's, Mieris, and Ruysdael's, so beautifully placed and lit, and down stairs such wonders of antiquities from the Greek colonies on the Black Sea, such gems of Greek art of all sorts. It is a delightful place, and I wished that F., who is more worthy than I, had had the enjoyment of it. A gallery full of Peter the Great's tools and work is there also, and himself sitting on a chair in the middle. I really felt some awe in looking at the man who is the author of *everything* here, by mere effort of will. Hardly anything has yet passed the boundaries which he marked out as the future of his own town. Academies, harbours and quays, palaces and gardens, were all originated by him. . . . . I am amazed at the way I talk of spreading all over Europe, and wonder if I shall ever see or find out anything of interest. I shall study *personnel* well, for I am a

bad hand at finding out secrets if they have any. Really, perhaps the best thing one can do is to allay the foolish fears of aggression which come up every now and then."

The following letter was also written about this time :—

"ST. PETERSBURG, *October* 10, 1871.

"I have been reading Sir John Pakington's very noble-minded speech on Education, &c., at the Social Science Congress. I hardly expected him to be so outspoken, but it shows to what lengths an earnest man is carried who has faithfully and logically accepted the conclusions to which his observation and reason have led him. His speech will do more good among the young Conservatives than a dozen from a Liberal speaker, and will gain any number of votes for the Government. Anything that all the Navy and Army of England can do singly and independently is not equal to a hundredth part of the *strength* which would be gained to the country by following Sir John Pakington's advice—looking at it from that limited point of view alone. But what a glory if we should lead the world in knowledge, in justice, in brotherly kindness, and in *goodness*,—what an end to work and live for, or to die for, even to contribute in the least towards it."

From St. Petersburg, going south, he visited Nicolayeff and Odessa, whence three days and nights of railway travelling brought him to Vienna ; from there he proceeded at once to Berlin, arriving just in time to be present at the debates on the naval estimates in the German Chamber. From Berlin he visited Dantzig, Kiel, Willhelmshafen, and a gun-foundry establishment at Egger.

At the end of December he proceeded to Paris, where he remained for four months, acquainting himself with all the details of the French navy, and renewing his former friend-

ships with many officers of that service whom he had met with on different foreign stations. He visited by turns Cherbourg, Brest, Rochefort, and Toulon. From one of the French dockyards he brought back the following story concerning the inauguration of the republic. Orders having been received to announce the establishment of the republic, an admiral mustered the crew of his flag-ship on the quarter-deck, and informed them of the change in the government, and that the motto of France from henceforth would be "Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité!" The men were dismissed, and were leaving the deck, when he suddenly recalled them, adding, "Seulement, mes enfants, souvenez-vous d'une chose — c'est que la liberté n'embarque jamais!"*

Of this continued travelling he says:—

"An old friend writing to me says, 'I hope your appointment is not to be your Capua,' to which I reply, 'My only Capua is a first-class railway carriage, and that has not many enticements.'"

Still we see that he could find pleasure in railway travelling, too:—

"TOULON, *April 26th*, 1872.

"We left Paris yesterday. For the first time in my life I thought that flat country between Paris and Dijon lovely. The fresh spring leaves and grass have made it so. The moon was well up as we came out of Lyons, and the effect on one or two reaches of the Rhone was magnificent. I woke at Arles at five, just in time to see the first rays of the sun lighting the walls of the amphitheatre, and at six caught the first glimpse of the Mediterranean,

* Only, my men, remember one thing—liberty never goes afloat!

calm and still, too calm to give back the deep blue of the sky overhead."

The following, to one of his children, is of the same date :—

"As soon as we arrived at Toulon, I went to see a French admiral, whose name is J——, who is a very brave man, and who commanded a quantity of soldiers and sailors during the last war. A very good man, and a great man,* whom we used to see in Paris, told me that Admiral J—— was a good man, and a sincere Christian, and I am sure that that is one reason why he is so brave. A really good man is brave, because he knows that God takes care of him, and will take care of him when he is killed, even if that happens."

In April he proceeded to Italy, spending a week at La Spezzia, where the new dockyard and arsenal were visited ; and then went to Rome, in order to see the Italian Minister of Marine. His business kept him but five days at Rome, too short a time on a first visit to see much of its treasures of antiquity and art ; but what hours he could spare from work he eagerly devoted to visiting the wonders of that city, which was to him a source of the greatest enjoyment.

After spending two days at Venice (which enchanted him, and which he laughingly said was *the* place where a naval attaché ought to live), he crossed to Trieste, to begin his report on the Austrian navy. Here he was joined by his brother, Colonel Goodenough, R.A., who was at that time military attaché to the English embassy at Vienna ; and the two proceeded to Pola, a beautiful spot on the Adriatic, where is the great Austrian dockyard, and

* M. Guizot.

where some artillery experiments were at that moment being conducted. From Pola he proceeded to Fiume, further south on the Adriatic, where the Austrian Naval Academy is established. From thence the brothers returned to Vienna, where Captain Goodenough concluded his report on the Austrian navy. Thence he went to Constantinople, following the course of the Danube to its mouth. He arrived there just in time for the fairy-like illuminations in honour of the Sultan's birthday. At Constantinople he found several acquaintances, who welcomed him very kindly: nearly all the young commanders of the Turkish ironclad squadron having been attached as lieutenants to the English navy a few years before, having served in the various ships of our Channel squadron.

From Constantinople Captain Goodenough returned by Syra, Corfu, and Trieste to Paris; and shortly afterwards, in August, 1872, asked leave to resign his appointment, as he did not wish, nor did he think he could, with much advantage to the public service, go over the same ground at once again; and also he was anxious, as soon as possible, to return to the regular line of naval service afloat.

This was the first year of the Autumn Manœuvres, and Captain Goodenough threw himself heartily into the interest they afforded—first visiting various regiments which were encamped in the neighbourhood of the New Forest, where he was living; and afterwards following the whole of the actual manœuvres on horseback. This was to him a delightful holiday, and one which he enjoyed with all the force of his varied powers of interest and appreciation.

CHAPTER VI.

APPOINTED COMMODORE OF THE AUSTRALIAN STATION—VOYAGE TO NEW ZEALAND—FIJI—SYDNEY—MELBOURNE—TASMANIA—CAPTAIN COOK—ADELAIDE—NEW HEBRIDES—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

CAPTAIN GOODENOUGH spent the next winter in London—studying, attending lectures, working both at gunnery and other things connected with the naval service, till, in April, 1873, he received from the First Lord of the Admiralty the offer of going to Australia as Commodore in command of H.M.S. "Pearl." This was a command which for some years he had looked upon as one which would specially interest him, and he at once began to prepare himself for his new work, trying to learn as much as he could of those seas, then quite unknown to him, as he wished to arrive on his station possessed of all the knowledge of it which he could obtain. He visited the different missionary societies who were labouring in those latitudes, asking for all the information he could get. He at once set about collecting all the records of the early discoverers and voyagers of the South Seas, and succeeded in getting together a large collection of their works.

The Pearl was commissioned in May, 1873, and sailed from Spithead in June.

The following is the draft of an address to the ship's company of the Pearl on the day of commissioning, which was spoken in somewhat similar terms :—

"Men!

"We are this day commissioned for three years' service on the most distant station of the world. Out of this three years, or thirty-six months, or a hundred and fifty weeks, or a thousand days, whichever way we like to put it, we shall probably pass, each of us, at least nineteen-twentieths, or say nine hundred and fifty days, actually on board this very ship on whose deck we now stand.

"You will thus see in a moment that it is of the utmost importance that, in the few days of preparation that are left us before we quit home, we should leave nothing undone which can in any way contribute to our passing those three years with credit and profit to ourselves, to each other, to the good name of our ship, our service, our profession as seamen, and to our country. With this reflection, let me remind you that the first impressions made on people's minds are generally the most lasting; that it is desirable that from this day you should each produce an impression on myself, and on your officers generally, that each of you is to be trusted; that each of you has a character to lose or to maintain; that it is desirable that we should as a whole make an impression on the Commander-in-Chief and dockyard officers of this port, that we are a well-conducted and smart ship's company, and that we may hear after we have left the port that we are of the right, and not of the wrong, sort.

"Each of you has some experience of the navy, and does not need to be reminded of the rules of the service; but there are still some things on which the good order and comfort of everyone depends. The first is, that every man should strictly, smartly, and immediately obey the orders of his superior officer and petty officer; the second is, that the greatest comfort to every one

results from men returning punctually on board to their leave. My experience is a large one, in large ships, and amongst large ships' companies; and I tell you, that a man who breaks his leave is a source of discomfort, not only to himself, but to every-one else on board the ship; and that every petty officer and man has it laid upon him as a positive duty to see that his messmate and subordinate returns on board punctually to his leave.

"The last point on which I have now to remark is this: that every man in the service has a proper way in which to make known any request, or to ask any favour, or to state any complaint or grievance which he is suffering under. Any personal request ought to be made to the lieutenant of his division, or if time will not allow of his waiting for divisions, to the officer of the watch. If any number of men have any request to make about one common object, they should make it to the petty officers of the day, and the petty officers will bring it either to the officer of the watch, or to the commander (accompanied by the master-at-arms), at the time that they think proper. The ship's company will look to the petty officers to acquaint them from time to time with any rules and regulations which may be issued.

"Now to back the arrangements which may be made for our comfort: I found when I was last serving afloat that a very excellent plan to follow was to have a canteen on board the ship, to sell cheese and eggs, and other small luxuries, to the ship's company; and this I recommend you to do. The only thing necessary is to have a little money to start with to buy stock, and this can be very easily obtained," &c., &c.

During the voyage to this station, and on most of his cruises in the Pearl and excursions on shore, he enjoyed the companionship of his connection, the Hon. and Rev. Algernon Stanley, whom he had asked to accompany him to Australia.

Of his various cruises in that ship, Captain Goodenough kept an accurate account in his Journal, some extracts from which will, from time to time, be given in this Memoir, while a few letters to friends in England record his observations on the Australian colonies. And here, at the commissioning of his last ship, a few words may be said of the way in which he regarded his men, and of how he felt for them. It has been said, in a letter before quoted, that he was a strict disciplinarian, and that he never passed unnoticed a lapse of duty; but his sense of justice was such that those reproved generally acknowledged him right. And though he seldom thought it right to show it, yet he so looked at things from all sides that he made allowances in his own mind and estimation (at times incomprehensible to bystanders) for the difficulties of the individual cases or characters with which he was dealing. He had so ardent a desire to raise himself and all that surrounded him to the high ideal he placed before him, that he was ready to sacrifice anything, whether of his own gratification or of that of others, for the attainment of his object. The great moving spring of his life, of which he spoke so openly on his death-bed—*Love*—the love of God—the love of men—the love of right, of honesty, of purity—carried him often beyond the consideration of the moment, or the immediate consequences of what he did; while he looked upon his actions as a part of the great upward striving which he sought to bring about, for his men, for himself, for his service, for his country.

As he told his men at the last, he loved them—though, with his almost stern ideas of discipline, he seldom allowed

himself to show it, or to reveal the intense tenderness of his heart and feelings; but he told his men, at a meeting given by a temperance society in Sydney a few weeks before his death, and where he was asked to address them, how glad he was of that opportunity of doing so, not quite as he would on the quarter-deck, but in the relationship in which he felt towards them, and in which he wished them to regard him—as their *Friend.*

Nothing gave him more pleasure than when an old shipmate of some former ship would come to him, often waylaying him as he crossed Southsea Common, with some request or other, often difficult or even impossible to comply with; but it gratified him to feel that his men knew that he would serve them if it lay in his power. A speech made to him by a very old shipmate one day and which amused him very much, testifies to this feeling. Coming to see him once on returning from a cruise, the old pensioner, who was always welcomed in the cabin, greeted him with, "Well, Captain Goodenough, sir! I'm proud to hear the character your men give of you, sir! After all, we are all the same flesh and blood!"

Another old pensioned seaman, talking to some people he was rowing about of his blue-jacket experiences, happened to say he had sailed with Captain Goodenough, and how gladly he had done so. "I suppose he was a very easy captain?" said his hearer. "No," said the man; "he was very strict; but when he punished a man *he seemed sorry.*" And this is borne out by a rule he had made, when he had rewards and punishments to give, of always seeing the offenders first, and giving the rewards after—partly not to keep the offenders waiting, and getting more uncomfort-

able and hard every minute; but also, as he expressed it, not to leave himself with a bad taste in his mouth! As years went on he punished less and less, the results being always satisfactory; but where he thought a severe punishment necessary and well merited, he was inflexible in carrying it out. His ideas against corporal punishment were most decided.

He also had strong views on the subject of leave, always wishing to give as much leave as possible; his idea being to train the seamen to use, and not to abuse their liberty and increased culture and their superior education, which made them so different a class of men to the seamen of a former generation. It was a source of great pleasure to him one day, when accompanying some foreign officers at some gunnery experiments, to see the surprise of these gentlemen at the lucid and thorough explanation of some intricate invention which was given by a gunner's mate of the "Excellent." The gunner's mates were a class whom he greatly regarded, and in the parting scene on the quarter-deck of the "Pearl" he solemnly addressed those belonging to that ship, telling them that he believed that on the gunner's mates of the service depended much of the future well-being and discipline of the navy.

He was eager about the establishment of canteens, having found them answer very well in the two last ships he commanded. He did not sanction the sale of beer in these canteens, as he did not consider it in accordance with the spirit of the Admiralty instructions, though he would have been glad to do so otherwise, in the hopes of its checking the use of spirits. He would gladly have seen the issue of spirits abolished, as he held that many a boy

received his first taste for drinking spirits from the ration served out to him. At one time he took a good deal of trouble to ascertain whether it would not be possible to carry condensed beer—at least, in large ships—so as to issue beer instead of rum.

The Pearl made a long passage to the Cape, and thence a rapid one to Western Australia, and an equally rapid one to Wellington, New Zealand. Here, on September 17th, Captain Goodenough relieved Commodore Stirling in the command of the Australian station; and on the departure of that officer he hoisted his broad pendant as commodore of the second class.

At the Cape he was met with the sad announcement of the death of his eldest sister, which took place very shortly after he left England. The following letter, written not long before her death, is interesting, not only as giving her estimate of her brother's character, but from the almost presentiment it seems to indicate of what was so soon to happen—how, in little more than half the four years she speaks of, the writer and the subject of her letter should both have been called away.

"LYNDHURST, *May*, 1873.

"Jem has just left us for Portsmouth. His last visit for so long could not pass over without graver if not sadder feelings of what might affect us in four years, and I think his noble lofty nature—so serene, so untroubled by little worldly ruffles, so simple and so loving—never came home to me more forcibly, It is impossible not to feel one is breathing a purer and larger atmosphere in him, for his first thoughts are given to raising, helping, improving, and ennobling all who come in contact with him; and, like all great hearts, he gives them credit for a large share of his own disinterestedness."

On leaving the Cape, course was shaped for Amsterdam Island, a visit to which is thus described in the Journal:—

August 30th.—Up at 4, when the ship had run sixty-four miles; directly I came on deck, sure enough there was Amsterdam Island two points on the starboard bow; altered course for it. Got the screw down and jogged along to windward. Wind W.S.W. (compass) on land from S.E. to S.S.E. At 6 A.M. it was daylight, and we were three or four miles from the nearest point, and ran down to within half-a-mile of the cliffs, which are evidently entirely of basalt, save at the point marked B in D'Entrecasteaux's chart, which looks to be of a dark dull red earth. The highest cliffs must have been 800 feet from the water, sheer and perpendicular. Both the top of rock B, and the highest part of the island, were curiously pinnacled, by the destruction of the softer parts of the rock, and the weathering of the remainder. Multitudes of birds hovered and were perched on a spot on the edge of the cliff. As we came round I saw a dead fish, and a Cape hen and pigeons, mollymocks and albatross, and a handsome gull, like a small albatross, diving and pecking at it. From B onwards the S.S.W. face of the cliff, forty feet high or so of black basalt, glittered in the morning light, covered by incessant spray, which did not permit lichen or grass to grow, and no doubt broke the cliff away continually. The spray and vapour from the air, coming from the warmer ocean, covered the land which sloped up from the cliff to the summit with clouds of vapour, which I strongly suspect are the origin of D'Entrecasteaux's fires. Drawing round from the S.S.W. to the S.S.E. face, the cliff was not so perpendicular, and more grass-covered. Some water oozed from crevices, and a strip of vegetation showed the weep of water here and there. Over the S.E. point appeared at last a tree, bent at right angles by the wind; and on the east face the same trees showed in several hollows, and the grass which we had seen before to cover the slopes became more tussocky. On the E.N.E. face are some patches of red—veins of pozzuolana, I suppose. We

had been half a mile off all this time, but here were about three-quarters, and I got a sounding in 120 fathoms—black sand. At 8.45 another cast in fifty-eight fathoms, shells and black sand. I went to get a mouthful of breakfast while we turned round a patch of kelp off the N.E. point, and had hardly drank a cup of coffee when a hut was seen above a beach which sloped to the water's edge. I at once had boats prepared and turned round to land under cover of the reef, where the surf seemed to break less. At about 10, I took the whaler in with Sub-Lieutenant Elwyn, and the cutter with Lieutenant Reade, and anchoring her outside the swell, took the end of a grass line over the whaler's stern and pulled in to the rocks, just where, at a fault in the strata, some loose lumps of basalt, rounded by the action of the sea, formed a steep, rough slope. The grass rope answered admirably. The boat could be checked to an inch of where it was wanted to place her. I went first and leapt out with my cane, and then hauled her off, and presently she came in and landed Elwyn. We scrambled up and found at the top, to my surprise, a cabbage-garden full of plants, growing rankly by the side of the stems of the flowers and seeds of last year. We pushed on near the shore, and after a third of a mile came to a little cleared spot, which seemed to be levelled as if to build a house or plant a garden. Here were the bones of a goat or buck or sheep together, as though the beast had died there, pieces of a white plate with a blue edge, and on a couple of sticks a lot of grass laid to dry. Elwyn thought that this was a grave, and, indeed, it looked like a *morai* of a South Sea island. But we turned it over and found hard ground underneath, and went on through high, tussocky grass, growing between masses of scoria, and occasionally over hard ribs of basalt, with the ridges in which it had cooled most strongly marked. The walking was hard work, and we did not get on fast, but at last saw the hut and flagstaff close to it. A well-worn path from the hut to the water-butt, some ten yards off, led to the hut. I was prepared to see something inside; I did not know what, but perhaps a skeleton. An upset pigeon-house, some baricoes, and some branches of trees lay around. The door was gone and I walked

in, but it was deserted. It was well built, about 30 feet long and 14 feet wide, surrounded by a wall of pieces of tufa, cemented with a sort of pozzuolana, and 4 feet 3 inches high, on which was a good roof, well thatched, made with rafters of trees. The door and window frames were well made. Through the door one walked into a central room about 12 feet by 14 feet, and there remained the frames of partitions cutting off a sleeping-room about 8 feet by 12 feet on each side. In each of these was the truck of a bed and some bedding rolled up on each. By each bed was a trunk, and while Elwyn looked at that on the left, I turned over the one on the right, or to the north. My box was half full of educational books (French), history, arithmetic, religious; and all had the name of either Eugénie Clochard or Melina Clochard. In my box was no MSS. In Elwyn's box was a nondescript collection. Two large round white French dishes, some covers of vegetable dishes, the button of a woman's brown velvet jacket, the *Mysteries of Paris*, and one or two other romances. Some MSS. papers—one a receipt given by one Hubourg, on 3rd February, 1868, to M. Jacques Bastide; another, a diary in pencil from 27th December, 1870, to 19th January, 1871, Thursday, when it ends abruptly, after giving the date.

This is loose, thin paper, and begins at head of page :—

Le Mardi, 27 Décembre, 1870.
Plantations et Cemis de différentes graines auprès de la Case.

Le 2 Janvier, 1871.
Cemis de choux de Chine, choux rave, Chicorée, Radis, Célerie, Manioc, Pomme de terre, Pistaches, Haricots, Fleureyonne, Framboises, Patol, Voêm.

Mardi, le 3 Janvier, 1871.
Plantations, figues et Jem-jam.

Mercredi, 4 Janvier, 1870 (*sic*).
Semance de Maïs pour planter.

Jeudi, 5 Janvier, 1871.
Balisage pour le feu.
Pleine lune.
&c., &c., &c.

In one of the printed books was written the name of a French woman, Ile de Maurice, and under it "partie pour Madagascar." Underneath the bed was an old gun unstocked, of French make, double-barrelled and muzzle-loading, a pair of old boots, some wooden flat pattens, and on the bed a couple of those travelling chairs.

I remember no more, but that opposite the door was a board, and a goat-skin, and some other wraps. The floor was just hard earth, and though all was damp, the papers were not much injured, and the roof seemed sound. Near and about the house were marks of hoofs of cattle, and a fresh one of a calf or heifer, and many of sheep or goats. A footmark of a full-grown bullock or cow, and quite fresh, was down on the cabbage-bed.

The flag-staff was nearly north from the hut, and just west of this was a long deep reft in the rock, about twelve or fifteen feet wide, and ten feet deep. This had evidently been used as lately as the hut; a screen of wattle barred the S.S.W. end up the hill. On a ledge was an appearance as if it had been used for a sleeping place. A lot of fowls' feathers lay about, a lot of goats' or sheep's hair or wool, all wetted and matted, a quantity of limpet shells, and some small crabs' legs and claws. I left a notice of our visit in a soda-water bottle, and came away by rather a higher way back, which was proportionately more rugged, fatiguing, and difficult. The boat came in as before, and we both got in, with no more than getting wet by spray and a green sea over our ankles, and gathering some cabbages, some branches of trees, and I carrying a fern which I found in the cavern. The ship had moved about, and got soundings on a bank on which one might anchor, from thirteen to seventeen fathoms. Leave was given to fish, and the boatswain hauled up six fish of eight or nine pounds each. Olive got one of thirty-six pounds—a rock cod. The men and officers got thirty fish in two hours and a-half, though the ship was continually moving :—

Rock cod, 9lbs. to 30lbs.—a splendid and excellent fish—an angel fish?

A blue rock fish, 20lbs. to 25lbs.

A fish with pointed nose, with greenish-yellow bars longitudinally.

One of the men hauled a great big fish to the top of the water, and then lost him. The fish lay stupid for a few moments, and the man went in after him from the bowsprit, on all fours like a Newfoundland dog, laid hold of him in his arms, and called for a line and hook to haul him up by; but meantime the fish recovered himself, and swam away, the man struggling with him in the water all the time. I got on board at 12.15. Boats up, and made sail from the island at 1.15 P.M.

What is the deduction to be made from all this? My orders ran to examine the island and see whether any one was on it. An explanatory letter accompanied the orders. It was from G. Sohier, of Nantes, Loire Inférieure, to Messrs. Houlder Bros., of Leadenhall Street, dated March 10th, 1873, and containing an extract from *Galignani*, of March, 5, 1873, copied from the *Melbourne Argus* (no date) saying that Mr. F. R. Lee, R.A., had arrived in Melbourne from England, July 20, 1872. He had passed by Amsterdam Island, and found it impossible to land on account of the heavy surf. While cruising close to the island strange sounds were heard, as if proceeding from a fog-horn or speaking-trumpet, and it was Mr. Lee's opinion that there were people on the island, though all the efforts to discover them or bring them within observation were vain. Mr. Sohier suggests that these supposed people were people wrecked from the "City of Sydney"—whence or whither I know not—and that his brother, M. Philemon Sohier, and family might be of the number.

Whether any persons were ever cast away or no, it is quite clear that no person was there at the time that Mr. Lee passed, for they must have been cabbage-eating people, and would certainly have cut down the cabbages which I found in seed. Whoever used the hut last certainly used it and left it with the impression that they would return. The bedding was rolled up, and the books and

china were all stowed in the boxes, with saucepans and gridirons, ready to be taken away or to remain secure.

The idea of hearing voices, or a fog-horn, or speaking-trumpet behind the surf is not possible. One would hear neither fog-horn nor speaking-trumpet if a steam-whistle were nearer, and one would not see a rushlight if it were placed on the further side of a gaslight. The noise was probably that of the surf beating in hollows. The seals make *such* a noise, but I saw none whatever, and doubt there being any in October last. What, then, is the history of the hut and its contents? Vlaning the Dutchman saw the island and named it in 1696. Dentrecasteaux gives a sketch of it by Valentyn, who was Vlaning's chief officer, and says that Vlaning landed, and could hardly keep the seals off. He was obliged to lay about him with his musket butted. Horsburg says that Vlaning anchored in sixteen fathoms black sand on the south of the island. Dentrecasteaux, in 1792, also speaks of the seals swimming in quantities near the ship. Colonel Collins, in his account of the settlement at Port Jackson, says that a ship, the "Ceres," arrived at Sydney, January 23rd, 1796, with four people on board, two French and two English, who had been for three years on the Island of Amsterdam, had lived on seals' flesh for eighteen months, and had prepared some thousands of skins of seals for merchandise. They had been landed by a brig, which had been taken as a prize by the "Lion," and carried to China. A M. Perron, one of the Frenchmen, was a very intelligent person, and had kept a journal, and made sketches of the island.

As at that time the names had somehow been reversed, and S. Paul's was by some people called Amsterdam, and *vice versâ*, M. Perron may have been on S. Paul's—he gives no latitude or position to Colonel Collins. M. Labillandière says:—"Captain Cook's charts have given the name of S. Paul's to the northern, and Amsterdam to the southern island;" but I have looked at the general charts prefixed to both Cook's second and third voyages: both give the northern island as Amsterdam, and the

southern as S. Paul's. It is therefore certain that M. Perron was on the island of Amsterdam, the north island, or very nearly so.

The hut is solid, substantial, and well put together; the roof is well put on. There is hardly a bit of ship's timber in it. A top-gallant studding-sail, or small topmast studding-sail boom forms the support of the ridge pole at one end, but all the rafters are of the wood of the island. There is not a particle of heavy or square ship's timber about. It could hardly have been built by weakened or distressed men, but rather by men at leisure and with lots of food. As far as appearances go, it might even have been built by M. Perron and his companions, as to its walls. But the most probable is, that the sealing party of Frenchmen who are at S. Paul's sent up here and prepared this for a fishing-station, and that this journal was kept by one of them. They might very well have lived in the cave while the hut was preparing, but in any case this must have been prior to December, 1870. It is difficult to account for the bits of women's dress, the girl's school-books, &c., without supposing that people may have taken refuge here from a wreck or abandoned ship, though it is also possible that the fisherman sent here may have had a wife and children. It is not likely though, and is more probable that some one has taken refuge. It is also pretty certain that they were taken off over a year, perhaps over two years ago, and that they had time to arrange their traps before leaving.

Dentrecasteaux's plan was good as far as it went. Hosken filled it up, and got some soundings on the bank, so that a future vessel will know where to anchor and land. I was inclined to doubt Dentrecasteaux's fires, but a passage in the Diary, "*Le feu dans l'Erbe*," set me thinking, and it struck me that in March, the time of Dentrecasteaux's passing, answering to our September, the grass dries up, the under part of the thick tussocky stuff is damp, and a spontaneous combustion ensues, which burns all the loose grass, and makes a great smoke, but does no harm to the roots, which soon begin to shoot again. I take it that the big

trees shown in Valentyn's drawing are a conventional sign for vegetation. There were never trees on the windward side of the island, where he places them, or anywhere but in the hollows.

. . . . . .

On leaving England, Captain Goodenough had been instructed to proceed to Fiji, and there, in conjunction with Mr. Layard, H.M.'s consul, to report upon the state of that group, and on the advisability of the annexation of those islands to the British Crown, on which subject he had received personal instructions from the Ministry. Commodore Goodenough therefore, at once, on assuming his command, proceeded to Fiji, paying a short visit to Savage Island and to the Samoan or Navigator Islands on his way.

The following extracts give some account of these islands:—

November 4th.—At 5 A.M. saw Niue or Savage Island, long and low. We ran to leeward and southward of it. The sea breaking on the coast had all the appearance of breaking on this side quite a mile from it, but this is not so, it is steep to. By nine we were off the south-west point. The island seems of three levels, the lower just above water, and bare from constant surf breaking on it and through blow-holes. A canoe came off in the south bay of two deepish indentations, and told us that Mr. Lawes, the missionary, lived in the next bay; so we stood on, and at about 10 A.M. hove to in a bay, where we saw a grove of cocoa-nut trees, a flag-staff, and a row of excellent houses, built in Samoan fashion.

I went with Payton and A. Stanley, &c., in the whaler, and

on landing found Mr. Lawes, whose house I walked up to and found his wife. The people were having a *Fono;* so several members from each village were present, and quantities poured freely into the house while we sat there, and shook hands or rubbed their noses against the back of our hands. I was at first shocked at seeing them crawl along the floor to speak to us, and apparently kiss our hands; but Mr. Lawes said it was thought rude to pass in front of any one standing up, and that this was the reason why they stole along in this fashion, which at first looks grovelling.

After talking to Mrs. Lawes we went to look at the Fono, and found it sitting under a grove of cocoa-nut trees, and occupying a circle at least thirty-five yards in diameter; not sitting in a circle, but the men from one village in a group together, then those of another village a little apart, all squatting on the ground, and dressed generally in straw hats, and blue or red flannel shirts. There is every variety of feature among these islanders, from flat squab noses and almost woolly hair, to lank hair and aquiline noses like a Peruvian Indian; the latter the most intelligent looking, but I think the former the most dignified when old. Heaps of children were knocking about, and were covered with flies; but I did not see one scabby or leprous-looking man or woman, nor any with elephantiasis. There was one woman with a goitre. The best-looking and most orderly girls were dressed in long blue cotton gowns, with a small white quatrefoil in it, and this was becoming. Some girls had wreaths of white flowers round their necks, and some wore red flowers in their hair, with a spray of green leaves, which was not unbecoming.

After two or three had spoken, and we had sheltered from the rain, the natives asked me to speak to the Fono. So I asked Mr. Lawes to interpret for me, and said:—"Men of Niue, I am glad to have called at your island on a day on which I find men from every village assembled, and that I thus have an opportunity of seeing you all together. Every British naval officer is glad to call here on his voyage, and to be ready

to give any advice or assistance which you may need. As I stand here, I cannot but remember that it is just a hundred years ago since the first Englishman who visited you—the great Captain Cook, was driven from your shores by you, with spears and clubs. He was succeeded by Williams, whom you would not receive, but who succeeded after a time in sending people to teach you. Now! how great is the change! Instead of spears and axes, I see every one well clothed and well taught, and living in good houses.

"To whom do you owe this, and how has it come about? You owe it to the men who came from England to teach you and to live among you. You owe it to 'Williams' and 'Murray,' 'Lawes' the elder and younger. What is the advice which I am going to-day to give you? It is to attend to the words and counsel of Mr. Lawes. I have asked him what it is you are consulting upon, and wherein you want advice, and he tells me this: that the proper respect is not paid to the judges. Now I say this to you: you that are young men must pay respect to the magistrates, and you that are old must see that the young have good counsel in this matter. Another point: Mr. Lawes says that some of you speak of having a king. Is not your Fono enough? If the men of the families of each village meet to discuss village affairs, and if the village heads speak together in the Fono, is not this enough to settle all your business without a king? This is all I have to say to you, and I wish you *Alofa*, and God be with you."

All were turned attentively towards me, but there was not a sound of any sort from them. I ought to have said something to them about peace, and the missionary afterwards told me that there were two other questions: one was the introduction of spirits, the sale of which has hitherto been forbidden; and the other is the question of the sale of land, which the natives have been very much averse to hitherto, and have constantly refused. I told him to advise the chiefs on no account to admit liquor to be sold; and that, as to land, they had better set about ascertaining

ownership, and so avoiding strife; also that, in any future sale of land, they should keep large reserves which should never be sold at all to any one, but kept as a common possession for ever. I forgot to say that the man who came on board in the first bay, when I asked his name, said "John Davis, *Mr.* John Davis," and presently said, "May I go on shore?" After speaking at the Fono, I went for a short stroll with Mr. Lawes, over the coral formation, which is everywhere on the surface, but which bears wild bushes and trees, and also the guava, arrow-root, orange, lime, and lemon, as well as cotton, which have been introduced and grow wild. The missionary had two plants of a very pretty sort of Lilium, called the Taro-taro, growing in front of his house.

He told me that there are three whites on the island: an American and a German, both of whom are agents for Godefroy, of Hamburg; and an Englishman, on his own account. Cotton and an edible fungus are the chief articles of export. Cocoa-nuts are in request as drinking-water, and therefore there is no export of cobra, the drinking-water being bad and brackish very often. Arrowroot might be made an article of export: it grows in abundance. I left with Mr. Lawes some seeds of the fibre-bearing palm, which Sir George Grey gave me, and which will probably do well. Coming back to the house, Mrs. Lawes offered us cake; everything so fresh, neat, and bright. At 12.45 walked down to the boat, carrying off fans and a splendid sheet of Tapa,* given me by Mr. Lawes.

Everyone carries his fan; and, besides, men use a leaf of a pandanus to shelter them from the wind. Made sail at 2.30, and went away, nine knots. The landing-place is not at all badly imagined; there is a channel cut or blasted through the chain of coral, which forms a beach, "*à fleur d'eau.*" Saw a white bird, with one long feather in the tail and orange beak.

* Native cloth, made from the bark of trees.

November 9th, Pango, Pango Harbour, Tutuila, Samoan Group. —Went to bathe in a very good stream, under a waterfall; but it rained all the time, and we got back, very wet, at 7.30 A.M.

In P.M. I sent to all the English residents to come on board, and also the American consul, to whom I paid a visit with Hastings. He told many stories, which were very good, and particularly as to the value of mats, of which he showed us one, very old and fine, all worked by hand, worth, perhaps, $100; another, not so fine, but, though worked by hand, quite 7 ft. by 8 ft., worth $25; others worth $5 to $10. They were trimmed with red feathers of a paroquet from Fiji. This led to his saying that he believed that with mats, fine mats—which are to Samoans what old plate, linen, land, title-deeds, honours of all sorts are to an Englishman —you might make a renegade of the best Christian that Samoa ever held; that you could draw young men and maidens, and do what you liked with them; and that anybody acquiring power in Samoa should burn all the old mats (*vide* Pritchard). He then gave us a sketch of a marriage,—that it was always by elopement, and that a girl married as she liked; and that then her friends sent after her, and made a present of mats to swell their importance.

Also an imaginary case, to show the power of the sister's son, the *vasu*, as it is called in Fiji. The men of a family being foreigners, the vasus or sister's sons, and indeed all the female branch, are more or less spoilt children, and can have what they like, any goods they can lay hold of. For instance, a boy asks his uncle (maternal) for his gun, and the uncle says no. The boy goes crying to his mother, "My uncle won't give me his gun." The mother says, "His children shall rot, my curse is on them; their legs shall swell, they shall die." And she goes out and tears her hair, and curses aloud, "They shall die, my curse is on them." The people say, with their hand in awe upon their mouth, "What is this! how dreadful! A curse is upon them; they have the sister's curse!" And by-and-bye this comes to the

brother's ears, who says, with his wife, "This is dreadful! get mats, bring presents!" And they heap up all they can and carry it to the sister, and lay it before her and say, "Have pity! have mercy! see us humble ourselves. Take all that we have, but forgive and let us live, us and our children—take off the curse!"

But not only the sister's son, but all the family have a right by custom to all that there is in a man's house, and even to the house itself; and he told us that a chief, just the other side of the first stream, east from Mataatu, built for himself a very good bread-fruit-tree house—a very good house. His wife was a niece of old Bullamacow, chief of Saluafata; and Bullamacow, coming down one day, says, "Dear me, what a nice house!" "Yes," says the other, "and I have spent all I had, my savings and earnings, and all that I had, to build it, and pay the carpenter's wages, and I have nothing left." "Dear me," says Bullamacow, "how nice that house would look on one side of my square!" for he has a square at Saluafata with houses round it. "Oh, don't say that!" says the chief, "don't say that!" beginning to see what is up; but Bullamacow goes on hinting, and at last goes away. The chief hopes it is all over, but in a week he suddenly misses his wife, and finds from his son that Bullamacow has taken her away, and that she is not to return; so after a bit he collects mats, and a lot of goods to fifty dollars' value, and goes up to Bullamacow, who says, "Ah, how d'ye do? your wife is up here nursing her sick relations, and she is going back to-morrow to you. What is all this?" "Ah, this is a present for you, Bullamacow, to console you for parting with my wife again!" "Oh," says Bullamacow, "what a pity that you should take such trouble, and your wife going back to you to-morrow; but you *have an empty canoe!* and she can now go back with you. She is all ready." So she gladly enough comes back to her husband, who, as he leaves Bullamacow, says, "Where did you think of placing your new house?" for he is afraid that his wife will be taken again; and sure enough his fears increase, and the whole house

goes bodily to Saluafata, and is put up for Bullamacow, who has it now.

November 14th.—At Apia I received on board four natives of Mota Lava, to return to their country; this is their history, as given by an extract from the journal of the Rev. T. Powell, of the London Missionary Society, Falealiti Upolu, November, 1873:—

"Pango Pango, Tutuila, October 7th, 1872.

"This morning there arrived from Ithunea (eastern side of Tutuila), four men, natives of the Banks' Islands, who have been kidnapped, taken to Tahiti, kept there in semi-slavery, and who finally made their escape in a fishing (?) boat. They name their island Moti Lap, their village Laalap. Their names are *Numbok al Sine.* Johnny. He is the youngest, and knows a considerable amount of Samoan; he is a chief. *Mira*, brother of Numbok *Uīn*, and *Uarīs.* Their tale is as follows:—

"Their group and its neighbourhood consist of the following islands, besides others, viz., Motiap, Amota, Vaunalap, Merlap or Merilap, Arab or Arav, Santa Maria, Espiritu Santo, Malicollo, Fan, and Tanna. A two-masted vessel called the 'Lusene' cast anchor off Motilap, twenty-five men went off to her, were welcomed on board, treated very kindly, and asked to remain for the night. The offer was accepted, and next morning they found the vessel under sail. At this time there were, besides themselves, thirty-seven natives of Malicollo on board, but they do not know how they had been obtained. The vessel next went to Arav or Arab, and lay off and on. Here the natives were invited on board to trade; the men flocked on board, and twenty-five were made prisoners; the boat returned to the shore, and captured five more, making thirty from Arab. The vessel next fell in with a small canoe, with two natives of Amota in her. These were dragged out of the canoe and taken on board, and the canoe set adrift. Some of the natives of Arab were tied or put in irons, as they manifested a disposition to swim ashore. At Merlap the boat landed, and those in charge of her seized a man and a lad,

and persuaded a woman to come on board to get something to eat. At Santa Maria five more men were obtained, they were in three canoes. They were pursued by boats, captured, and the canoes set adrift. Thence the vessel sailed to Tanna, where the natives stole a chest, and, in retaliation for this, one man was carried off. Thus they had a party of 103, viz.,

Malicollo	37
Motilap	25
Arab	30
Amota	2
Merlap	3
Santa Maria	5
Tanna	1
	103

"With these they set sail for Tahiti, were well fed on the passage; one man disliked the food and cried; they tied his hands and feet and threw him overboard; another became ill and died. They were taken to a cotton plantation at Tahiti; these men remained, they say, working on the plantation twenty months. During that period twenty of their own people died, twenty-seven of the Malicollo men, and twenty-six of the Arab people, and all the others except the woman and the Tanna man. Dysentery was the principal cause of their death. When at Tahiti they went to the cotton plantation at 6 A.M., without any breakfast, worked there till 12, then rested till about 3 P.M., but had nothing whatever to eat. From 3 till 6 they again worked, then went to their quarters and had their first and only meal. They were fed on Indian corn and bananas on alternate days. To each man was served out one head or cob of corn on the corn days, the next evening each man had two or three bananas only! Nothing more till the next morning. No rice or biscuit, no meat or fish of any kind. On Sundays they did no work of any kind, but had better food. A dinner was given them at noon, of rice and salt fish one Sunday,

and rice and salt beef the next, and so on alternately. They spent most of the day in sleep. No attempt made to teach them to read. No worship of any kind held. The pay consists of clothes at about the rate of *2s.* worth a month. The five of their own party who survived these twenty months' hard labour concluded that it would be better to die at sea than to continue any longer there. They therefore watched their opportunity and escaped in a boat which had been in search of food and was left at anchor. There were only ten cocoa-nuts in the boat, *i.e.*, two for each man. They were two months between Tahiti and Samoa. One of their number died off the south end of Manua. They were lying low most of the time, and did not feel hungry. The one meal a day system seems to have prepared them for this; they remained two months at Manua, then came to Tutuila, where they remained three months with the natives before they applied to me. They came to me on the 7th of October, 1872, to request to be taken into my family till a chance occurred of getting to their homes. One of them knew Bishop Patteson, and had seen Bishop Selwyn. Such is the account given by Johnny, and confirmed by the others. They have behaved very well, and seem quite docile. I hope the missionaries of their group may find them prepared to accept Christian instruction in all its power."

He arrived in Fiji in November, 1873; and the next five months were spent, in company with Mr. Layard, in close and arduous work—inquiring and examining into everything that concerns the Fiji Islands, both with the King and Government in the capital, and in cruises to different parts of the group, everywhere assembling both the white planters and the native chiefs, and hearing most patiently their opinions and views, getting all possible information on all sides. On the result of this inquiry was founded the report which Mr. Layard and Commodore Goodenough

made to the Home Government, and which was laid before Parliament. These months in Fiji have been thus described by an eye-witness :—

" He threw all his energies—and they were great, both physical and mental—into the work in Fiji. He would take nothing for granted ; personal inquiry and inspection guided him ; he went from place to place, from island to island, seeing first one chief, then another ; at one time going into the interior, to try and hold personal communication with the mountain cannibals ; at another visiting some plantation, tasting sugar-cane, examining cotton, seeing everything for himself. So passed the months in Fiji, ascertaining the capabilities of the country, the feelings and dispositions of whites and natives, all the time with such a genial bearing, such courtesy and kindness to all, with such evident power and knowledge, with such entire candour and truthfulness, that all alike, white and coloured, honoured, trusted, loved him. Especially was he dear to the Fijian chiefs, who had implicit trust in ' the Commodore.' "

One of the many walks in Fiji undertaken with a view to learning the feelings of the natives is thus described :—

February 1st.—Sunday. All the neighbouring settlers came on board, and to lunch. At 4. landed and went for a stroll ; got a Kava bowl, &c. Ratu Kini had gone to Bau, but his son, Ratu Luke, is here, a very nice young fellow, with good manners. His house was good, and his wife who sat reading her Bible, a nice looking young woman. An old man with a broken ear came in, who had brought the *Lotu* from Bau, fourteen years ago. We seem to be more thought of and admired here than in other places. We went into the stranger's house, a particularly good one, and then to the teacher's house ; and afterwards walked along the coast to some villages, and picked up some good clubs, &c. At a village two miles east (so deliciously cool), we met Ratu Kini's brother, and sat down with him in a minor chief's

hut. This man was 6 ft. 2 in. and Ratu Kini's brother 6 ft. 3 in. We got friendly with the old rascal, who said that he had had twenty wives, and that when he got tired of them he split their heads with a club. He would not confess to having eaten man's flesh, but he evidently had been an old rip who had lived riotously. We went over from here to Messrs. Clark and Macdonald's house; a capital house built of concrete, the whole evolved out of their own heads. It is really splendidly built, and as firm as a rock. We here looked at the soil, and found to our surprise that it is undoubtedly a limestone, full of crystals—above it a layer of red earth of great value. The cotton crop is magnificent upon it. Nothing can be finer for some cultivation, *videlicet*, Malta. The limestone is very like that at the back of Malta—the so-called marble of Malta. All this was most enjoyable, and not less so our pole back in a canoe, gently poled along over the shoal patches, while Ratu Luke told us that Orion was the two men carrying a burden; and that the moon was a man carrying a faggot, and that when the faggot was burnt the moon could not be seen (eclipse?). The Pleiades were a bunch of papaws. He said that Na Droga was peopled by two men landing on the western point who took wives from the *Kai Colos* (mountaineers) and begat sons and daughters. Got to the ship at 8.30 and brought Ratu Luke to tea; he behaves perfectly.

Towards the end of March, Cakobau and the other chiefs of Fiji made an offer of cession of those islands to the British Crown.

Commodore Goodenough's own views with regard to the annexation of Fiji are thus expressed in a private letter, written about this time:—

"H.M.S. PEARL, LEVUKA, FIJI. *April 12th*, 1874.

". . . . I cannot but look upon annexation as a positive duty, putting aside altogether the great advantage of having Fiji as a central station in Polynesia, in which respect the situation is the very best which can be found. It seems to me a duty in

many ways. In old times we constantly lectured the chiefs about good government, we have interfered right and left with their affairs, and we have thus caused them to look to us for support with some confidence and to distrust themselves.

"Then our settlers have come, and, on the presumption that they were all great people enjoying the help of the British Consul, they were received, and land was given them on terms which they would not have got if the natives had not trusted in us. In some cases actual force was used to gain land to which an Englishman had but slender title, and in others intimidation.

"The state of things is a good deal owing to our neglect also. There is no doubt in my mind that had magisterial powers been given to a Consul as recommended by Colonel Smythe, much of the trouble and annoyance of the last few years would have been avoided, and the Consul would have enjoyed the respect due to him. That would have done five years ago, and the country would have been kept quiet, though it would not have *progressed* under such an arrangement. Now it is altogether too late, and annexation is imperative. The very indebtedness of the country is partly due to England; for, in the first place, difficulties and discouragements raised by English officials caused expense, and the subsequent help afforded by men of war to the Government kept it from falling to pieces while it went on spending the money of the settlers, and running them in debt to the amount of £60,000 or £70,000. I think that these facts, added to my clear opinion, that if Her Majesty's Government refuse, we shall have a break up of Government, and repudiation of debt, and ruin to a good many industrious people, justify me in saying it is now a positive duty to undertake the government here, both for the sake of whites and natives."

In the month of April the Commodore left Fiji; he stopped for a few days at New Caledonia, which he thus describes:—

April 24th.—At 5.40 saw the land of New Caledonia. As the

day broke we saw the small sandy islets covered with fir trees, and forming such a contrast to the cocoa-nuts of Fiji. There were cocoa-nut palms, too, in sheltered bays. The hills looked gaunt and bare. A good-sized waterfall, noticed by Brenchley, showed its white zig-zag line in three leaps. We were in the entrance of the Woodin passage by 8 A.M., and had passed Ndua Head, an abrupt hill reft with water-courses, cutting deep clefts in the friable soil. The fir trees, which looked of two sorts, a sort of Norfolk Island, and a sort of Kauri, looked like May poles (dressed), or gigantic hop poles, with a conical cap of leaves and branches, but having apparently lost their early limbs, and having put out branchlets up the stem, to take their place. Is it always so? or does this come from poor soil and strong winds? At three miles south-east of the entrance we picked up a pilot, a capital young fellow, well up to his work. With the wind at east he luffed us round the point, with all sails shaking, and took us up to our anchorage very well indeed, about two cables outside a corvette, and we were at anchor by 12.20. Boarded at once by the captain of the port, &c., &c.

The whole place looks as if French money was being spent with both hands, and I heard soon after that the home government spends about 4,000,000 francs a year on the transportation service. This for over 8000 *transportés* or *condamnés*, and 300 *déportés*. Of the *transportés* there are 2000 on the island of Nou, of whom 1600 are sick, invalids, old, or incorrigibles; in short, all the worst of them. Others are in *camps* about the country, making roads or bridges, and a good many in Noumea. The public works which they are about are considerable. A huge barrack for artillery, a fine pier, filling in some marshy ground, &c.

Went at 2 P.M. by appointment to see the Governor, and found an A.D.C. waiting to show me the way; was received with a great deal of ceremony by the Governor and all his staff.

On board again, and walked at 4.30 with Stanley, passing from a quarry on the east side to a pier on the west side of the town, over undulating hills covered with long grass, with isolated gum

and other trees of that sort, and bad smelling shrubs, descending after all by the Governor's garden, in which are varieties of fir trees, &c. Went at 8 P.M. to Government House, where were various officers.

The Governor says he has more than 10,000 people to feed. As yet there are not many cattle in the country, and most are too far away for the consumption of the town and prisons. Beef is now $7\frac{1}{2}d.$, and mutton $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb. This at all events is cheaper than at Fiji by $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ The 10,000 persons to be fed are the confined portion of the 8000 *condamnés* and 3500 *déportés*, also 1500 troops, infantry and artillery. Arranged to go to the Convict establishment at Nou to-morrow.

April 25th.—The French officers came at 7.15. Rain well set in, and we had to go through it all. There are 1600 on the island, 500 opposite the town, where they go to work, and 1100 about two and a half miles from the town. They were placed at this distance so as not to annoy the veritable colonists. Immediately opposite is the peninsula *Ducos*, on which are some 360 of the *déportés*, who are condemned to confinement '*dans une enceinte fortifiée*,' and it was from there that Rochefort escaped.

The interesting objects of the trip were, first, the garden of the hospital, in which were some splendid banyan trees, one quite remarkable; secondly, an old professor of mathematics at Paris, who had taken part in the Commune. But the most remarkable man here is Lullier, an ex-lieutenant of the navy. He was a general under the Commune, and was always a fellow of great energy. On being put on board the transport, he refused to put on a convict dress; no other was given him, and he remained in a cell, with a floor eighteen inches wide (against the side of the ship), for the whole passage, with a blanket for his entire covering. He has been in a cell for the whole time of his stay here, five months; altogether eight or nine months of cell. The doctor said to him the other day, "You had better come to hospital, your legs and feet are swollen, and your face too; you

are a subject for treatment. You will only have to put on the hospital dress;" which is a convict hospital dress. "No," he said, "I won't. *J'aime mieux crever.*" They say he is at times mad.

I was told that a party of eighty-six *libérés* had made 26,000 francs by sugar.

April 26th.—Drove in P.M. with Commandant Jacquemart to the Model Farm. Found an Alsatian and his wife, who told us how she had come out to make the acquaintance of the country, with thirty-six others, and now all were married.

April 27th.—On shore by 6.30, and drove out to Monsieur Joubert's establishment, to see sugar planting, &c. It is impossible to make out the profit and loss on such a place, for continual assistance is had from the Government, in the shape of labour of convicts. One good plan, which M. Joubert seemed to have, was to give a lease of a bit of ground to individual men, and then to let them cultivate it. He has a Chinaman, a Malabar man, and a Polynesian, in competition; of course the Chinaman does the best. He says that he can't raise such cane as they grow. I saw no large cane. All was in little pipes; but he says that the cane grown on new ground is always large, but with little saccharine matter in it. He considers his cane quite ripe in two years. It may be cut in eighteen months, but will not be so good. The house neater and better than a similar house in Fiji. On arrival, we had a most delicious bathe in the fine rapid stream which runs at the foot of M. Joubert's ground, and is navigable for a considerable distance. He sends his produce down by it to Nouméa. About twelve of us were in the water, English and French. All the Frenchmen swimming as well as the English, and a brother of M. Joubert's going about like an otter, sometimes holding himself down to the bottom by a weed or big stone.

He reached Sydney in May, 1874, where he was joined, a few days after his arrival, by his wife and children; and

here—after ten years of married life, in which he had been continually moving about—he formed, in a house liberally provided by the Government of New South Wales, his first and only established and settled home.

The next two months were spent in Sydney, during which time the Pearl was refitting, and her captain and officers had opportunities of becoming acquainted with that beautiful city, and making friends with its kindly and hospitable inhabitants. A member of that community has thus spoken of the impression Commodore Goodenough made in the society of Sydney :—

"The feature which struck every one most forcibly on his first meeting with Commodore Goodenough, which was visible in the very mould of his face and the expression of his eye, was resolution and fixedness of purpose; and yet scarcely had this impression been conveyed to you, when it was succeeded by another, for the desire to do good had fixed its divine seal upon that countenance in such deep and clear lines, that no one could mistake it—it was not a mere desire to make people good, which many a morose and imperious temper may lay claim to with some amount of sincerity, but you saw that the wearer of that face found happiness in goodness, and desired to make others the partakers of his own experience. A man of great firmness of will often shows it only by making the wills of others bow to his own, in other words, a despot; but this man's despotism was over himself, his firmness was the instrument by which he moulded his own temper and conduct, till it should become a worthy pattern for the imitation of others. A despot loves command for its own sake, and in order that those over whom he rules may respect him; but he cherished command as a means of making other men better, and with the aim of making every one subject to his authority, to respect himself. A friend of mine lately observed that there was nothing more touching than to see him at a feast: he had often

met him when men, as they yielded to the exhilarating influence of wine, dropped their sullen and selfish look, and became cheerful and sympathetic; but there sat the solitary water-drinker, from the beginning to the end of the feast, his countenance lit up with an intelligent smile, enjoying the company of his fellow men, by reason of a far deeper bond than participation in the same pleasure. He had renounced this species of excitement, not because he had found any harm from it, or believed that there was any harm in it to men of ordinary self-control; but he was a commander of men, and with him command meant beneficence, and command meant example,—

> 'So did'st thou travel on life's common way
> In cheerful godliness.'

Such is the address of Wordsworth to Milton, when he is moved by the prevalent selfishness of his own age, to apostrophise him as one whose return would bring things to a worthier condition; and it is the cheerful godliness of such men as our lamented commodore which does far more good to its generation by purging it of its selfishness, than a legion of adventurous exploits."

The following letter gives some of the early impressions he conceived of Australia, while it also shows how his mind was ever dwelling on the highest interests of the Navy :—

"SYDNEY, *July 4th*, 1874.

"I have just been reading the naval debates of April, and am amazed at the sudden tremor which has passed over the country again about the navy. Probably by this time it is all over, and the originators of the scare are beginning to be sorry that they made their whole charge, horse, foot and artillery at once, leaving no reserve to fall back upon when the weakness of their line was established; I am always sorry for those party attacks. They divert the proper attention of conscientious friends of the navy from the real needs of the service, and cause those disquieting spasmodic leaps in naval policy which are barren of real

progress. Mr. Samuda seemed to be fully impressed with this, but naval officers are apt to degenerate into a bitter tone when they take up politics.

"The definite and resolute plan fixed upon by the German Government is very instructive to us in that respect. The German government have now three times laid down a *Flottengrundung's plan*, each time preparing for its naval development over a period of eight to ten years, and have gone on 'ohne hast und ohne rast,' till we are one day amazed at their success. This sort of programme is one which would confer the greatest benefit upon the future naval construction of the country; and, that we have not laid out a programme of the sort shews, I think—1st, the inconvenience of the close application of the plan of attaching responsibility for detail on the minister, as well as I fear the general distrust in professional members regularly or specially called in to advise the First Lord.

"When one considers that some elements of the defence of the country have been planned and considered for long years ahead, have been estimated for and carried on from year to year, one ought to be encouraged, I think, to extend such a system to the construction of a fleet, if not to the regulation of the number of the *personnel* to be employed in it and on it. I am thinking particularly of the two great schemes of the enlargement of the dockyards, and of the construction of fortifications. There, in each case, the plans were long and carefully considered. Total estimates of the work were made, and further revision of plans has not been prevented. Certainly this plan did not result in either case in the wanton expenditure on the one hand, or in narrowness of aim upon the other, nor in spite of the immense advance in the construction of ships and guns since the decisions in these two cases were made has the completed work fallen short of present requirements. Of course I do not mean that the plans of ships should form the subject of such consideration, but rather that the outlines of ordinary expenditure, and of the requisite force to be kept up for service in peace, and for war

reserves should be stated on such good authority as to remove those subjects from disturbance by party contest. A plan of this sort would confer a lasting benefit on the navy. A royal commission appointed with this object would do as much good as a royal commission on the 'state of the navy'—by the encouragement which its very name would give to indefinite complaints and indefinite aims—would do harm.

"I intended writing to you, however, not about naval affairs, but to give you some of my impressions of things colonial. I am first of all delighted with Trollope's great accuracy of impression and honesty in conveying it; in New Zealand he is especially free from partialities, and his appreciations are wonderfully just. New Zealand seems to me to have a great advantage socially, more than politically even, in the provincial system. The tendency of that system, as well as of the geographical features of the country, will be to diffuse and break up the centre of population, and to prevent the existence of any overgrown capital which may some day domineer over the country here or in Victoria, and divide society, as it is divided, for instance, in the great pastoral countries on the River Plate into *Porteños* and *Estancieros*. The great danger attending such a division here being that such a division would to a certain extent represent labour and capital, the wool-growers being constantly in the hands of the merchants and bankers. In one thing, however, I think Trollope wrong, that is his insisting on the necessity of separation from the mother country. If there be one thing on which people here do agree, it is in the untrustworthiness of public men, and the low state of public morality. The contests (political) seem to be entirely personal, and there seems to be no division into parties at present.

"Generally one feels very much as one did in most towns of the United States, that with an abundance of social good-nature there is a lack of culture, and a dearth of subjects of general interest, especially among the colonial born. I should fear that another twenty years will sensibly lower the highest grade of

both the social and political tone, while perhaps the lowest may be raised.

"The colonial born population is to the immigrant as six to four, and the proportion of highly educated immigrants is smaller than formerly, and though the public schools (equal to English national schools) are excellent, the attendance and instruction at private and grammar (equal to English public) schools, is of course very poor as yet. The young Australian is certainly rough, forward, and self-sufficient, and this being the case I was surprised at the amount of discipline maintained in the public school which I visited the other day, and I suppose one must put the blame on the home discipline. Those who take an interest in popular education tell me that the countenance given to denominational schools by the present regulations will certainly be withheld in the next year or two. The moving causes being—firstly, fear of the Roman Catholics and their ceaseless activity, which gives them a share of aid beyond their present numerical proportion; and, secondly, the fact that the undenominational are incontestably the best. I find that many of the Church of England clergy (who are decidedly evangelical) combine with nonconformists in preferring the undenominational school; these latter allowing an hour to religious instruction per day, viz., 9 to 10 A.M.

"I am bound to say that the great impression produced upon my mind after seeing a little of this colony, and these colonies, is a feeling of intense pride at what has been achieved by Englishmen, and of pleasure at the sight of so much physical well-being and independence of character—with less ostentation in our class, and far less independence of manner (in the bad sense) among the other, than I had expected. The town is very like a bit of England. The houses are much after the fashion of Norwood, with verandahs added. The streets and shops very much in the style of Liverpool. But there is no squalidly poor quarter, no section born and bred in poverty, and poverty seems chiefly the result of extreme vice or extreme misfortune."

The Commodore sailed for Melbourne in July. He remained there but a short time, calling on his return voyage at Launceston in Tasmania. With Melbourne, and the greatness of its public institutions, he was much impressed. The following letters show how much he saw to admire in the colony of Victoria :—

"PORT DALRYMPLE, TASMANIA, *August*, 1874.

"I have run in here on my way up from Melbourne to Sydney to send my letters to Europe. It is a change from Melbourne's life and wealth. All is failure here. It reminds me, by its poverty, of Milford and Pembroke, and it would be, but for the trees, the same sort of looking place. I saw no drunken man in Melbourne, here I have seen two; and the population of the two little villages abreast our anchorage is 300. It is just poverty and misery, added to the bad type they have sprung from—viz., the convicts. You will be surprised at my having liked Melbourne so much, but you would admire it too. You could not help feeling an enthusiasm for the Englishmen who have settled there, and turned the wild country into a place fit for people to live in, and have so wisely and liberally spent their money. You would admire, too, the perfect order and respect for minor observances which rule in this society, which rules itself more than any other in Australia. I have enjoyed my stay there above everything, and have really felt to be among men who were shaping out a famous country. In England I always supposed it to be rowdy, and that in politics it was as bad as could be; but while I was there a most perplexing thing happened—the Chief Secretary retired from ill health—and here, where government is by person rather than by party, that is far more likely to lead to a difficulty than a defeat; but after four days, when a new unknown man was to take the post, every one, even the papers, agreed to help him to get on with his work, and this although the retiring Chief Secretary is a man of great honesty and tact, and is really a very great loss indeed. Certainly, politi-

cally, Victoria stands much higher than New South Wales or Tasmania."

"*October 21st*, 1874.

"My visit to Melbourne was a very agreeable one. As some one said, the people received the officers as though they were their long-lost brothers; and it is really magnificent to see the progress which they have made and the liberal use to which they turn their wealth. In Sydney, and in most parts of England, one sees a small, complete building, a town hall, a church, a library finished, dedicated and destined to be too small from the day after it was built—for ever; but in Melbourne they have in every case had plans laid before them of public gardens, of public buildings equal to the wants of a great city, and they have then begun by throwing out a great limb of the future completed work—and using it. Their Academy of Arts is the most recent instance. A piece of ground is allotted to it. In the middle of this ground rises a rough, massive, prison-like looking place of black basalt, with a door and no windows. The ground is rudely railed in. But one goes in and finds one of the future series of rooms for exhibition of pictures built and lighted according to proper rules and proportions. Some day, when their society and funds increase, this gallery will be one of several, and there will be an exterior casing of committee and lecture rooms and offices. Then the provision made for cricket grounds, foot ball, &c.; it is very grand to see how big their views are."

He returned to Sydney in August, and on September 12th started again for Fiji, whither he conveyed Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of New South Wales, who was going there to decide upon the question of annexation. This measure was determined on soon after the arrival of Sir Hercules Robinson; and on October 10th, 1874, Fiji became a British colony.

On the way up to Fiji a short stay was made at Norfolk Island.

September 17th.—Bulli coal getting better than the first coal in use, which was Catherine Hill bay. But whereas the former made no smoke, and little deposit in the tubes, and quantities of ashes, this makes less ashes, more smoke, and deposit in the tubes.

Making sail at 11 A.M., a fine lad fell from the main-top-gallant cross-trees, just after letting fall the main-top-gallant sail. He fell horizontally across the ridge rope, and broke his thigh, snap short, the end coming clean through the skin, and making a wound two inches long, bleeding frightfully, besides breaking his arm and middle fingers. He was carried below and Messer put him at once under chloroform. It was an hour before he could be got on to the cot, with his leg pulled straight, poor lad, and his arm and hand set.

We anchored at 6.15 P.M., having sighted Norfolk Island or Phillip Island, forty miles off; at 1.30 P.M., Phillip Island, beautiful from every point; pearly and then opalescent. The trees were visible on Norfolk Island a long way off. Went right up to an inside billet, and saw the signal at the signal staff: "Pick up a boat." A boat came and said the weather would be fine and we could anchor, so I dropped anchor well inside the bearings. The boat contained the chief magistrate, Fletcher Nobbs, and his brother, sons of old Mr. Nobbs. Fletcher Nobbs, the best harpooner and best-to-do man in the island. A ruddy beard, though his mother and his grandmother were Tahitians. All the Nobbs's I saw after had very fair and freckled skins, and brown hair; Miss A. quite fair and pretty, and has been educated in Auckland.

I asked Mr. Nobbs to ask about a family who would take care of my poor lad, if the landing proved to be good enough.

September 18th.—Fletcher Nobbs came off to breakfast and reported the landing very good, so I determined to send the

boy on shore, and prepared him for it. Went on shore with His Excellency, and landed comfortably, sending off at once to the ship to land the boy. Mr. Palmer and Mr. Still (of the Melanesian mission) were on the pier to receive us, also Mr. Nobbs, a fine dignified looking old man, with white beard, and head well set on. A sprinkling of other people were there, but not the crowd I had expected. I walked up and down with Mr. Still, asking about his work in the Banks' Islands. When we had walked some time the cutter was seen coming from the ship; we went down, and lifted the poor lad out with as little knocking about as possible; it was all very happily done; he was pulled in by twelve of the best oars in the ship, who gave way easily and gently, but strongly and swiftly. He was soon carried up, and to the house of Jonathan Adams, a fine stirring active fellow, with a nice placid wife and a married daughter,—fine handsome people,—and put in a nice clean large room.

The "Pearl" returned to Sydney on October 24th. On the 26th he was asked to uncover, on the following day, a statue of Captain Cook, which had lately been erected near Sydney, which he consented to do, delivering on that occasion an address which was thus reported in the *Sydney Morning Herald.*

[*Extract from the* SYDNEY MORNING HERALD, *October 28th.*]

. . . . . After a short speech from the Mayor, he called upon Commodore Goodenough to be kind enough to unveil the statue.

Commodore Goodenough said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am exceedingly glad to be able to be present at the invitation of the Mayor of Randwick on such an important occasion as the unveiling of the first statue raised in these colonies to the memory of Captain Cook. You will, when it is unveiled, see the great navigator, fitly looking down over the bay in which he anchored some hundred years ago, and to which he gave the name of Botany,

because, as he stated, Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander had collected such a number of plants on the shores that bounded it, that the name seemed especially fitting."

The ceremony of lowering the flag which had covered the statue now took place, amid loud applause.

Commodore Goodenough then said, "Ladies and gentlemen, as you are doubtless aware, on this day, 146 years ago, the great navigator, whose statue has just been uncovered, was born in the small village of Marton, near Whitby, in Yorkshire. On the 21st of February, 1779, Captain Cook met his death at the hands of the natives of a then obscure and just-discovered island of the South Seas. During the short fifty-one years between those two dates, a life was lived, and a character was developed, which has served, and will long serve, as an example for all Englishmen living in both hemispheres. That life was an example of diligence, of industry, and of devotion to duty; and the character which was then developed was one which shows perseverance, constancy, courage, and generosity. I do not propose to-day to enter into all, or indeed into any of the particulars of the life of the great man whose statue you see before you. There are others here who will be far better able than I am to do so, but as I was asked by the Mayor of this Borough to preside here, as senior officer commanding the naval forces on this Station, I cannot help pointing out some of the qualities which I think distinguished this great man, and which may be worthy of your imitation. As you may have ascertained, James Cook was not born in circumstances, and did not have an education which was calculated to prepare him for the great future which was before him. He was born of humble parentage, and early chose for himself a career which birth and circumstances did not seem to prepare for him. The choice he made was made deliberately, not from boyish fancy, and the result, as shown in his whole career, proved that it was a calm resolution, not the wilfulness of a boy, that led him to follow the sea. He early felt a great inclination for the sea, and at the age of fourteen years, he apprenticed himself on board a collier, which

was then trading on the east coast of England, and which was called the 'Free Love.' He continued steadily to follow the profession of a seaman, first as a boy, then as a seaman before the mast, and then as a mate, until at the comparatively mature age of 26 or 27, the year being 1755, an event occurred which gave a direction to his future career, and which showed the decision of character which he possessed. Until that time, to outward observers, Cook showed no particular characteristics. As his biographer has stated—his energy and genius have to be viewed by readers chiefly in the light of his future achievements. We feel certain, however, that until his twenty-seventh year, he was collecting and storing in his mind materials for the career which should follow. When he was twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, war broke out, press gangs were formed, and Cook not being altogether protected in his position as mate of a collier was in likelihood of being pressed. He was not altogether destitute of friends or unprotected. If he had struggled against fate, had he been pressed, he might have escaped and returned to his friends; but he boldly took the step which led to fame. He went on board a man-of-war, and in it he so recommended himself to his captain and the officers of the ship, that he rose from before the mast to the position of a warrant, and then of a commissioned officer. During fourteen years of service he was not idle; he had studied navigation, Euclid, and read many odds and ends of books that had come in his way. So rapid was his success from 1755 to 1762, that he rose to the command of a ship in His Majesty's service, and not only this, but the duties that were intrusted to him were of an exceptional nature. He was called upon to make hydrographical plans and surveys of places on the North American coast. So correct were the results of his work, that when his biography was written, early in the present century, no corrections were found necessary. And the same correctness applied to your own coasts as visited by Captain Cook, for his surveys are even now to be relied upon, and the names which he has given are still in most instances retained. Even the latest gold diggings opened out in

Northern Queensland has its port on the Endeavour river, so named by Captain Cook after the vessel which he first commanded on these coasts. From 1762 to 1768 Captain Cook commanded several small vessels in which he prosecuted hydrographical surveys. So effective were his services in these respects, that in 1768 Cook was chosen as the most fitting man in England to conduct voyages of discovery in imitation of French vessels which had about that period gone out on such voyages. He was directed to go to the South Seas to examine the islands there, to take observations of the transit of Venus across the sun's disc, and to visit this then unknown continent. From New Zealand he came to the coast of New South Wales. One morning in the month of April he entered a bay which has since been and probably ever will be called "Botany" Bay—a bay, near whose shores we now stand. If we could imagine Captain Cook ever returning to the earth, with Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander to botanise once more on the shores of Botany Bay, with what delight would they look round on this vast assembly which I see before me; with what intense delight would they look upon the comfortable houses, numerous churches, and noble buildings which everywhere surround us! Captain Cook, as a man of great humanity, had an intense love for his fellow creatures, and with what feelings would he compare the mud and wattle cottage in which his father lived with the comfortable cottages which every industrious man in this colony can obtain for himself with fair labour! With what delight would they contrast the surroundings of Sydney with the squalid districts which we, who have had the opportunities of seeing them, know to exist in the vicinity of large towns in the mother country. You should consider your condition, and honour the name of the great captain who first brought ships to these shores! I have already occupied your time too long, and will call upon you in conclusion to thank, with three hearty cheers, Captain Watson, the munificent giver of this first statue of the great navigator in these colonies, to the community of which you are members."

For the next three months the Commodore was occupied with refitting the schooners which are employed in cruising in the South Sea Islands, and remained at Sydney. Early in December he visited the two principal coal-fields of New South Wales, as he was anxious to see for himself the different kinds of coal in its natural state. Of these two visits he gives an account in his journal, and he also mentions them in the following letter :—

"*December 26th.*

"We have just spent a very quiet, happy sort of Christmas. It is, as you know, always a period of uncomfortableness on board ship, and I cannot, as you also know, even in my exalted position of "Commydore," forget my ships and men. But my men are gradually answering to a quiet helm, and yesterday was one of the best Christmas days I have seen. A French man-of-war was here, and our men asked sixty of theirs to dinner.

"It has been very hot indeed, and we are beginning to feel the summer; but the differences from day to day are very great, and after a hot day comes a cold wind. Three days ago the thermometer stood at 91° on board till 3.30 P.M., when the wind suddenly changed and in thirty minutes the thermometer stood at 67°, which feels quite cold. But these changes are not so harmful as those of Madrid or the south of France, because there the cold wind is dry and takes all the moisture off the body which the previous heat has generated. Here the hot wind is very dry indeed and the cold wind is moist. The difference between a dry and wet bulb thermometer is very great, 26° against 5° or 6° in England, and therefore you can reduce the heat of a room directly by using wet lattice, and you get your water very cool in porous jars.

"It is marvellous to-day to see all the holiday parties out. There is somewhere a residuum of poor people, wretched people, and helpless people, but it is always by some fault or incapacity

of their own as far as men are concerned, and I think nearly always so in the case of women. To-day parties of fresh looking, cleanly dressed people, are off in steamers all over the harbour to favourite nooks, or are sitting on the grass on each of the grassy points which stick out into the bay and divide the harbour into coves, like Malta on a gigantic scale, and with the addition of plentiful verdure. It is certainly lovely, and becomes so more and more daily. You would be surprised to see, too, how old some of the trees and even buildings look. The sandstone here is not always very hard, and so the surfaces get early rough and uneven, and creepers run with marvellous rapidity. One walk in the Botanic Gardens, bounded by a curving line of ivied, sandstone wall, almost touched by an uneven line of old gum trees, has a sentiment about it of loveliness.

"They have been planted there, forty years ago, in Governor Macquarie's time, but are as large as English elms of seventy years, and when one looks at them shielded by the wall, and surrounded by the wreaths of foliage of imported trees and shrubs, I have a *frisson*, and I think of the natives and of the kangaroos which once ran about here, and of the unsuccessful attempts to rear and civilise the old inhabitants. If it failed, if the Australians were miserable and low, so low that our people could not tolerate them on any terms and looked on them as mere vermin, more is the pity, and greater was the trial for us and for them, for certainly low and ferocious instincts have been developed, and cunning and cowardly practices have been resorted to by us to put them out, and so effectually that the present generation don't know them, unless they live in the country away from Sydney.

"I have been greatly interested by reading a sectional address of Sir G. Campbell's at the Social Science Congress. Isn't it interesting to see how those Indian servants, on their return to England, take a broad, clear view of a social question. He went, it is true, miles away from his subject, but showed what was of more use and interest than if he had kept to it—the produce of his study and thought on a disinterested mind removed from class

influences of English society. A residence here would do any English politician good, if only that he would get into the habit of believing that in one sense Jack *is* as good as his master, that he has as good a right to live, to speak, to combine, and indeed to take or leave work, to be industrious or idle, as his master. Hard doctrines for English masters who have and will long keep the *dessus*. I have been lately in the coal districts here, and have been greatly interested in the social aspect of the mining country. Here labour meets capital more directly and on more even terms than in any other industry in the colony, and there have been frequent fights. The two parties have at length come to a platform, proposed by the men and assented to by the masters, which is perfectly fair, just, and liberal. The masters and men agree to meet and discuss every question on which there can be a difference before further measures are taken. A sliding scale of the price of labour is fixed. When coal goes up the miner gets a portion of the advance, when it goes down he loses a portion. And a master—the sole master of one mine assures me that the men's demands have always been just, and that after each fight they have always been conceded. And here labour has the command. I should like those who fear the want of moderation of the mass to know this. The manager of one mine, who is of the old Tory school, struggles and fights with all this, and doesn't know how to give way gracefully, and his men are dissatisfied and unhappy compared with others.

"The great want here is comparative *bildung*. These people, miners and others, all rich and getting rich, have no sufficient example before them of culture or elegance, or of the things which soften life, and their children will grow up without them. It is so in England of course, too; but here it strikes one more because of the rapidly increasing wealth, and also because one sees people starting unweighted by transmitted political and social drawbacks, and one would like to see them rise without a check to one's highest conception of virtue in a perfect society and then re-act on the parent society of England. Ah! how my kite has flown!

my string will break if I go any higher; but these speculations, you know, had always an attraction for me, and I burn to know the English people leaders in virtue, in justice, and in charity, and capable of absorbing and transforming other lands and other people into her agents of the highest civilisation."

About this time the merchants of Sydney entertained the Governor at a banquet, in honour of the annexation of Fiji. Thackombau, King of Fiji, who had just arrived at Sydney, was present with his two sons. In returning thanks for the Navy, Commodore Goodenough made the following speech* :—

"By the indulgence of our fellow-countrymen, this toast is everywhere received with warmth and kindness. By your reception of it to-night, we trust that we, the representatives of the Naval Service in this part of the world, retain the place in your regard which we desire to occupy. Though you, gentlemen, in this happy land, far removed from foreign alarms, can only witness an occasional array of mimic warfare, you do not forget that the English Navy is still called upon in various parts of the world, to fulfil its duties in actual service before the enemy. When you drink this toast, we feel that you are thinking of us as the representatives of a service, of which you have formed a high ideal, and we remember that we have laid upon us the very difficult task of realising and maintaining the picture which you have drawn in your minds. While thanking you for the honour that you have done us, I think that you are not unmindful of the presence of members of another navy, a navy which is always received with great kindness, and is justly so received in this port; a navy which has shared our labours during the last twenty years, from the Black Sea to the shores of Japan—a navy whose officers are among the most gallant and loyal gentlemen of France.

"The flattering attentions with which you receive us, and almost

* *Sydney Morning Herald*, December 10th, 1874.

overwhelm us, induce us to hope that we may really be links in a great chain of sympathy which binds the Mother Country to Englishmen in either hemisphere; and if this be so, and if we succeed in fulfilling such an office, may I be allowed to carry the metaphor further, while I suggest that these great communities are in some sort anchors, by which the great vessel of the English state shall be moored and secured in future times of political and social strife. In the course of my visits to the South Seas I have found that there is a prevailing conviction of British even-handed justice, and I trust, that that being so, the recent acquisition we have made of new territory may be regarded as the fruit of the confidence in that justice, which has prevailed in these islands. It rests with the people of New South Wales especially, who will have connection with these islands, either by family relations, or by commercial relations, to justify the confidence which has hitherto been exhibited. I trust, that throughout the intercourse of the people of the colony with the native races, will justify that confidence. It is not sufficient for the government to exercise its power to secure even-handed justice to both races which are under its sway, but it is also necessary for those who go to Fiji for a time, to have higher interests and desires than those of making money, and to endeavour to secure the welfare of the people living there. I can bear testimony to the endeavours of the late chief of Fiji to secure the welfare of his fellow-countrymen, and you will feel with me that Thakombau is not only the greatest chief, but in becoming the first Fijian subject of the Queen, we may call him the first and best Fijian gentleman. If I may be allowed to say it in his Excellency's presence, he has shown himself unequalled in his management of state affairs, the most generous and the most faithful and the most delicate of all managers of a great public enterprise. I look back with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to my intercourse with Sir Hercules Robinson. His Excellency has told you of the custom which exists in Fiji of the chief having a *Mata-ni-vanua.** It

* A man to make speeches for him.

will not be necessary for me to ask the services of any such gentleman, for his Excellency, in the most delicate manner, has filled that important office towards myself and Mr. Layard. I thank you for the way in which you have received the toast of the Navy."

At an earlier hour on the same evening Sir Hercules Robinson had thus spoken of the labours of Mr. Layard and Commodore Goodenough in Fiji :—

". . . . . However, on this occasion, I am happy to say, it is my pleasing task to dwell more on the merits of others than on my own acts; and I am very glad to have this opportunity of publicly acknowledging how much the success of my recent mission to Fiji is attributable to the skilful preparation of the ground by those who preceded me, and the good qualities of those with whom I had to deal. The labours of the late Commissioners—my friends Commodore Goodenough and Mr. Layard —extending over five months, have not yet, I think, received the appreciation they deserve. . . . To them we are indebted for the very complete information as to Fiji which we now possess. . . . They produced a report which, to my mind, displays great ability and research. I know it was of the greatest possible help to me in the prosecution of the mission with which I was entrusted, and I am confident that it will be for years to come the text-book to which successful reference can be made by any one requiring information as to the climate, resources, native customs, and past political history of the new colony. Indeed, I can only say that I have often felt ashamed, during the progress of my negociations, of the extent to which I was profiting by the result of the labour of those who preceded me. You, many of you, I dare say, have seen what a good man the Commodore is across country. Well, I felt when I was in Fiji, as if I were riding after him over a stiff country, and that he having broken the top rails, I was triumphantly galloping through the gaps."

The following extract was also written by the Commodore about this time :—

"*October 21st.*

"What you say of the lack of disinterested view is so true. I am afraid that it abounds in England as well as in New South Wales, &c., but I feel pretty sure also that when statesmen echo this interested and selfish sentiment, and say, 'Why should Giles Stiggins in Yorkshire pay for the deficiency of revenue in Fiji, to help out a parcel of English who have chosen to settle there?' then they mistake the loud, selfish voices of mere hard-fisted traders for the real desire of the English people. But this Fijian business is quite a thing apart from any notion of extending our power or wealth. It is simply a duty towards a very amiable aboriginal race who cannot protect themselves against the inroads of white planters unless they be helped by our Government. It would be very well if we were to help the unhappy Samoans and Tongans also. The former are plundered in succession by English, Germans, and French, in spite of the remonstrance and friendly efforts of every English naval officer who has been there to protect them."

In January the Commodore left Sydney again for South Australia, stopping first at Portland, in Victoria. At Adelaide he met with the old shipmate of the "Raleigh" and "Calcutta" days, whose letter has already been quoted when speaking of the taking of Canton.

The following letter to a friend touches upon some of the impressions of that cruise, the particulars of which are fully recounted in the journal :—

"SPENCER'S GULF, SOUTH AUSTRALIA,
"*January 25th*, 1875.

". . . . I wish that you were here. You would so thoroughly enjoy the sight of the great prosperity of the commu-

nities which have set themselves down here, and you would retain a conviction of the value of our colonies and of the aptitude of the English people for self-government, stronger than any which unbeknownst to me, you may already have. You will, of course, have read Trollope's *Australia and New Zealand*, then read Ranken's *Australia*, and with a little more reading you will be prepared for Froude's great book, for which I suppose that he is now collecting materials. . . . . but enough of myself, it is much more agreeable to talk of these splendid colonies. I am on a little cruise—stealing six weeks between repairing and re-commissioning the schooners—to see something of South Australia. I have just touched at Portland, a fine bay with good anchorage, on the limits of Victoria, and the first point in Victoria at which colonisation was effected. The brothers Henty first had a whaling station here, then brought some sheep, and at last fought their way across a belt of light poor soil to the Wonnan country, forty miles inland; nearly the best land in Australia. Portland soon shipped wool, but has now, since a rail was made to Ballarat, ceased to do so; but there is a pretty pleasant town, with good stone houses, having 3,000 people. In England it would be a village, but here, as the centre of a district, there is a mayor, a town hall, a mechanics' institute, a gaol, a bank, three churches, and a very nice public garden, well kept and well planted. In riding out of the town I asked, 'What sort of a man lives in this cottage and in that?' Stone or brick cottages with good garden, paddock, pig, horse or cow and cart. 'That is the baker's, that is the carpenter's, this is mine, sir; I am the tailor,' and the tailor, a Derbyshire man, was riding by me to accompany us to a kangaroo hunt which we got up with the aid of the innkeeper, a man from the Mendip hills, with a fine taste for greyhounds. The shore-going part of our party were made up of these, of the tanner, and the livery-stable keeper—an Irishman with a taste for liver-coloured retrievers. I assure you that the party was a very pleasant one. These men are not rough as you generally suppose in England. There is an independence in their manner, but it is

the independence which I value—that of self-respect—not of want of respect of others. Each of these men had come out here penniless, sixteen to eighteen years ago, and was hired, the one as a gardener, another as a stable hand, and so on. Each is now independent. One has an inn, and keeps three or four good horses, and two couple of hounds; another has a stable of eighteen stalls and a farm, and so on. And the place is not without its gentry. The brothers Henty each have houses, gardens, greenhouses, coach-houses, and pass the summer here. A Mr. Must, the M.P., lives here altogether with his large family, save when he attends Parliament; and you have the doctor (only one, and he has an idle time), the banker, and the clergy.

"By the way, Mr. Childers was member for Portland in the Victorian Parliament, and one of the first men I met in the street, a little old chap, who came out under the patronage of the Government, in a pepper and salt drab coat and anklets, and therefore had less than nothing on his arrival, not even his liberty, recalled the days when he used to canvass for Childers, and showed me the particular public-house which showed Childers' colours. 'For you see, sir, I came out here and began as a working man, and now I'm wealthy; but I always voted for a gentleman to represent me in Parliament.' This little old fellow even is owner of 100 acres of good land up country, besides some town lots. He talked to me for half-an-hour, and then went off by coach to his property, spreading abroad reports of my urbanity. I always was a good listener, and find that to listen well is as popular an art as to speak well, when people are already disposed in one's favour. The well-being of little towns like Portland is characteristic of these colonies. There is plenty of land, so the Government reserves land for townships, and keeps sites for parks, churches, and other public uses. The people themselves soon get together a library and an institute, and in proportion to population books are more read here than in England. This is not surprising. The dregs of the people do not emigrate. Those who do have more enterprise or more knowledge, or both, than the poorest class,

and it would be strange if the community were not more intelligent, as a whole, than an English population; as De Tocqueville says of the United States, that there is no country which contains '*aussi peu de savants et moins d'ignorants.*' At Launceston, in Tasmania, a town of 1,200 people, I was surprised at the public buildings, &c., and at the size and frequency of the butchers' shops, for every one eats meat three times a day.

"I finish this, January 27th, at Wallaroo, on the peninsula which you perhaps never heard of, though it is one of the richest copper mines in the world, and has a total population of 19,000. Well, this *is* a little rough to be sure. It is like a town in South America—in Peru or Chili, Arica for instance. There is not a drop of water but what is caught on the house roofs, and in hard times by distilling at 3*s.* a ton. Wages here are never lower than 7*s.* a day, and go as high as 14*s.*, which is not bad. Tributers, *i.e.*, men who engage to work out a batch of ore for a certain per centage of the net profits on raising it, get more as a rule, and there is a solitary instance of a man and his mate making £500 in two months, or £9 12*s.* each day for the pair. This was where, having bought the right to work a lode cheap, it turned out of great value. Ores run to 30 per cent. This is better than gold digging."

January 15*th*, 1875.—Weighed from Sydney under sail at 9 A.M.; but off Bradley's Point lost all wind, and had to steam. Met the north east wind outside, which carried us to Botany, and were met by a southerly, not strong.

January 16*th*.—Read Schweinfurth's *Heart of Africa*, which is admirably written. It is something like a book of travel, and takes its place beside Wallace's *Malay Archipelago*, or even before it, in some points.

January 20*th*.—Off Cape Otway [west of Melbourne]. Saw the lights of Port Fairy at 10.30, and Portland (Victoria) at 2.30 A.M.

January 21*st*.—Anchored at Portland (Victoria) at 7 A.M. A fine bay, very like Portland on the chart, but such a hot wind!

I went on shore at 9. Thermometer 114° in the street. The editor of the *Portland Guardian* came up and told us all about the place. It seems that a great deal of bark goes hence to England; Mimosa bark for tanning, but it is five years since a ship was loaded for England direct. Everything goes hence to Melbourne to ship. This little place, with its 2500 inhabitants, has its botanic gardens, a number of good-sized buildings, banks, &c., the usual assortment of churches, of which the Roman Catholic is, as usual, the best in position and appearance. Wages are at 7*s.* to 8*s.* a day to labourers; 7*s.* and the mid-day meal is a common wage!!

January 22nd.—Hastings proposed to have a day's kangaroo hunting, and as we found it could be got up without much trouble, we got it arranged.

We landed at 1, and went to the livery-stables, where were a lot of horses of all sorts, and we went out, eleven in number, from the ship, besides eight men and lads from the shore. Mr. Bevan of the London Hotel owned the hounds, and brought out two yellow hounds, a sort of lurcher, or more like Scotch deer-hounds, and a couple of black greyhounds, a half sheep-dog, and a nondescript crossed; there were also a capital Irish retriever and a cross-bred spaniel, eight hounds in all. We rode over a broken light soiled country for five or six miles to Cape Nelson, and catching up one or two kangaroo on our way, what are called brush kangaroo; but rather refrained from following them till we got on to where the country is open and clear of timber and perfectly sound under foot. Really part of it is like the New Forest, and both Goldfinch and I recalled bits which it resembled. The rushes of the New Forest are represented by the "black boys," which bear a long bulrush-like flower, the heather by many kinds of *epacris*, and which are still in flower here, though over in New South Wales. Our companions were nearly all immigrants. The innkeeper had got his taste for greyhounds from Somersetshire; the tanner was from Yarmouth in Norfolk, as also was an old man who acted as huntsman. The livery

stable-keeper was from Dublin, and is the breeder of some lovely Irish retrievers of excellent blood, and a butcher came from Derbyshire. We passed by several nice stone cottages on the road, each with its pretty bit of garden, its paddock, cow, and pigs, and I asked who owned them. One was a carpenter, another a shoemaker; all were tradesmen who have their shops in the town or village. Here is comfort; and these men had a respectful independence which was very pleasing. Once on the cliffs which look over the sea, we could see the kangaroo splendidly, and soon split off into two or three parties, and had splendid runs. The kangaroo jumped up right and left; one had to be sharp as a needle and to follow immediately, or else one lost sight of them in a moment; it was more like coursing than hunting, and great fun. We brought home two whole kangaroos, two whole quarters, six or seven tails, and left two or three on the ground. We killed in all twelve brush kangaroos and one *forester*, a big fellow, who showed fight, and had to be knocked over with whips. We all enjoyed it thoroughly, and after about five hours on horseback, came back galloping like fury at about 7 o'clock, and so on board.

Of course there happened to be the bachelor's ball that evening, to which a good many went.

January 23rd.—Went for a walk to the lighthouse; walked through the public gardens. Very nice gardens, very pleasant, and well-ordered for a town of about 2500 people. There are great beds of gladiolus, splendid geraniums, and lovely roses. Although the third day's hot wind only ceased yesterday, I have a lovely nosegay of great big gladiolas, lilies, &c. There are some good pine trees too, and an oak or two, and some variegated holly. Decidedly it is a good place. Coming back I met with Mr. Henty, the first arrival here. Forty years ago last November he first landed. He described his meeting with Mitchell and the surveying parties. How Mitchell took him and his companions for escaped convicts, and he took Mitchell and his party for bush rangers. Then how he cut his way through the bush to

Wonnon country, which is *the* country of Victoria. I brought him and various other people on board to luncheon, and after sending them away at 3, got under way and stood out. Wind S.S.W. veering to S.E.

January 24th.—Passed Cape Northumberland at 5 A.M. Running all day along low sand-hills. At 6 made up my mind to run to the southward of Kangaroo Island, having had a first-rate bearing of Cape Bernalli light at 4.30. Wind fresh, S.E. by S., and going eleven knots. I had a lurking suspicion that there might be currents, and left orders to be called at 2 to look out for them.

January 25th.—But at 2 I heard a cry, and jumped up; a man came to the door, and asked me what I wanted. I—"What is the matter?" He, meekly—"Breakers on the lee bow." And I heard Hastings say—"Hands by both anchors." Coming on deck there it was, the "Young Rocks," which I had steered to clear by fifteen miles, and which we should not have been up to by 3.30, were under the bows, with a raging surf upon them. We hauled out south-west from west, and then saw the southern one, with a high sea upon it; and at 2.30 were off upon our course again. A lovely, clear, moonlight night. Saw Kangaroo Island at daylight; the wind freshening, and so thick that, after running between Gambier and Thistle Island, I gave up the idea of going into Port Lincoln, and went up towards Wallaroo.

January 26th.—Got into eleven fathoms at 7 A.M., and at 8 saw the Tipana Light vessel. Anchored at Wallaroo at 2 P.M., and was boarded by the captain of the port, and arranged to see the copper-smelting with him at 3.30. The copper pyrites, which contains a large quantity of sulphur, is roasted to drive off the sulphur. The ore is then crushed, and then sent to a furnace for reduction, whence it comes out as *regulus*, with fifty per cent. of copper in it. It is then put in a fresh range, and comes out *rough copper*, with seventy-five per cent., whence it goes to be reduced. A portion of this regulus is put in with the ore to flux it. A labourer earns here 7*s.* a-day, and the men who lead at

the ultimate refining furnaces £4 a-week. The men work tie and tie—*i. e.*, from 5 P.M. to 5 A.M., and 5 A.M. to 5 P.M. There is no public school yet in Wallaroo; and as boys get from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* a-day, their labour is valuable, and they all work, without much regard to Factory Acts, &c. We afterwards went to the top of the town—ill-laid out and unimproved; no gardens, nothing to humanise or cultivate eye, taste, or mind; no supply of water but what is drained from the surface into muddy tanks.

January 27th.—Went at nine to *Moonta* by rail, and returned at 5 P.M. A rail omnibus goes the whole way, and it is surprising there should be no locomotive. Moonta stands 100 ft. high, and the distance is ten miles. The populations of these places are roughly—Moonta, 10,000; Wallaroo, 3000; Kadina, 7000; say 20,000 in the three townships.

This is the barest, driest spot conceivable; since Valparaiso I have seen nothing so dry. There was once scrub and grass, now there is a relic of each, and much dust. All the timber having been taken off for fuel for miles and miles, all is red hot and dusty. The thermometer stood at 90° on board the ship at 7 P.M. At Moonta, Mr. Hancock, the captain of the mines, met us, driving a very nice pair of horses, and carried us to his office to see the plans of the works.

The Moonta Company own all the land but that on which two mines are situated, the Parramatta and Yatta. The lodes are three, running N.N.E. and S.S.W., and each dipping at about 45° from the horizon. At intervals ladders go down these shafts, and at every fifteen fathoms, or ninety feet, galleries are driven. The plans show—

1st. The horizontal projection of the drives.

2nd. The place on the plane of the dip of the stratum.

3rd. The surface survey.

These are kept up by practical men, who have the duty of directing the drives and levels. There are also underground captains, who direct the whole works; of these there are seven. There are also foundries and smitheries above ground. Some of

the men work tribute, and some work at so much for each ton of stuff sent up; and in each case the manager must make careful assays, and must carefully price the stuff. With tributers he fixes the per-centage of profit which the lode, from its general appearance, ought to give to the tributer, and each two months it is put up at that price. In the other case, the value has to be put on each ton of stuff raised to the surface. Besides these there are men who lay rails, others who drive shafts and do odd work. Generally each man secures his own work by shores, &c. The company pays for timber, but the miner for candles, gunpowder, and fuzes and tools. When water is short, the company sells it from its tanks, which are filled from surface drainage, or by condensing mine water, at 1*s.* per hogshead, or 3*s.* per ton. Once on tribute two miners made £500 in two months; this was, of course, by a lucky hit, the claim being offered at a much lower figure than it turned out to be worth.

We then all dressed in miner's dress and went down, candle on hat, to the seventy-five fathom range; and there, walking along a level, came to a great excavation of very rich ore, twenty-eight per cent. or more of copper, which looked purple and yellow and peacocky, and all sorts of colours. The miners all pleasant and civil, and seemed glad to see us.

Our dip down stairs took us a couple of hours. Mr. Hancock was much more done than we were; we ran up the last fifteen fathoms, to the great astonishment and amusement of three miners who were sitting at the top.

It seems that there was a strike here six months ago. The management wanted to reduce the wages, and the men, as usual, won. I was obliged to say that I was all for the men, and very glad the wages did not go down. They do not seem to me the least excessive. High wages mean to me a prosperous people; and of course I wish to see them prosperous. There are about 1500 men and boys at work. It seems that the Government established a township, and let the land on mining lease. By-and-by the miners built tiny cottages on the mining ground, setting them any-

how; so that now there is a town of Moonta, full of shops, churches, post-office, banks, &c.; and a town at Moonta mines, whereat there is no shop or other public edifice, but one church; and the two are over a mile apart. The same thing happens at Kadina, twelve miles in another direction. As every miner builds his own house, they are rough, though comfortable, and set at all possible angles to the meridian. They keep their houses very clean inside, and as they always have big tubs of water after work, are clean themselves. At Moonta township is a large Wesleyan church; it has the predominance here; a very neat little English church; and Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Bible Christians, &c., &c., in great numbers. There is little drunkenness; but, as in Wales, a good deal of keeping company of boys and girls, &c. At Wallaroo port, where there are more Welsh among the settlers, a Mr. D., an excellent man, has service in Welsh every Sunday. By chance we spoke of the Aborigines, and found that a few people were trying to collect them together on a good piece of land, and to start them with a few sheep. As our informant said, "It is the least we can do for them. We have taken their country, and we ought to maintain them in an honourable retirement, like an old horse which you turn out to grass—supposing we can do no more for them."

January 28th.—Went to see the metal run from different furnaces, then to the office and Institute, which has a library and little museum; then out to Kadina, a large party of us, to see the mines there. The manager said that when he came there, five years ago, out of twenty-seven boys employed but nine could read, and but seven could write. There is no public school at Kadina yet, but he has established a library and reading-room, and has built a church and schoolroom at one mine which is isolated from the others, and goes there to hold school every Sunday. Very hot indeed, but we walked about fearlessly in the sun, and were photographed. At 4 we came down, and at 5 I came on board, and found a host of people had profited by the permission and fine weather, and had come on board in crowds.

As they came in very few boats which went back at once for more, by the time I came back the ship was full; and when I sat in my cabin I could hear, as they peered down the skylight, "Beautiful flowers!" in every variety of voice and tone, as they looked at my Portland flowers, still fresh and lovely, great beauties of gladiolus, geraniums, &c.

Weighed at 7 P.M. Beating and thrashing about all night; split fore and mizen topsail and mainsail.

January 29th.—Beating all day down the western shore of the Gulf.

January 30th.—Got fairly to windward by 6 A.M., and kept away between the islands for Port Lincoln, where we anchored at 11.45 A.M. A beautiful bay and anchorage, with hills of moderate height running round, and an island barring the entrance. "All the fleets of the world" might anchor in it in safety; but, alas! it is the outlet to nothing, and is condemned to no further advance apparently till railways are made and the land is thickly peopled. It has but 400 people, but possesses a Church of England, a Roman Catholic, and a Wesleyan Church; an institute; also a good, roomy, pleasant-looking hotel. I sent on shore at once, to get a trap to take us to Poonindie, the mission station; and we landed at 1 P.M., six of us, and were met by the magistrate.

A fair trap came round, and off we went, pursuing Mr. Newland, the farm manager, till he stopped at the gate of a nice-looking vineyard, belonging to the clergyman of Port Lincoln. Drove six miles along the sea-shore, by a first-rate road, and four miles across a gravelly flat, with scrub, and came to the gate of Poonindie, and found the chaplain there. The houses for the natives are disposed down a sort of avenue, and consist of generally one, and at most two rooms. The number of the natives is small; there are but fifty-eight men, women and children altogether present, making, with sixteen out on job-work, seventy-four. These they house and keep as long as they like to remain, taking only good characters. They are obliged to work, and

receive wages for their work from 20*s.* a week downwards, the best hands being paid by the week, and others by task. To look after these there are five whites; the superintendent, who is the clergyman, the schoolmaster, the farmer, the cook and baker, and the head ploughman. After paying their expenses, they pay £400 a year into some fund, as a nest-egg, to enable the work to be carried on without government assistance, or on reduced government land in future. Three hundred acres of land were under wheat last year, and an acre gave an average of five bushels; and they have 10,000 sheep. The policy is, I hear, disputed (of having such a place); but it must be the right and honourable thing to do, to provide an asylum for those people who have been dispossessed of their land. The work seems to be done with thorough good sense, and there are no luxuries. Their great acreage of stubble and the sheoak standing in it looked much like olives in the south of France or Spain. They have a patch of very good land on their property, which is, altogether, five miles square, or 16,000 acres. The country might be very pretty in spring, as the trees are scattered on the hill-side like park land; but the foliage is of the very dullest. Although only ten miles from Port Lincoln, it answers better to pay the steamer 5*s.* a ton additional freight to bring the stores to Lowth Bay, which is four and a half miles.

Drove back to Port Lincoln at 5.30. Met a squatter, who lives half-way to Streakey Bay, and has no less than nine Chinese shepherds, one of whom is married to a native, and three to English women; the children, he says, are not bad-looking.

January 31*st.*—The clergyman and several others came off, some to church and some to luncheon. They all say that owing to poisoning wild dogs and the disappearance of the natives, the kangaroos have grown and increased so as to be a perfect nuisance, and eat up the grass which ought to feed sheep. The squatters give 3*d.* a piece for skins to get rid of them. They lately drove a hundred into a stockyard, having first surrounded several hundred. Un-

fortunately no one has dogs, or one might do something with them. This is a poor country, though there is plenty of water; but there is good country in the *Gawler Range*, nearly straight from Port Augusta to Muyt's Archipelago. Of course, Port Augusta must be a great shipping place for wool some day. Six ships have been there this year to load for wool. Port Lincoln is at the end of a peninsula; and as it is possible to ship wool anywhere up each side of the peninsula, Port Lincoln will never be a place worth speaking of, not, at least, till there is a railway, when goods will be landed at this, the proper terminus.

Sailed at 5.30 P.M. for Adelaide.

February 1st.—Off Yorke Peninsula in A.M.

February 2nd.—A hard battle to fight our way up into these waters. Anchored off Glenelg, the port of Adelaide, [capital of South Australia,] at 6.30 P.M. Heard singing at 8.30, and, looking out of my port, saw a little yacht coming along crowded with men, and with large lanterns. The boat gliding along was very pretty; there was just an air to move it. They sang "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Lebe Wohl," passing backwards and forwards under the stern, and I sent for the band to respond. As they passed again I asked them to come on board, and they came and sat in my cabin and drank a glass of champagne, with a "Lebe Hoch," sung by the whole, to the Queen. They were German tradesmen. They afterwards went on deck and sang again, and, thanking me, departed.

February 3rd.—Came up to Adelaide in welcome rain, which was gladdening everyone. It filled the tank at Wallaroo and Moonta with, they say, a nine months' supply of water. A modest but very comfortable Government house. In P.M. rode through a level peaceful country of some breadth under the hills; much of it had been under corn. Many vineyards, and some neat quiet hamlets are dotted about—all very homelike, peaceful, and prosperous. Everyone has his own vine and his own fig tree.

February 4th.—Went to the gardens, which are the glory of the

place, and thoroughly nice. Perhaps they want size a little—not absolute size, but open spaces. Dr. Schomburgh, the curator, is brother of Sir R. Schomburgh, explorer of British Guiana, and discoverer of the Victoria Regia. In this comparatively little garden they have a beautiful Victoria Regia, in flower, in a very good tank, in a hot-house.

Each of these towns has its distinctive character—Melbourne for magnificence, Sydney for beauty, and Adelaide for general well-being; that is what strikes me, the general air of entire respectability and well-being. It is like a well laid out, very prosperous Cambridge, without the colleges, or Reading, or some big town of that sort. There is abundant room. No houses but the club, the banks, and the post-office have a third storey, or seem to intend to have one. There is abundant space, ample water-supply, and everything about the place looks thoroughly decent and respectable.

Rode in P.M. to a pretty village called Matcham—a most comfortable, prosperous, and quiet English-looking village (modern English), with a devious lane; but, ah! without a devious brook. The post-office at Adelaide is a capital building—simple, solid, of very good stone, and architecturally good and pleasing.

February 6th.—With the Governor to see Port Adelaide, which has also its own little Ramsgate, in the shape of "Semaphore." It is really just like a little Anglesea, but a trifle more sandy. We landed there on a little pier, on which were girls with flapping hats, children with spades digging sand, and the whole story, as though we had not left England at all. The day was delightfully cool.

February 8th.—The Governor (Mr. A. Musgrave) came on board officially.

February 9th.—To see the model school; very good.

February 13th.—The Governor came on board at noon, and we started at 1 P.M. steaming against a S.S.E. breeze.

February 15th.—Off Port Macdonnell at 11.30 A.M., and was boarded by a boat with the harbour-master, with whom we landed;

saluted the Governor. The landing easy when there, but there is but very little shelter indeed. The anchors holding the moorings were put down by divers, who blasted holes in the rock with dynamite, to put in the arm of the anchors. Four moorings in fifteen fathoms. A nice little pier running into four feet. Six lighters do the work of lading, each holding six to ten tons. The place has exported 18,000 bales of wool, worth £350,000, this year, and has taken £10,000 in custom's duties. Bark and wheat also have been exported. There is a capital life-boat, with its good house, &c., rocket apparatus, and so on; and a crew can always be got, as the people are all seafaring; a good inn and plenty of comfortable houses; population about 400 in all. Started for Mount Gambier, I, with the doctor, who owned a pair of first-rate fourteen two trotters, and came along twelve miles an hour, on an excellent road, metalled for about six miles with limestone and the rest with a hard volcanic stone, as hard and level as a billiard table. *Mem.* When people talk of convict-made roads quote those of South Australia, where never a convict was known to land; they are the best that I have seen. Here, at Mount Gambier, the season is later here than at Adelaide, and we found some wheat still in the ear. They enjoy so much coolness and moisture that potatoes are grown all the year round. The land from the sea-side to Mount Gambier supports sheep, and there is a certain amount of green upon it, but upon Mount Gambier itself and slopes for five miles around there is an immense area of volcanic mud soil, growing wheat, lucerne, clover, potatoes, &c. Wheat is grown in pieces of one mile square; potatoes in 200 or 300 acre pieces. Mount Gambier itself is a long, shoe-shaped succession of craters, with water in them all. The road from Port MacDonnell winds cleverly over the top and along a crater edge, and one discovers the town a mile north at one's feet on turning away from the lake. It is certainly an emblem of prosperity and wealth. The materials for building lie all about the place. A quarry of pink dolomite is six miles off, and limestone is to be had anywhere. It follows that

the best buildings are of pink, with white facings, and one's eye takes in a large, handsome, Scotch church and manse, the former in geometrical decorated, and with steeple; a little gem of a Church of England, highly ornamented, while on the left is a very handsome hospital. Going down into the town one finds comfortable houses on either hand, mostly of stone, and often of dolomite, with gardens; a capital hotel, a very pretty little bank in excellent style, and a handsome institute. English bushes, trees, and creepers abound, and roses are in profusion. It is a charming spot indeed. The Governor had to receive addresses from sundry and various, and then we went for a stroll, up one street and down another. Good shops, nice gardens, &c., seem all the rule in this happy spot, where people must have got rich very quickly or they would not have built the churches, odd fellows' halls, &c., &c., which abound, for "Crescit amor nummi," and in another generation people will hold on by what they have got, or seek to increase their own comforts and not the public weal, I fear; as elsewhere. Back to the hotel and dined. The banker, magistrate, clergyman, and doctor, who had come to meet us, dined with us.

Their education is not here in a forward state. There are languishing little schools doing no good, instead of a few good ones.

February 16th.—Up at 7 and walked over the top of Mount Gambier, a pretty sight. After breakfast drove to "Mooruk," the property of Mr. Brown. They are getting twenty bushels of wheat to the acre this year. We saw the wheat being *stripped*, which seemed a wasteful process, but the manager said he could afford to lose four bushels an acre by doing this, rather than hand reap, and all the more that the sheep would glean the waste. He was paying 15*s.* an acre, *i.e.*, 9*d.* a bushel to have his corn cut, thrashed, winnowed and bagged, supplying his own stripping machine but not horses. Over most of his ground he has something else between the wheat, and turns in sheep and cattle when the ear is stripped. The sheep tread in and break

down the stubble, the cattle feed it off, and so it goes back into the ground in one shape or another. He has two crops and one fallow on this land. His sheep are cross-bred Lincoln and Merino.

Left the Governor and party at a cross road, and came back to the town, and we started in a dreadful old contrivance with two very slow horses; however, I made them go ten miles an hour after the first five or six, and got down in an hour and three-quarters. Found the excellent old pilot waiting, and went out in his boat, blowing a little fresh at first but not bad. Steamed on, the ship having remained under way. Head wind S.E. and E.S.E. continually, with high glass (barom.). Lots of kelp floating in deep water five and six miles from land.

February 18th.—Passed Wilson's promontory at 2.15 A.M.

February 20th.—Rounded Cape Howe at 10 P.M.

February 22nd.—Saw St. George's Head off Jervis Bay at 2 A.M. Wind always N.N.E. to N.N.W.

February 23rd.—Picked up our buoy in Farm Cove (Sydney) at 2 A.M.

The Pearl returned to Sydney in February for a few weeks, and early in April the Commodore started for his first cruise to the New Hebrides. Ever since his arrival on the station he had been anxious to visit these islands, and not only to see the islands themselves, but to gain information for himself, and on the spot, with regard to the labour traffic, and to the kidnapping of natives by labour vessels; but until now he had been so kept by various duties to other parts of the station, that he had been unable to visit the New Hebrides, and this cruise was but a short one, of six weeks' duration, at the end of which time he had again to be at Sydney; short however as his stay in the islands was at this time, it was full of interest to him. He felt that he

was gaining much information that he could only learn for himself on the spot, and he was fully engrossed with a variety of subjects which presented themselves to him—whether the hydrography, the state of the natives, the geology, the botany, or the languages of the islands.

A few extracts from the journal will give some idea of this cruise :—

April 24th.—Island of Tanna. Up at 5.30 and went off at 6.30 to the Volcano Yazur, in company with Mr. Neilson, a famous walker and good companion. One "*Washerwoman*," a chief, met us at the head of the bay with a few natives, and I waited till the whole party of 145, viz., 100 seamen, 30 marines, 11 officers, Stanley, Mr. Neilson, and two stewards and cooks had assembled; then told them to keep together and not to lose sight of the next ahead; also not to fancy when they got to the top of the crater that, because they were tired and hungry, it would be dinner-time, but to wait till they got to the lake and had had their swim. We then plunged into the bush, and went steadily for from three and a-half to four miles to an open place under the trees. Up to this the path was gently undulating, and through reedy grass and forest, alternately passing some small and poor patches of cultivation enclosed by reed fences. Occasionally a very fine tree was passed, of the banyan kind, and one was measured, about 90 ft. to 100 ft. in circumference at the apparent base—all this being a mass of limbs, but this thickness was continued a good way up. On this cleared ground we halted, and all hands came up. A native brought two water-melons, which were shared, and a few cocoa nuts were brought. After ten or fifteen minutes on again, up a steep path through fern and lovely vegetation and on a steep ridge, and at last got on to a small table land covered with screw pines. Every leaf and every branch is now coated with volcanic sand, and the vegetation under foot is more and more sparse till one comes

abruptly on a broad mass of pink scoria with bits of white crystallised matter bedded in it, just like the rocks round Port Resolution.

As one draws near the foot of the cone, which is but 200 ft. on this side, great squashes of light, brittle scoria are seen, only recently thrown out, and looking as though one had taken a lump of dough of the consistency of hasty pudding, and, after working it, had thrown it down. Here and there were hard bits when we got higher up, but the general character of the scoria was more and more of this sort as we ascended the cone. After getting to the top, we circled round, and sat down on the weather side, all hands well up. The eruptions were moderate, but the sight was fine, and the men thoroughly rose to it, and enjoyed it, I think, with considerable pluck and zest. They abstained very generally from eating, according to my recommendation, but a few had a lunch of sardines, with which they were well primed. The canteen proved itself to-day of very great assistance to every one, and an immense quantity of food was taken thence to-day. Eruptions seemed to take place chiefly from the second and third craters from the south, and steam to issue from the first. Probably the depth of these craters, the visible depth to which we could see, was 300 feet. At a good eruption we could feel an indraught of air, and a slight shock to our lungs. The pieces, of which the largest were not more than a couple of tons weight, went up 600 feet and fell back; some of the smaller pieces, and up to perhaps half a ton, went with a side wind over a saddle, or lip of crater to S.S.W., and very close to some of the men who went along that way. The pieces assumed shapes like a tadpole going up, and reversed coming down. One man brought me a very hard bit of greenish stuff which he found sticking into a piece of lava scoria and broke off, and I brought away some pieces of scoria, &c. We sat about forty minutes; the appearance of the craters gave me the idea that the centre of eruption is working very slowly to the south-west.

From the top we went down to a large lake, a mile in length,

which either is evaporated, or loses itself in sand. The barometer had made it 800 feet from the summit to the lake, and the summit 1000 feet from the sea. This is, I think, correct beyond a question. The slope of the cone was considerable, and I daresay 40° to the horizon. Nearly all is fine dust, but here and there a lump of scoria has leaped over the edge and rolled down, Indeed, we saw some doing so as we came along and after. Once down, all hands were soon in the water, bathing and enjoying themselves very heartily. Certainly a hundred and twenty people must have been in the water at once. After that we had a muster and found all present, and then all dined together, it being pretty nearly 11.30 A.M. We had started at 7 A.M. from the landing place at the head of the bay, reached the first halt at 8.15, and the summit at 9.20. Left the summit at 10.10, dined at 11.30, and left the lake at 1.10 P.M. Reached the hot lake at 2.50, left at 3.10, and reached the beach at 4 P.M.

While we were bathing a part of a hostile tribe came down and threw out in a skirmishing order along the beach. Our fellows (natives under Washerwoman) had been in a stew from the time we left the first halting place, and had said, "You white men you go first." To which Mr. Neilson replied, "We are close; do you show us the way." Every one of these fellows has a musket, and even little boys carry arms capped, and with the hammer on the nipple.

After dinner, I went over to these fellows with Mr. Neilson, and though at first they were afraid and would not come, yet they afterwards came up to speak. Before I went, our own fellows said, "No give him 'bacco!" wishing, I suppose, to keep it all for themselves. Mr. Neilson asked, "What do you come for? Why are you always fighting?" "Oh! they said, it is not our fault, it is theirs. Why are they always killing our people." "No," said Mr. Neilson, "you are always killing them." They said, "They killed our chief's son!" "How?" "They bewitched him, and are always bewitching our young men."

One superstition in this witchcraft might be turned to account.

They believe that if fragments of food or bones are left uncovered, the enemy will find them and use them for witchcraft. They, therefore, invariably bury them carefully. Is it possible that this is a relic of a sanitary law? After a good spell we got up to go, and walked through some luxuriant growth to a handsome (for them) village, where a fine clear bit of ground served as the village square, under the shade of splendid banyans. Here we eat cocoa-nuts, my big knife in great request to open them, and had a dance, the same as yesterday, on board. They seem to have but one form. Nothing can be much lower than these people; their houses are but 5 ft. 6 in. under the ridge pole and filthy. Their faces filthily smeared. They can only count to five, have no manufacture whatever; even their bows and arrows and clubs are miserable, and their ornaments wretched. They have no desire for clothes apparently, except coloured handkerchiefs. The article which takes most trouble to make is, I suppose, the kawass, or throwing stone, about a foot long and of the thickness of a thick round ruler. I saw no tools, and suppose that they have been superseded by European ones.

Hence to a green, warm lake, of rather stagnant water; the path lay through an unequalled valley for ferns; lovely maiden-hair trailed up and down over stems of trees, twenty and thirty feet from the ground. I think some I got were handsome. Here we had another halt, and thirty or forty bathed again; hence to the beach was an hour's smart walk, and was mainly by the path by which we had come out. My boat was on the beach, and I was on board by 5.20.

April 30th.—I arranged with Mr. Young to take a man of his back to Pentecost Island. The story is this. Four men either left a plantation or swam ashore from a vessel, and came to Oila. Then in passing Ford's they persuaded a youth to join them, came to the mouth of Havannah Harbour, took a canoe, crossed to Deception Island, got some men from Davies's to accompany them, took a big canoe, came across to the north end of Nguna (Montague Island), and were all murdered and eaten but this

one, who got a canoe and paddled back to Havannah Harbour, and asked to be taken in.

Mr. Young brought me some very good plants. I got all hands on board, and weighed while it was light, at 4.15, and nearly lost the wind. However, it continued; and we crept alongside, and to an offing.

May 1st.—Tacked at 4 A.M., and stood to south-east, and at daylight found two schooners communicating with their boats. Fired two guns, and they hoisted ensigns, and bore down and found one to be the "Jason," whose captain produced a log of May 1st. "Morning broke fine and clear. NOON, weighed, and stood over towards Nguna." I sent Elwyn to ask him what day it was; upon which he stuck his hands in his pockets, and said, "Why, Saturday, May 1st." "Then how," said Elwyn, "do you make this out, when it isn't noon yet?" "Why," he said, "you don't know the difference between civil and astronomical time. I can keep what time I like on board my ownship." The agent was away under the land of Nguna; the other vessel was the "Sybil," of Maryborough.

After dismissing all these people I stood in between Nguna and Vaté as far as was safe, as the wind was light; then went in my galley with Messer and Stanley, taking the two natives. The Pentecost men had pointed out the north end of Nguna as the place where they were set upon. The master of the Sybil had told me that he had picked up a boy who had swam to him from the rocks of Nguna three days ago, and believed him to belong to Ambrym, which he says the natives call *Burap*. By 10.15 we reached Mr. Milne's (the missionary) house, small but well built on a concrete foundation, in a nice garden fifty yards from the beach, quite pretty. The name of that part, or village of Nguna, is Bali. He had heard of the landing and killing of these boys of Pentecost, and had no doubt that if killed it was for the sake of eating, and not to punish them for stealing bread-fruit; and he said, that though the people near him would not eat men, those at the other end would do so directly. A lot of savage-looking

rascals had followed us from the boat to the house, and sat there listening. I asked Mr. Milne to let them know what we were talking about; and they declared that they never eat men, that what happened at the other end of Nguna they knew very little about. One carried on a conversation by signs with my Pentecost man, whose name, by the way, I found to be *Bulibasi*, ending by biting at his own wrist, with upraised eyebrows, as a sign of interrogation; and on receiving an affirmative sign of upraised chin from the latter, putting on a look of well-assumed repugnance. The mouth and wrinkles on the nose would have made a splendid article for Darwin in his "Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals;" and the wrist too—a juicy, succulent part, just above the wrist. Two or three fellows spoke English, so I suggested that two should come to act as my guides and interpreters to the north end, which I now found was called *U-tan-lan*, the *windy* place, or the land (tan) of wind (lan)? a mile and a half from the beach, and in a high position. One said he was sick; another, that he couldn't; and a third said that he was afraid, fairly; so he then sent for his teacher, a native of *Pele*, who came, and proved a jolly, round, plucky individual, and said at once that he would go. Mr. Brady, from Havannah Harbour, was here; and so I sent back Mr. Young's *Aoba* boy, who had served as interpreter between me and the Pentecost man, by him. The missionary says he has no fear or trouble with the natives now; but that, though they are ready to come and sit in the verandah and talk about pigs and yams, directly he begins to talk about religion they steal away one by one. He has no convert but the teacher in Pele. Here *io* is *yes*, as in Fiji; and *banomai* is *come*.

At about 2.15 we started to come back, with now three natives. Just as we were going Mrs. Milne brought in a man who said that one of the lost boys was at a village called *Vanua-tap*. We agreed to call for him.

Going down in the galley, by advice of our interpreter, we called in under the village of *Malamé*, to send a man thence

to Vanua-tap. Both of these villages were on the top of the cliff, which is here steep from the water's edge for 200 feet or so.

Soon after, calling in at Vanua-tap, the boy came down, accompanied by half the village—a little thin wretch, tottering, with a stick, and with an ulcered leg. As soon as he saw his comrade he was delighted and went forward, and began chatting, and got into the boat very content to be with us and to go to his own land. I gave the chief and each fellow with us a lot of cloth to pay them for their services and for coming with us and taking care of the boy. We got back to the ship at about 2, and steaming to northward, anchored in the bay of *Na-ora-matua*, or north-west bay, at 3.15, in thirteen fathoms coral and pebbles of broken coral. I went away at once with six men, Messer and Stanley, armed with revolvers, ordering Reade to follow with a cutter's crew, also armed in the same way, in half an hour's time. We plunged into a good but narrow path, rising on a gently-sloping volcanic slope, immediately from the beach. The vegetation most lovely and luxuriant. We saw the smoke of the village of U-tan-lan, not far below the grassy hill-tops, and half-way up to the summit of the extinct crater of *Tavana-kié*, facing the round hill of *Tavanilan*. About half-way the natives had built a neat little rest-house for Mr. Milne, half European. Somewhere here Ross Lewin had had a plantation, and I found a coffee-plant with berries on the path, and a native, who spoke English, told us that there were onions in the neighbourhood. From this point the ascent was steeper, and we came on patches of cultivation—poor patches—dry taro, yam and banana. I saw no papau. By-and-by we came to a level platform—the *Malavaran*, or dancing ground, as much as 80 yds. long by 40 yds. wide. On the nether side, or brink, stood a row of handsome old casuarinas, evidently planted purposely, and in a line. (Why should they not be as sacred as oaks?) In the middle of the ground was a group of native drums, or lallies, which are erected, round which they dance, calling on their an-

cestors, and striking the chief or ancestor whose effigy is stuck up. Most curious and picturesque.

We only paused a moment, then went on to the village, which is 200 yards above, and so placed among the boulders of volcanic tufa that it might well be defended; the last part is steep and straggling, and most muddy—stiff, deep, black, volcanic soil. The crotons, dracænas, hibiscus and ferns wonderfully luxuriant. Presently we were on the village-house platform, which has a fence, and many of the people were there; women, too, behind the trees, looking on. I found the chief and shook hands, and the interpreter began his story. The men looked rather fine, and bigger than Vaté men; but great brutes and rascals, I should say. My interpreter had evidently sold himself to these fellows, and was intending to make all square. He said what I had to say in very few words, having told a long story first in his own tongue, and from his own head, and then replied for them. "He say, canoe come, seven or eight men. Canoe break, men run away bush. He no kaikai * him. He say, long time before he no kaikai man. See he build house for Missi Milne. You see him." All of which was undoubtedly lies; but there was no help for it, after some cross-questioning, but to say, in a fatuous way, that man-eating was a very bad thing, and to go away to look at the surroundings. There were three old skulls, and fourteen lower human jaws, near the end of the hut. No end of bones of turtle and pigs and fish hung from long strings in the hut, and pigs' jaws all round the fences. I never saw a more curious and picturesque place, or one with so decided a flavour of heathendom. The whole thing gave spur to imagination: the idea on which we came, the way of picking up our guides who joined us, one at Malamé and one at Vanua-tap, the cries of the latter, calling to his friends of the village, as we went up, 'A-u—A-u—Au-ū. Laia-poi. Laia-poi. Laia-poi!" And then the huge ferns and other growths all combined to make one remember it. Standing, too,

* Eat.

at my point of view there was a vista to the right in which stood a lovely red or purple brown croton, backed by a hibiscus in full blaze. I brought away some ferns, and seeing a short-jointed bamboo, made a native get me some roots to carry away, and a young shoot. The original dress of these people seems to have been a broad belt of fine matting round the waist and a maro. They now cover the mat with European cloth, dyed yellow with yellow ochre. This is all over Vaté; they all paint the face black and red, and have for an ornament round the neck a pearl shell, a plate, willow pattern, a top of a Holloway's ointment pot, a tin cover. Many have bamboo combs in the hair with a pattern scratched upon them. Their noses are large and wide, the septum is pierced, and they carry in it a ground-down piece of shell, a piece of bone—one had a piece of plate-glass (thick) ground to a circle of five-eighths of an inch in diameter. Many had armlets of tortoise-shell fitting tight. As a rule the limbs and bodies are not well developed at all. Most of the men and women are ugly, but some are what we should call hideous. One dirty grotesque-looking wretch came near us, with a nose like one of the hideous Chinese lap-dogs. After talking we left the place. Messer sketched this house, called *Rongavai*, and also the *Malavára*, on the way down. At the latter I asked for one of the figures, and got the chief to give me one, a long thin one with a bad sound. The natives said at first, "No belong every man; he belong chief," but went off directly to ask for it for me and helped to root it out. The cutter's and galley's crews helped to carry it down. Reached the beach at 5.30, and were obliged to wade over a hundred yards of shore reef to launch the boat.

May 3rd.—Very uncertain weather all day and heavy rain. Got in between Ambrym and Pentecost, and there under the land was a white schooner with a French flag. Of course it was the "Léonie," late "Mavis," and I sent for her master (an Englishman). He had an "Armement de Cabotage," and a "Permis de départ." So I respected the flag, and told him he had better go to Nounéa at once. He said, "I heard that an order was to

come out on the 1st of March that no vessel was to go to sea (from Nounéa) without a French captain, and so I went to sea before the 1st of March." He told me, and his log substantiates it, that he left twenty-seven men at Havannah Harbour, and had now twenty-six on board. His whole course is irregular. He said two of his men had deserted here. I said, "Then I suppose you detain them against their will?" "No!" he said; "but if I wasn't to force them to stop on board they would go directly, they change their minds so." "Then how do you recruit them?" I said. "I pull along shore, I, or the mate, and buy some yams or what not, and then I offer them a knife or two knives, or a knife and a tomahawk to come, and they give it to their friends, who come down with them, and they come with me. The chiefs have nothing to do with it; they have very little power in these islands." The masters of the May Queen and of the Sybil had repeated exactly the same thing to me, so that the voluntary recruiting is all rubbish, and engagement is all nonsense. These people neither understand why they go, nor where, or what they are to do, or when return. They only care for the knife and the tomahawk. Without throwing dirt at either the planter in Queensland, or the master of the vessel or the agent, one may say, as between the planters and missionaries and their influence, that the natives learn the vices of civilisation from the plantation and the virtues from the mission. Were one to throw a boy into a public school, or still nearer the mark, a factory, without the influence of home or tutor, or even dame, where would a lad be? and where if sent to college with heads whose chief aim is to raise their conception of, and belief in, purity and charity?

I sent for this fellow's interpreter, whom he had taken on board a few days ago, and he came, and on reaching the deck was paralysed by fear, seeing so many people moving about, and couldn't move. Barnes led him along like a little girl, and he came creeping up, and then shivered all over and began to whimper. I sent for the little boy, but it was no good, he only got out, "He makey fight me." At last the man came and

recognised this captain, who said that he had left the boy with Davies and the man with Young. The two natives looked at each other, and then the one from the schooner said *Aroa*, or something like that, and they instantly fell to talking. His face cleared up and all was right, though he still kept shivering. My fellow made a bite at his own arm with a point and expressive gesture at me, clearly meaning that the other thought he had been brought on board to be eaten. Between them all we clearly made out that these two fellows of mine came from a couple of villages a few miles north of this south point of Pentecost, where there is a fair anchorage, says this master of the schooner.

I let him go, and then resolved to stand off for the night, as the homes of these two fellows were close to.

May 12th.—At 1 A.M. saw Maré and also a small island to the north-west, having been drifted a long way; also a fore and aft schooner. It was calm, so I stopped, and she drifted seven miles west by 6 A.M. when I went on again. We were fourteen miles from Maré. Got to North West Bay at 8.45, and pulled on shore, opposite a wall and gate of an enclosure, but saw no possibility of landing. We had steamed in to half-a-mile of the beach and had passed by a nasty knoll or two of coral, at about one mile off—most dangerous and disagreeable. There may have been five fathoms on them. A native came wading to us from the shore, which is all coral rag, and piloted by him we got to a good bay, with a very intricate channel, and so on shore. The village is called *Róh*, and is the chief village of the island, being the head-quarters of the Mission Station. Mr. Jones, who has made Maré what it is, was away on a visit of inspection to the back of the island, but a lad took one of his horses and went off to tell him as soon as we, *i.e.*, Stanley, Perry, Messer and I, decided to walk to Undine Cove. Many of these fellows could talk English, and we found our way with them and with the teacher, a nice fellow, with a pleasant, open face, and agreeable manners. All the nice, pleasant, South Sea Island manners came out; all offered their hands, some an orange or a cocoa-nut.

The church is a famous great place, a T shape, and would hold 500 people; and Mr. Jones's house is an elegant, pretty cottage. He and his wife, and all but a servant, had been away for three or four days, but every door of every room was open to the outer air, and books, pictures, and knicknacks were in their places undisturbed; he must be a man of great tact and judgment as well as skill. Each native house has its large compound, and its wall of coral stones round it, with plenty of fruit trees planted within it. A young man who told me that Mr. Jones had taken him to England was building a store, close to a house which he had already put up for himself of lath and white coral plaster, with English windows. He rather frightened me by saying that there was but two fathoms on those knolls off the bay, but I looked at the ship and found that she had already turned outside. We got a guide and went over the hills of coral, which is here in three or four terraces. The top seems nearly level; trees are small, and ferns of six or seven sorts plentiful. The screw-pine has larger leaves than I ever saw it with elsewhere. Cocoa-nuts abound on the lower ledges near the sea, and there are some on the top, but not many. Wherever we came on a patch of cocoa-nuts on the top, there we found a fir-tree or two, which looks as if they had been planted. If screw-pines would make good bags for sugar a good business might be made. Perry found lots of employment in catching butterflies, but a lovely blue and black could not be caught, though it was plentiful.

After six miles or so, during which we had passed through two or three cotton patches, we reached a cliff, which must be the high point of the island, and not less than 500 feet. It is about three miles, or perhaps five, from the north-west corner of the island. Here the trees were larger; cocoa-nuts which we passed had their stems hollowed into a deep pouch which catches the water as it flows down the trunk, and acts as a little well or stoop for drinking. A nice lad had met us half way, leading a donkey with two boxes of oranges, &c. Directly he saw us he seized his oranges, crammed them into our hands, and when I tried to give

him a bright threepenny piece, called out, "No! No! No! no pay!" holding his hands in the air. He immediately turned to go with us, apologised for his only having a maro on, "because he had been at work in the bush," asked to carry my bush knife, and told me his name was James. Such a nice, frank, open-faced boy.

On reaching this high part we found the sea before us on the west coast. The view was lovely at this point. A steep slope led to the deep blue sea. The straggling, but well made path, with young cocoa-nuts on either hand, was very pretty. We ran down it, and at 200 feet or so, found ourselves in the village of *Guamha*, which gives its name to the district. People rushed out to meet us; men to offer an orange or a cocoa-nut, women with babies at their breasts, and heaps of children of all ages, from tall, handsome girls, to little boys. We looked at the church, the teacher's house, and a good, square public-house, eighteen feet high in the middle and matted, all good of their kind, and then accompanied by all the boys and girls, walked on. Very pleasant to hear the laughter and fun of this tribe after the dull, driven, sad, and bad look of the New Hebrideans. We now walked to the foot of the hill near the beach. Each village has a wall and gate to keep pigs from trespassing.

About ten miles in all brought us to *Netjit* or *Nedtchet*, a village in which Mr. Jones has a house, the old Mission House, and the chief, *Naisilene*, also has an European one. At the house, part of which has a second story, we found Mrs. Jones and a Mrs. Carter, who gave us oranges and cherimoyas, and talked. Mr. Jones was some distance off examining schools, and the natives were up in the bush at work.

They had not known of our coming or would have come in crowds to see an English Man-of-war. Some delightful answers to questions were obtained in different quarters. One man was asked, "Are you a Roman Catholic?" "No, sir; I am an Englishman!" Another, "Is there any French authority on the island?" "No, sir; but they talk of sending two *gens d'armes*

and a corporal." Presently Mr. Carter came in. He lives here and buys cotton and fungus from the natives, with calico and tobacco. We soon after went to the shore, but the ship was already three miles off up the coast, having sent in a boat to this very spot, which did not find us. Fortunately Mr. Carter had a boat, and we took it at his suggestion, after trying in vain to make a signal. A wretched American, hoseless and miserable, was loafing on the shore, and a *Tokilao* woman, whose straight, flat hair and yellow complexion looked horrid by the side of the black girls of Maré.

We agreed that we had spent a most agreeable day, and that in all our walks we had always rejoiced at having undertaken a trip. But I was glad of this visit, as it revived my faith and interest in the Mission work. Here is a grand result achieved by an intelligent man, with twenty years' labour. He saw the generation which is coming of age, born here, and they grew up under his eye. They are docile, intelligent, and amiable; and their frank faces are a great contrast to the sad, slave-like aspect of the Api or Aoba boys. Perhaps they are more yielding, and when they have surrendered are not so firm as a New Hebridean. *Chi sa?* I wish Mr. Jones had been there. He has eleven schools, and every child in the island goes to school. Mrs. Jones did not know the population. Each case is so surrounded by circumstances which modify its condition, that one can hardly predict or lay down a law about race, climate, or soil; but one can safely say "Blessed are those who live on a poor soil like this, and who must labour." Their labour is daily doing them good. It almost seems as if Buckle's theory—which is drawn out too symmetrically for truth—may have something in it when applied to volcanic and fertile islands, as against flat and poor soils like these. How very true it sounds when comparing these with the New Hebrides—"Happy are the people that are in such a case, yea happy are they who have the Lord for their God."

Of his occupation in the islands about this time, we may

quote a letter of the chaplain of the Pearl, which, though already published, gives the impression formed on an eye-witness of this branch of his work:—

"He had studied every known work on Australia and Polynesia generally; he was a man of broad views, and did not allow the opinions of others to bias or prejudice him. Never content with second-hand information, he read for himself the records of former voyages, so that the names of Cook and Flinders, of Dentrecasteaux, and La Pérouse were to him well known by research, not solely as authorities upon which later works were based. The islands had a special charm for the Commodore. Imbued with the records of early discoveries, admiring Captain Cook as a true pattern of a discoverer, as brave yet prudent, high-minded, accurate, truthful, the Commodore seemed to think it a worthy aim to try and supplement the discoveries of his great predecessor. Life to him was a time for work; he always wearied of ease, and gaiety, and pleasant times when there was work to be done. One work done, he sought for the next to do, never seeming to think rest possible with work undone.

"The labour trade occupied much of his attention. Having the responsibility of directing the commanders of the other ships on the station, having to judge of and report on their acts, it was consistent with the thoroughness of his character that he should himself pay a lengthy visit to the South Sea Islands. In April he made a short cruise through the New Hebrides and Banks' Group, examining islands, collecting all information, aiding missionaries, repressing lawlessness, trying to do justice both to traders and natives, making his office a real power felt for good throughout that part of the Pacific. He visited many of the islands, everywhere trying to establish friendly relations with the inhabitants. At each place he himself would land first, for he would never allow others to run a risk which he would not share himself; then by giving presents, of which he always had abundance, and by a frank and friendly manner, would establish confidence. Then he

would visit their villages, collecting all manner of curiosities, always trying to obtain words of their language. He believed that open dealing would always be successful, and unconscious of a hostile motive himself, he hoped to inspire confidence in the natives of the islands, so that they would be friendly to white people, and that thus in time Polynesia would be safe ground for missionaries, and all who might come with an honest purpose. He never believed there was danger in landing within sight of the ship, in a confiding, unsuspicious manner, and so would go, with his boat's crew unarmed, alone or with officers whom from time to time he asked to accompany him. He permitted and encouraged other officers and men to land for shooting or fishing; in everything trying to establish confidence and friendly feeling."

He returned to Sydney at the end of May, to leave again in three weeks for Fiji. The following letter was written by the Commodore during this last stay at Sydney:—

"SYDNEY, *June 10th.*

"I wish again, as I often have, and do wish for that carpet of the *Arabian Nights*, that I might go to you for an hour and refresh myself, with a good talk with you of all things knowable. We are here by no means in the wilds, and have books, papers, and everything else to instruct one as to how the world moves; but we have not, of course, except by letter, the running comment of our living reviews, to correct our estimate of things that pass, and to give us a close journal of family histories. On the whole, if I *had* the wishing carpet, I think I should send it to you. It would be so delightful to have you with me for a year. You would delight in many things in these colonies, though some might offend you. In New Zealand I think you would take great pleasure. The great drawback to the future is that the people will gradually work up into tropical regions of Australia, and lose their English character, becoming employers of labour of an inferior race, and then to a certain degree corrupted in their convictions about personal freedom and independence.

"Fiji is a bad inheritance in this way, but Northern Australia will be worse, and is fast becoming a Natal. The wretched aboriginal natives are being exterminated fast, and will never be able to tell their own inscrutable story; but another, and a regularly apprenticed servile race, will come either from the islands, or from China, to supply a labouring class. Although I have been two years from England I have seen as yet but very little of the country, as I have been so continually brought back to Sydney, our head-quarters, by one duty or another, and in the intervals have been constantly in the islands; but I hope to pay a good visit to Melbourne next year, and to New Zealand during this year. The former is held to be rowdy in England, but this is a great mistake, and public sentiment is more law-abiding, sober, as well as intelligent, in Victoria than elsewhere in these colonies. Adieu! I go again to Fiji to-morrow to accompany the new Governor, and then to cruise among the Solomon Islands of Mendaña, the old Spaniard; a perilous sea, but an interesting one,* full of *antres* vast and picturesque spots.

"The * just above stands to mean that at that point I had to break off, dress, go to a ball for two hours, and here I am again. If the band didn't play so loud, I shouldn't mind going, for I generally get a talk with some one. It is only 11.30 P.M. now, so that our ball was not a very great dissipation.

"Have you got dear old —— again in your neighbourhood? If you come to speech of him, will you tell him that I speak of him with affection. Dear old fellow! it does one good to think that there is so unselfish and kind a man on earth."

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST CRUISE.

BEFORE proceeding to relate the events of the last cruise of Commodore Goodenough, a few words of personal description may here find a fitting place. He was a man of middle height, of a spare and nervous frame; his head generally thrown back, his features sharply defined, with a keen and piercing deep-set eye, and a prominent chin, which spoke of strong determination, and of the iron nerve which he possessed, while the lines of his mouth revealed from time to time the tenderness of his heart.

Of his character and his abilities the reader will judge by his own letters, and by his doings; yet a few words may here be said of some of its most marked traits.

Some of his friends have spoken of his tenderness, his almost womanly power of sympathy; others, of his force of character and his grasp of mind, of the way in which he seemed to take in the whole range of a subject at a glance An eminent writer has said of him, that he showed in this sifting and searching age that the most enquiring and critical mind could be united with the most devout and tender heart. Others, well able to judge, have called him a strong and trusted leader; a man dauntless, self-sacrificing, and resolute; watchful, and far-seeing—looking to the future no less than to the present of his profession, his constant anxiety being to elevate the religious and intellectual con-

dition of the men under his charge, and especially the younger officers, to whom he both felt and acted as a father; while, again, the strictness, amounting at times to severity, of his discipline, and the uncompromising firmness and decision of his actions, which formed so marked a characteristic in him, and which were as clearly seen in his countenance as was the opposite quality of extreme gentleness, cannot be left unnoticed. But perhaps the most strongly-marked features of his character were the loftiness of his aspirations and the disinterestedness of his aims. It was hard to him to understand that men should act from interested motives; it was impossible to him, when a duty lay before him, even to apprehend whether it would affect him personally; and it gave him almost physical pain when he was brought face to face with dishonest or self-seeking intentions in anyone with whom he was dealing. He believed in—and he clung to his faith in—truth and honesty, and in human nature; and this made him singularly impatient of anything approaching scandal, or even gossip;* and it was this faith that enabled

* The following letter to the editor of a small colonial newspaper is characteristic :—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your note and its enclosures, which I return. I never had any doubt of the genuineness of the documents which you published in your paper. I am anxious, however, to let bygones be forgotten as much as possible. I am satisfied that this is good policy as well as good moral precept, and if I may venture to say so to you, who are expert in the matter, it is good journalistic policy too. The public get tired of an old personal controversy, however much a certain class of readers may relish a present or recent scandal, and a battered antagonist becomes at last a hero. I am satisfied that the reading public of your colony contains enough intelligent educated men to support a high class of newspaper, in which no trace of personal hostility is seen, and I am satisfied of it, because I have seen it in a smaller community than this. In the paper of which I speak, early and

him to see the best side in other men's characters, and to draw out the best points in those he associated with, making them, as has been said by a distinguished man, "feel themselves distinctly the better for his interviews and intercourse."

An instance of his uncompromising manner of viewing things may be mentioned. Discussing one day with a friend some of the difficulties of young officers with regard to expenses and extravagance, his companion, a younger man, spoke of being more careful. "No!" he said, "it's no use talking of being *more careful*, and trying to ease a thing off; my principle is, that if I found a thing interfering with my duty to my life, I would cut it off, root and branch—make an end of it at once; that is the only way."

copious 'news,' carefully selected, and judicious reprints, and bold and fair examination of public policy were the chief characteristics. If it were necessary to deal with the character of a public man it was done judicially and without passion. But I have already said more than I intended, and will end by offering you for your next miscellaneous column, three extracts from a book of autographs, to which M. Guizot, M. Thiers, and Prince Bismark had been invited to contribute. M. Guizot wrote 'Ma longue vie m'a appris deux sagesses, l'une de pardonner beaucoup, et l'autre de ne rien oublier;' which being shewn to M. Thiers, he added, 'Un peu d'oubli ne nuit pas à la sincérité du pardon.' Prince Bismark had further added, 'J'ai appris dans ma longue vie deux choses, l'une d'oublier beaucoup, et l'autre de me faire pardonner beaucoup.'

"Which being interpreted may be read :—

"'My long life has taught me to forget nothing, though I may forgive much.'

"'To forget now and then does not lessen the genuineness of the forgiveness.'

"'In my long life I have learnt to forget much, and to seek forgiveness for many things.'

"But this does not give the *finesse* of the original, which is entirely French in its neatness and cleverness. Have you seen the speech of Mr. Froude's, which I enclose? It seems to me admirable, and worth your attention. I was about sending it to you when I received your note."

And yet, mixed with these great and even stern qualities, there was in him, when he was free from the cares or weight of work, a cheerfulness amounting to gaiety, a light-hearted joyousness, which enabled him to derive intense pleasure from the smallest things, and which made him enjoy a holiday with a brightness and merriment not surpassed by the youngest of his midshipmen.

It was a rare occurrence for him to speak of his inner life and thoughts, and of his faith; and therefore, to many who thought they knew him well, the last few days of his life were as a revelation, and they then first learnt what was the secret spring of the life they had admired and revered.

The Commodore sailed from Sydney in the Pearl on the 14th of June, in order to convey to Fiji the newly-appointed governor, Sir Arthur Gordon. He intended after leaving Fiji to visit the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands and Duke of York's Island, to stop a short time at Brisbane, and to be back at Sydney in October!

The passage to Fiji was a rapid one; and after a stay of three weeks in the Group, he again sailed westward. On the day before he left Fiji an address was presented to him by the settlers of that colony, a duplicate of one which had been presented to Mr. Layard a few weeks before.

The following is taken from the *Fiji Times* of July 14th:—

"The Pearl left en route for the New Hebrides yesterday. Wherever she may cruise she will carry with her the hearty good wishes of all Europeans in the group, for in the Commodore we universally recognise so many noble attributes of worth, that they have endeared him in the memory of us all. By his action in the matter we are mainly indebted for annexation, for all his reports

to head-quarters bore the unmistakable mark of truthfulness; they contrasted with the prejudicial statements which had been made against the white residents; and they helped to clear away the many erroneous impressions that had by malice and evil speaking been formed in England of the Fijis. In another column will be found an account of the presentation of an address to him from the colonists, and we unhesitatingly say that never was a more popular movement initiated than the offering of a tribute of respect to Commodore Goodenough.

"ADDRESS TO COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.

"On Monday morning a deputation of gentlemen waited on Commodore Goodenough, on board the Pearl, to present to him a very beautifully illuminated address as an emblem of the respect he was held in, and the services he had so generously rendered to the Europeans resident in the Fijis by so nobly aiding them to achieve annexation with Great Britain. The Commodore has always been our friend, and his quiet and courteous bearing to rich and poor alike, his evident desire to soothe and allay all angry feelings when times were troubled and passions ran high in Levuka, secured for him that prestige that he will carry wherever he may be called upon to again so loyally serve his Queen, and so justly his countrymen. The morning of Monday dawned rather unpropitiously for going off to vessels lying at anchorage, as a stiff wind was blowing from the south, and some heavy rollers rendered the occupancy of a waterman's boat not the most enjoyable pastime in the world. Eleven o'clock was fixed for the meeting of the deputation, and at that hour Messrs. O. Cudlip, Rupert Ryder, G. W. Richardson, H. Hunter, A. Martelli, G. L. Griffiths, C. R. Forwood, P. Sullivan, and Dr. Cruickshank met and proceeded to Smith's wharf, where some boats from the Pearl were ready to take them off—a graceful compliment on the part of the Commodore, who, being apprised of their intended visit, had placed a boat's crew at their service. Arrived on board, they were received by Commodore Goodenough and his officers, and

inasmuch as they all enjoyed the pleasure of his friendship already, a cordial recognition ensued. Reverting to the direct cause of the visit, Mr. Cudlip in a few well-chosen observations introduced the deputation, remarking upon the honour they all felt at being chosen to convey the expression of respect and esteem of all their fellow-colonists to the Commodore. It was to them a proud occasion to approach as deputies one who had so significantly proved himself the father of England's youngest colony, as Commodore Goodenough.

"Mr. Rupert Ryder read the address and presented it to the Commodore, which contained the following words :—

"'To Commodore James G. Goodenough, R.N., commanding Her Majesty's Squadron on the Australian Station.

"'Sir,—We, the undersigned, residents in Fiji, beg to express our appreciation of your services while acting as Commissioner in conjunction with Mr. Consul Layard, for the purpose of enquiring into the condition of this country. The happy result of which has been the annexation of these islands to Great Britain, brought about mainly by the firmness, diplomacy, and untiring zeal which you evinced while carrying out the duties of your commission. And we trust that you will be pleased to receive this Address as a recognition by us of services rendered on your part, which very substantially benefit us, and secures to our mother country a possession we fervently trust will ere long rank as one of the most valuable of her colonies. Your uniform unvarying kindness and courtesy has won for you the esteem and respect of all.

"'Wishing you long life and every happiness, we have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servants,'

"(*Here follow the signatures.*)

"The Commodore was evidently deeply gratified at this testimony to his worth, and replied as follows :—

"'Gentlemen,—I thank you very heartily for the kind Address which you present to me. It is most gratifying to receive such an expression of good-will from a body of my fellow-countrymen.

"'In the enquiry which I came here to institute, I had the happiness to be associated with an officer whose honour and loyalty will long be remembered here. If, together with him, I have helped to obtain fair consideration for this community, whose character had been greatly misrepresented; and if, by the cession of this country to Great Britain, your interests are advanced, while peace and increase are secured to our native fellow-subjects, I shall look back with satisfaction to our protracted labours here.

"'I thank you for your good wishes, and desire for the residents in Fiji, of either race and every rank, the health and happiness which are due to industry and honesty of purpose, to mutual respect and fellow-kindness.'

"The deputation were then invited to the Commodore's quarters, and about an hour was very pleasantly spent in conversation, in which the future of Fiji was very lengthily and pleasantly discussed, the Commodore entering into all our industries and resources, and really by his sound advice so freely and kindly given, he stimulated the planters and merchants to renewed hopes of happy days in store for us. With the interchange of mutual good wishes and an early renewal of companionship with the popular Commodore in Levukan waters, the deputation retired, being conveyed again to shore in the boats considerately placed at their disposal.

"We must not forget to mention that the Address was another instance of Mr. Klinesmith's beautiful penmanship. The subjects treated on in the heading and bordering were beautiful specimens of etching, and display the taste and talent of the artist, whose work elicited warm approbation from the officers who viewed it."

From Fiji the Pearl proceeded to Rotumah, the New Hebrides, and the Santa Cruz group, full accounts of which islands he gives in the journal, from which the following extracts are taken:—

July 22nd, Havannah Harbour, Vaté.—Landed at 7 A.M., with Mr. Macdonald, and five natives to carry things. Went

up the valley for about four miles and a half, passing through the village of Male Vau, the people rather frightened; and all, the women especially, so filthy and hideous, quite shocking; the women smeared with turmeric and ochre. This all on the flat, rising perhaps a hundred feet. We then rose nine hundred or a thousand feet to the top of a great *crête*, and found just the same coral rag at the top as at the bottom. At three-fifths, or three-fourths, of the way up, I saw a piece of coral with well-marked structure. What evidence of age! Only just the heart of the island seems to be volcanic, and all the rest great, outreaching, uplifted coral beds, in four or five terraces, and much worn and cut away. From the hill-top I suppose we may have gone two to three miles more, making, perhaps, nine miles in all; and got to a small village, little more than a family. There were but four men, five women, and two boys of seven to nine years old—all hideous and dreadful alike. One man had been in Queensland, and, except a few words of English, was quite undistinguishable from the others. All were frightened when we appeared. The women ran away, but they re-appeared after a bit; and we sat down to chat and eat our luncheon. I got a good spear and a good club. The spear is called *ola-ngau—ola*, spear: *ngau*, the sort of spear. The club is called *tipu soleh —i.e.* that sort of club. There is, they say, another sort; but I did not see it. We gave them some tobacco, and some of my orange-coloured handkerchiefs, which took greatly. Never were more filthy people. After lunch we walked to a waterfall. The water runs over a soapy earth, like that at Suva in Fiji; and which is, I doubt not, the fine detritus from coral beds, not a volcanic stone. Gathered a few crotons, then turned back, and came a slightly different way, descending earlier to the valley, and passing at its foot, or nearly so, another village, Malasinga. I first was seen by a man chopping wood, who fled in dismay and seized his double-barrelled gun; but soon recovered himself, and all came out. They were about twenty or thirty in number, and the chief, whose house I paced, thirty-four paces good, quite a hundred feet long, but otherwise like others, was a more important

person. He had five wives, and, so far as I could make out, no children. The Brisbane man was a most objectionable, impertinent chap, and was the husband of a woman who had been in Fiji, and was more intelligent-looking and good-natured than the others. She spoke a little English too. I only saw one child, of about nine, a girl. The Brisbane man, however, got some cocoa-nuts, and gave them to us. All the men were chewing kava, and spitting into cocoa-nut shells, and spoke with their mouths full of the great ball of filthy stuff. Hence down the valley, and touched at another village on the stream, which is here clear, sweet, and swift. Here all were frightened too. There was one child of two years here. All these villages have their ancestral lallies, and we passed four groups in decay, where villages had once been, but were no longer—a wretched sight indeed. Counting *Escena*, this makes five villages, which have between them but about two hundred people; about six or eight children of over four or five, and only about three below two years. In thirty years there will be scarcely a single one left; it is no doubt to be attributed to infanticide, and to the procuring of abortion.

July 25th.—Stood on till 3.40 A.M.; then wore. The breeze had been very fresh in the channel, but light under the land. Made a tack at 7, and at 7.40 came to an anchor under Dip Point (Ambrym), or to westward of it, on a beautifully regular bank of soundings, in seven fathoms, black sand. The whole shore here is just volcanic dust of centuries; the point of the cliff is of the same. The dust from the volcano fell continually on the deck during the night, and one had a coppery smell in nose and mouth; but it is delightfully cool and pleasant. Many natives came down, one waving a branch. Women, too, came to the beach; but men and women were apart. The men wore a mat girdle, with a red ribbon; the women, a titi of leaves. Men and women in groups apart. A canoe was launched, bearing a man with a bunch of cock's feathers, and came within a ship's length, then turned and went on shore again. On her landing, the women ran along the beach, breaking off boughs of trees and waving them. I saw an

Albino—the lads walking with their arms round each other's necks, the girls *folâtrant* (this is more like Polynesia).

I landed with Perry at 2 P.M., close under the point. A crowd of natives met us, filthy dirty and friendly, feeling our arms and backs to see the size. One spoke English, and quickly gave me a number of words, with very fair intelligence of my meaning.* We were asked at once to go up to the village, and went up accompanied by a crowd, who wanted us to buy all sorts of things in the way of food—yams, taro, cocos (root), bananas, cocoa-nuts; but offered no other things. One wore a bundle of pigs'-tails round his arm, with a bit of mother-of-pearl, &c.; another, bracelets, two inches wide, of tortoise-shell. Many had pigs' teeth. In their ears were often curls of tortoise-shell, and about their necks cords of a fine white fibre of, I think, screw-pine, with two or three pigs' tusks, like horns, curling up and behind the neck.

I walked up to the village, and was shown the idols leaning against a palisade of bamboos, thirty and forty feet long; a screen in front, of canes, and a roof overhead of light canes too. I afterwards visited three other villages, and found the arrangements identical. The idols are of fern-stalk, or of a sort of palm; a head, with eyes, nose, and mouth, gigantic, and with little arms coming down from the hair. In one case there was a woman's figure, with breasts; the style is very New Zealand indeed. They are coloured with anatto and lime, white and red; eyes in concentric circles, or diagonal stripes. The dead are buried all about, and I should imagine that this is again a worship of ancestors, for many figures are standing about, some old; and in the first village of *Wâkou* there was a double set, one oldish and one brand new. In the fourth village of *Lowea* I afterwards bought one, which was standing by itself and rotting, and therefore twenty or twenty-five years old; but its paint was pretty fresh. But it is different from any other, having a beak made from part of a root, and being of hard wood. They took two knives for it. In each village a tall *lalli*, pointed and hollow, formed a central

* See Appendix.

spot to the burial and idol-ground. The idols or ancestors each had a stone, or one or more small circles of stones near; and a man who spoke a few words of English said that pigs were brought there to be killed. At two of four villages the chief's house contained crooked knees of wood, fairly carved, which it was explained to me were for the purpose of killing pigs; and at Lowea a man was pointed out to me as either the priest or talking man, whose office it was to kill pigs at the sacrificial stone, by striking them on the head. I imagine this to take place at the great wake or fair or ceremony which, as in the island of Vaté, takes place after the figures or memorials of ancestors are set up. At Vaté, according to the Rev. Mr. Macdonald, it is customary to have thirty days' feasting on the inauguration of new *lallies*. The four villages which I visited are exactly alike in all respects. The chief's house has some distinction, being enclosed by a fence or wall, called *wáru-war;* and there is a public-house. The houses are low, not more than 5 ft. 6 in. high for the chief, and 5 ft. for the others, and grimy with smoke; and things are stuck up in the thatch of the roof for security. The women live apart, I imagine; but am not sure. Men have two and three, and I was shown one man who had five, wives. Either to-day is one of their own gala days, or it was because we had come that every one was painted, the women more than the men, and in red and white, horizontal stripes, spots, concentric circles, and thus:

too dreadfully filthy. When they peeped to look at us, they were generally chased away by the men, who reviled them. They all

wore titis, called *tiwiin.* The men's girdle (of bark) is called *wáwa;* a narrow string of plaited grass goes over this, and is called *tel.*

I walked along the beach from the point to the west, which is all volcanic dust, to a bluff of conglomerate (yellow), not hard, of mud and small bits of basalt. On the beach are consolidated flat slabs of bits of coral, rounded bits of basalt as big as large peas. The beach is all black basaltic sand. I should say the whole is rising, without doubt. At each village was some fellow who spoke English; two had been in Fiji, three in Port Mackay. None wished to return. Lots of very nice-looking pigs here. I came off at 6.

July 26th.—Landed, at 9.30, at Wâkou, and tried to get an image, without success; also a pig-killing stick, but in vain. Got some adzes and a club (good). Met a man who had come in his canoe all the way from Rodd's anchorage, or near it. He and others gave me the names of all the villages along the coast. I wanted to establish the fact of the existence or non-existence of tribal wars, and asked, "Was he afraid?" "Did they fight?" And they all declared that they were friendly, and never fought with any one, and never eat men. I am inclined to believe this. When I repeated this the man said, "No, no; no kill man! All same missionary, no kill! Port Mackay, very bad man; he shoot, he kill black fellow. No, all same here!"

I saw by the way a skull which Perry bought, and at the chief's house a piece of a human thigh-bone, shaped off to pare out the inside of a cocoa-nut, and well polished. Coming off, Messer told us that, while sketching, a boy stole up to him and measured his nose with a straw, broke the straw off, and went gently and thoughtfully away.

On the 11th of August the Commodore landed at Vanikoro, the inhabitants of which island have generally been very unfriendly. He, however, met with a very satisfactory reception, which not only pleased him, but strengthened

his perhaps too great confidence in native friendliness if only they were approached in a conciliatory manner.

August 11th.—Weighed at 7.30 A.M., and sounded on no less than three patches which were not on the chart. I took a cutter and whaler away at 9, and ran inside the reef to a village called Mumbola in the chart, and by the people now, and then on to Payon and Nenna, and so out to the ship by 5.30 P.M. The sun burning hot. The sea was very high when we started, and we shipped quantities of water, baling for dear life as we went, till inside the reef. The chart seems correct, but there are many patches unmarked in the chart, and it would be very unsafe to bring a ship in, besides being quite needless. As we got near Mumbola we saw a canoe, and she beckoned us onward, so both boats went in. A man came out to the cutter, so I got hold of him, and gave him a sulu, and got him into the boat. He slapped his breast, opened his mouth, which was full of betel nut (quite crammed), and called himself *Aliki*, chief. The present of a sulu was opportune. He was delighted, and waved it to his fellows on shore, who were quite ready now to come and talk. His teeth were black with chewing betel, and he kept on taking more, tearing the nut, snatching the leaves and lime, and devouring in haste like a beast of prey. These fellows had bows of six feet, and arrows of four, well ornamented. My friend, who slapped himself, and called me Aliki, again took me by the hand, and led me to the public-house, thirty feet by twenty, with side walls and posts carved with fish, of which I brought away a couple. We then began to bargain. I got a paddle and some very pretty neat mats. Perry got some words, and I a few, but it was not easy, as about twenty-five fellows were round us, and all talked together, bargaining, &c. An unhappy fellow covered with scales of a sort of ringworm was the most intelligent. Some of these people were much lighter than others, and there came down one light-coloured man with cropped hair, famously got up with ear-rings, bracelets of beads, armlets, leglets. A most picturesque figure, but as wild

as a hawk. He hovered outside the circle first, then came near. I held out my hand; he thought I wanted his girdle, and it was long before I could make him understand that shaking hands meant a friendly act. I offered him a small hatchet for his ear-rings, which he gave me: a bunch of tortoiseshell rings and a ring of shell in each. The dress is a bark girdle, with four or five turns of a black rattan on it. A piece of tapa, thick and beaten out of the *Vau*, makes the maro. It was altogether a friendly visit, and both sides were pleased. They were ready to part with what they had, and were not suspicious in handing it over. We saw no sign of a woman, save the fine mats, which I suppose they had made. Some ship's canvas was in one hut, unused and therefore spare; and a sheet of copper, thick, heavy, red copper, was used as a door-sill to a hut. I am sorry I did not bring it away. It was too thick for sheathing, and had moreover never been used. Another sheet, but sheathing, and yellow metal, and torn from a vessel's side, was used in like manner at another house. I only went into one house or two, and in these were a stone or two as rudimentary Penates—round stones, and in one a skull was laid carefully on a board over it. We parted "with mutual expressions of good-will," as they would say, but which one can't say here, as the form, where there is any form at all, is at most, "*You stay! I go!*"* I imagine they said something of this sort. We went on, eating our dinner, and ran down to Payon, near where the "Sandfly" was insulted by a skull being laid on a piece of tapa on a point. There is but one house, and that a poor one. There was a skull—perhaps the very one—on a board over the place where the household god is kept, the black stone. The people of this village, probably sixteen or twenty, including women and children, had all vanished (as they did to-day) up the stream in a canoe. After looking about, and leaving a sulu on a stick, we went on, seeing no hut, or canoe, or sign of inhabitant, till past the extreme west point, where were two houses and a hut

* The only Fijian form for "Good-bye."

for dead men's skulls, abandoned, as I suppose, six or eight months ago. And this is all. The whole of Vanikoro at a greater rate than this cannot have more than six hundred people on it of any sort. Where are they? I imagine excess in betel nut, and excess in other ways, and child murder, and disease, to have killed them all. The whole coast without exception is surrounded by mangroves and "tiri." None of it looks fit for man at all; the few sandy beaches are the least uninviting. In a very few more years the last man will vanish. And then? The island is, I imagine, fit for very little. Cocoa and coffee may grow, but how little! And what a prospect as climate!

Came away at about 4.15 P.M., and stood under sail in nice smooth water right over the reef, carrying three feet, and getting to the ship at about 5.15, tremendously burnt by the sun. Ran away towards Santa Cruz under topsails, four and five knots.

[*This is the last entry in the Journal.*]

He had determined not to go to Nukapu, where Bishop Patteson was killed, as he thought the risk too great; but he was particularly anxious to communicate with Carlisle Bay, as an English man-of-war had, some months before, been attacked there; though he felt that there was a special risk attending the landing at that spot, and he told one of his officers later that before landing he had a feeling that something might occur, and had, therefore, before leaving the ship added a few words to an unfinished letter to his wife, in the event of any accident. He at first intended to go in in the ship, but finding there was not water enough, he left the ship outside the reef and took in only boats. The story of the landing he tells himself in a letter written a few days later. The natives seemed friendly, and invited him and the officers who were with him to come into

their houses, then to accompany them to another village. He started to do this, but after 300 yards thought it imprudent and turned back, ordering everyone to the boats. When all but himself, two officers, and his coxswain were in the boats, a native, four yards from him, shot an arrow which struck him in the left side, and which was immediately followed by a volley of arrows. He shouted "To the boats!" and then rushed down, and, amid flights of arrows, which wounded five men and himself again slightly in the head, shoved off.

The ship was about a mile off. In the boat the Commodore was very faint from the pain of his wound, which his secretary, Mr. Perry, was sucking; but he soon revived, and came up the side of the ship briskly, desiring that the wounded should be attended to; the boats were hoisted up, as he intended to sail at once. But, after his wound had been dressed, and he had ascertained that no provocation had been offered by anyone of his party, he thought right to mark his displeasure at this act of treachery by burning the few huts where the outrage had occurred, giving strict orders that no life should be taken or risked, and that blank cartridge should be fired to scare the natives away before the sailors landed.

This was done, and the Pearl sailed for Mota, to leave orders for other ships before proceeding south, which the surgeon pronounced a necessary precaution for the safety of the wounded.

The Commodore was at once placed in the sick list, and confined to his bed, except for a short time each day. The

first two days he slept a great deal. He was cheerful and hopeful, but fully realising and contemplating the danger which he was in, and even the probability of a fatal issue; and those around him soon observed a settled calm and deliberation in all that he said and did, which seemed to speak of some great step or resolve taken. On the Sunday he desired the chaplain to give thanks publicly at Service that he and others had not been cut off suddenly, but had had time to prepare for death, if death should come—to use his own words, "for a deliverance, in the thought of which, he had been led to look more closely into the things which are hereafter."

On Monday and Tuesday he continued pretty well. On Tuesday he sat up for some time, writing the following letter. In it he speaks of being quite well but for a pain in his back—this was the first sign of the fatal disease. While he was writing this letter someone came into the cabin, and he put it down with an unfinished sentence—never to resume it again. With the exception of signing some despatches two days later, these were the last words written.

OFF SANTA CRUZ, *Thursday, August 12th*, 1875.

I am going on shore* to the spot where the Sandfly was last year, to see if I can't make friends with the unfortunates, who

* On the morning of the 12th the Pearl was off Carlisle Bay (Santa Cruz), and the Commodore sent in two boats to take soundings. It was found to be impossible to take the ship in, and she then proceeded to Byron Bay, which she entered. As soon as the ship was at anchor it was found that there was scarcely room for her to swing in safety, and she immediately steamed out again, returning off Carlisle Bay, when the Commodore went in with the boats at about 2.0 p.m.

seem most friendly and anxious to be civil, by coming out to us in canoes, and looking as if they wished to please.

Tuesday, August 17th.—But I was disappointed. I take it they are an untractable people, without much respect for authority or for each other. I wrote the above on Thursday thinking that in the very remote possibility of anything occurring you should have my last word. I went on shore with two boats, but as I got near the shore I saw a number of canoes hastening to the place at which I was going to land, so made signal for a third to follow. As we drew in to the shore canoes came about us, eager, vociferous, and friendly, and with a rather villanous look. They are big compared to some other islanders about here, are not at all dark, some being very light, and with very light hair; but betel-nut chewing is universal. All mouths are full of a chocolate and black masticated mass, and teeth are as black as jet, with great lumps of the lime with which they chew the betel adhering as "tartar" to their teeth. After touching the beach,* I remained for some minutes in the boat, so as not to alarm the people by too sudden moves or gestures, and gave away some pieces of calico, bargaining at the same time a knife or two for some pretty matting. Gradually they seemed to be less timid, and one man came up with a present of a little yam, and I gave him some calico, with which he seemed pleased.† They then began to beckon us individually up to their village close to, and we went up with all precaution, keeping our eyes about us, and the third boat's crew remaining on the beach. It came on to rain

* The boats were at first nearing the shore at a place rather more to the right than where they eventually touched, but a native, waving a green bough, motioned to them to come further along the beach, and then with his bough pointed to a spot for the boats to land, and which was immediately below the stone wall presently mentioned.

† The Commodore offered a man a piece of calico for something. The man made signs that he wanted three times as much calico, upon which the Commodore gave him all he asked for, at the same time declining to take what the man had, saying to some one near, "You see he understands my way of dealing; he sees I am a chief."

heavily, and at their invitation we went into the houses nearest the beach,* and under cover of a half-finished house. But after a time (for the rain was heavy, and for half an hour), I began to notice that they looked round, and withdrew themselves from every roof where we were, and were inclined to separate from us. Meantime the rain cleared up, and a man was very eager that I should accompany him along the beach to, as I suppose, the next village. The others remained by the boats, and I called eight or ten round me, and followed the man. However, after three hundred yards or more of beach † I saw the village a long way off, and said, "Oh! this isn't quite prudent; I must set an example of sticking to the orders which I have given. We'll visit the other village by boat;" and I tried to explain to my native friend that I would do so, and all of us turned back. As I got near the boats I said, "Order every one into the boats;" and seeing every one near, turned to see if any were behind me. I saw Harrison up a little passage between a stone wall and the side of a hut, and but just above the white coral sand beach, and went up to him to see what he was about and to be with him. He was bargaining for some arrows with a tall man, who held his bow in his left hand, and was twiddling his arrows in a rather hectoring way, as I thought. Casting my eye to the left, I saw a man with a gleaming pair of black eyes fitting an arrow to a string, and in an instant, just as I was thinking it must be a sham menace, and stared him in the face, *thud* came the arrow into my left side. I felt astounded. I shouted, "To the boats!" pulled the arrow out, and threw it away (for which I am sorry), and leapt down the beach, hearing a flight of arrows pass. At my first sight of them all were getting in and shoving off, and I leapt into the whaler; then feeling she was not clear of the ground, jumped out, and

* While in the house, the Commodore got some stones, and, arranging them on the ground, he tried to get some numbers from the natives; only one entry appears in his note-book— *lium*, five.

† A number of natives accompanied them, some following, some in the bush on the right.

helped to push her out into deep water, and while doing so another arrow hit my head a good sharp rap, leaving an inch and a half of its bone head sticking in my hat.* I ordered the armed men to fire, and instantly they fired the arrow flights ceased. I looked round, and the boats were clear of the beach. Perry immediately chewed and sucked my wound, and on my coxswain and cook saying they were hit, sucked their wounds too, which were quite slight. I asked, "Are all in the boats?" and was answered by Jones, the coxswain of the first cutter, "All in, sir! and I'm wounded." For a moment there was a doubt about Harrison, and I was just turning back when I saw his white coat myself in the other cutter, and ordered the boats to pull to the ship. Some of the men saw a native, who had wounded this Jones in the leg, drop wounded himself from a tree whose branches reached over the beach on to the sand. My only object in firing was to stop their arrows and to drive them off, and I went back to the ship, and hoisted the boats up, intending to do nothing to them.

Messer came at once, and dressed my wound, burning it well out with caustic, and putting on a poultice. The arrow seemed to have struck the rib,† and having been pulled out at once, no poison (supposing there to have been poison on them) could have become dissolved in the time.

Hastings then came, and *à tête reposée* I decided that it would be better to mark the insult in some way, and sent him in to burn the eight or nine huts of the village, taking care to run no risk of hurting either our own people or the wretched islanders.‡ All

* Six in all were wounded: the Commodore, his coxswain, and his cook (in the whaler), the coxswain of one of the cutters, and two young seamen named Rayner and Smale, one in each cutter—these two last fatally.

† This was afterwards found not to have been the case. The arrow penetrated about an inch, but in a slanting direction, and the wound not more than half an inch *deep*.

‡ The Commodore desired a ***blank*** volley to be fired before any one landed, to frighten away the natives, and to ensure no life being taken. He repeated this order three times.

this was done. The way of it was judicial enough to satisfy me, though it didn't satisfy the officers at all, or the men either. When Hastings came back I consulted what to do, and came to the determination to go back to Mota, and to leave orders for the Nymphe, and then to go south either to Brisbane or Sydney, as it would be a fortnight at least before I could get about enough to follow up the examination which I was making of the islands, supposing all was well—and supposing that the arrows were poisoned, and that tetanus appeared, then the very best climate would be wanted to give us all the least hope of recovery. The arrows did not look to be poisoned, and if they were, were probably too short a time in the wounds to let the poison take effect; but it was possible, and should be guarded against. So I turned and steamed to Mota,* and thence under sail to where I am now, off the north end of New Caledonia, so cool and fresh, and all doing well. . . . . To-day is Tuesday, just five days; it seems but a day. In five days more we shall be able to say that all danger of poisoning is over; but from the first moment I have kept the possibility steadily before me, so as to be prepared; it is very good to be brought to look upon a near death as more than usually probable. . . . . The weather is lovely, and entirely favourable to the little wounds, which are absurdly small. My only trouble is a pain in the small of my back, which is a little against my sleeping. I am exceedingly well. . . . . I have asked Perry to put out a statement for the papers, so that we may have no outrageously foolish stories. I can only imagine the motive to have been plunder, or a sort of running-a-muck. I don't feel

That evening the Commodore became uneasy; he passed a very restless night, getting no sleep until he had a soothing draught. On the Wednesday morning early the symptoms of tetanus became more marked, and by the

* Against a strong head wind.

middle of the day were undoubted. He had desired, some days before, to be told as soon as any alarming symptoms should occur; and early on Wednesday afternoon he was told that tetanus had set in. He received the announcement in silence, and with perfect calmness, merely asking, after a little while, how long it was likely to last; and as one or another of his officers came in to see him he told them that he was going to die, adding immediately that he had no fear, but perfect trust in God. The spasms became gradually more frequent and more severe; but he had, on the whole, a quiet night, his officers watching by him in turns. He occasionally wished to be read to from the Psalms for a short time, but spoke little, and slept between the spasms.

The same thing continued during Thursday morning, except that by this time the suffering was very much more severe, and the exhaustion and oppression in breathing greater. Early in the afternoon he wished for more air, and was helped to the after-cabin; but becoming very faint, he was assisted back to his bed. He, soon after, said to those who were with him, "I gather from your manner that I am going to die soon; if so, I should wish to see all the officers, to bid them good-bye."

They all assembled, and he spoke to them at length, taking an affectionate farewell of each, telling them how he had loved them all, how he had seen in each something worthy to be loved; and saying a kind and appropriate word of encouragement to each one, showing how well he knew their individual characters. He told them of his happiness in the love of God, of his readiness to die: bidding each one kiss him as a token that no hastiness on his part was unfor-

given by them. He then desired to take leave of the ship's company, and insisted on doing so, though it was feared at first that it might hurt him. He said :—"If I can only turn one soul to the love of God, if it were but the youngest boy in the ship, I must do it. Perhaps when they hear it from the lips of a dying man they will believe it."

He was carried out in his chair, wrapped in blankets, and laid on a bed on the quarter-deck, the ship's company being all around him. He begged the men to smile at him, and not to look sad. He told them that he was dying, and therefore he wished to say good-bye to them. He told them that he had had a very happy life, and now God was taking him away before he had any sorrow. He told them how happy he was in the sense of God's love and in the conviction that whatever happened was according to God's will ; and he exhorted them most earnestly to the love of God, saying, "The love which GOD Himself will give you if you trust Him is very great ; it will guide all your goings and doings." He begged them to try and resist when on shore the temptations to sin, which led them to break their leave and desert. "When you are tempted," he said, "think of the love of God."

He begged the older men, who had influence over the younger ones, to use it for good ; adding, "Will you do this for my sake ?" He begged the forgiveness—or rather he *took for granted* the forgiveness—of any who might feel he had been mistaken in his dealing with them, assuring them that he had always loved his ship's companies, even those among them whom he had punished, for that he had always seen some good even in the greatest offender. "As to those

poor natives," he added, "don't think about them and what they have done. It is not worth while; they couldn't know right from wrong. Perhaps some twenty or thirty years hence, when some good Christian man has settled among them and taught them, something may be learnt about it."

After again speaking of the vastness of God's love, he said, "Before I go back to die, I should like you all to say 'God bless you,'" which they did; and he then said, "May God Almighty bless you with His exceeding great love, and give you happiness such as He has given me!"

He then shook hands with all the petty officers, having a special word for each; and then—again saying "Good-bye" to all—he was carried back to his cabin. He had spoken for twenty minutes or more; his voice, which was very weak at first, became quite strong and clear as he went on. On getting back to his bed, he said, "Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be done now, but to lie down and die quietly!"

He soon fell asleep, and his strength never returned. He had said he thought he should die in three hours, but twenty-four passed before the end came. The spasms became much more violent, but were never as severe as is often the case in tetanus. All through they were much subdued by his immense force of will and self-control, and with the help of sedatives he slept between, and took all the nourishment that was offered to him. But through all, his patience, his faith, his entire acceptance of the stroke as being the will of God, never failed for an instant; he never complained of the pain; he was constantly smiling, even during the spasms; his one theme was the love of God;

and the only complaint that was heard was, that he had no breath left to praise God for all His mercies. He constantly asked after the others; he knew that two of the men, Rayner and Smale, had tetanus, but did not know that Rayner died on the Thursday night. Smale lived till the Saturday morning.

He had studied the subject of tetanus, and seemed to anticipate greater suffering even than he endured. He also seems to have thought over different phases of approaching death, for he said, "If bad words were heard from him, those with him were to leave him, as it would not be his spirit speaking." Also that he had thought that, at the last, some dark picture of his life might rise up before him; instead of which God would only let him dwell on the words, "With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." These words, he said, were a little window which God had opened to him in Heaven; and he said to the chaplain, "If in pain I cannot smile, let me see you smile, and do you repeat those words." And to these words he always responded with a smile or a word, up to within a very short time of his death.

At the time that he was very faint on the Thursday afternoon, he was given some brandy-and-water. When he put it to his lips he looked up with a smile, saying, "Why, this is pure brandy-and-water. I oughtn't to be faithless at the last." And, turning to the surgeon, he said, "Do you think I ought to drink it?" and only took it when begged to do so. The same evening he said to one of those near him, "If the pain gets much worse, do you think it would be a want of faith if I asked for more brandy?"

So entirely did he feel himself in God's hands, that he was prepared to accept whatever was sent. He said at one time, "I have often used bad words in my life, but now though the pain is so great, I couldn't use bad words if I wished; I'm not allowed to. Everything is so smoothed for me—the pain only seems to come when I am able to bear it."

After the Friday morning he spoke but little, though to the last he responded when directly spoken to. About noon he woke up from a short sleep, looking a little dazed. He said, "I have quite forgotten all about everything." Then, seeing the commander by his side, he turned to him, saying, "Hastings, you will do all that is right;" and then, having given up all his earthly charge, he dropped back, and took little notice of anything more.

He died at a quarter past five on Friday afternoon, August 20th,* so quietly and peacefully that the exact moment was only perceptible to him who held his pulse.

. . . . . .

The Commodore had given directions that the Pearl should not go on to Sydney without first sending a telegram to announce his death. A boat was therefore sent in to Port Stephens, about ninety miles north of Sydney, on Sunday afternoon, and the news telegraphed; and on Monday morning, about an hour after the tidings had been received, the Pearl steamed into Sydney harbour, with yards scandalised, and the ensign and broad-pendant flying half-mast.

The news created a profound sensation, and the greatest sympathy and interest were evinced by all classes. In

* In lat. 30° 19′ S., long. 156° 55′ E., about 500 miles from Sydney.

a few hours the following Gazette Extraordinary was published :—

"COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE, SYDNEY,
23rd August, 1875.

"His Excellency the Governor, with feelings of deep regret for the public loss sustained, announces to the Colony the death, on Friday, August 20th, from wounds received at Santa Cruz, on the 12th of the same month, of James G. Goodenough, C.B., C.M.G., Captain and Commodore commanding the Australian Station.

"The funeral procession will move from Milsom's Point, North shore, at three o'clock P.M. to-morrow, August 24th, and his Excellency, with a desire to show every possible respect to the memory of the deceased, directs that the public offices should be closed, and invites the attendance of all officers of the Government.

"By his Excellency's command,

"JOHN ROBERTSON, *Colonial Secretary.*"

The funeral took place on the following afternoon, Tuesday, August 24th, at St. Leonard's cemetery, on the north shore of Sydney harbour, and was attended by the Governor of New South Wales, the crews of H.M. Ships Pearl, Sappho, and Renard, a large number of volunteers, and several thousands of the inhabitants of Sydney, as well as by his wife and two sons.

The coffin of the Commodore (which bore the inscription, "Commodore James Graham Goodenough, died August 20th, 1875, aged 44 years,") was placed on a gun-carriage covered by the Union-Jack, and with his sword, hat, epaulettes, and medals on it ; and was drawn by his galley's crew. The coffins of the two young seamen (neither of whom was more than eighteen years old) were placed side by side on a second gun-carriage. The Commodore's two little boys followed immediately after the coffins.

The cemetery is about two miles from the landing-place, and quite in the Bush; and there the three graves had that morning been dug by a party of marines from the Pearl; side by side, that of the Commodore being the centre one; and there were laid to rest the three sailors who had fallen in the same manner—the Commodore resting in death as he had lived, as he had died, in the midst of his men.

The following verses, which appeared in the next morning's paper, speak of what was felt by many in that community:—

IN MEMORIAM.

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.

Slowly the long procession moves, with solemn muffled sound,
Ere one of England's noblest men is laid in new-world ground.
Yea, bear him to the sailor's grave with every mourning rite,—
Perished he yet more bravely than hero in the fight!
For, when the utmost yet is done that public grief can show,
Not half expressed the deep respect that in each heart must flow.
Ah, truly by such holy dead our virgin earth is blest.
We pray our sons may worthy be one day by him to rest.

Another martyr added to the heathen's cruel score,
One who, within the sailor's heart, Christ's healing mission bore.
A man *of* whom, nor yet *from* whom ne'er one unloving word
Throughout his pure peace-breathing life by human ears was heard.
Not long he dwelt among us; but noble natures spread
Their influence quickly, and on all their hallowing radiance shed.
Of those who loved him, who can tell the burden of their cross?
And those who knew not still must mourn the country's deep-felt loss.

God of the world, Thy ways are strange! Thou takest thus the man
Whose noble life would seem the most to help in Thy great plan
Of good for all Thine erring children—one whose very face
Spoke of strong Godward aim, with calm soul-winning grace—
A chief who held as holy charge all those beneath his power,
Who judged their souls—not mere machines—with the immortal dower
Of choice 'twixt right and wrong, and led them on straight for the right,
Sparing not self so he might guide by pure example's light.

And yet, oh Lord, Thou makest bare the place which none can fill,
But leavest those for lengthened years who, more than useless, still

Blight by their evil contact! No, we cannot see the Why,
The Wherefore of Thy work. Earth's shadows dim the mortal eye;
We can but trust the all-wise Father, and e'en by that very death
Of peace and love—when, Christlike to the end, with ebbing breath,
He all forgave his foes—perchance some wakened hearts were blest,
Whom their loved Commodore shall watch with joy from his far Rest.

August 24.

The feeling shown on the receipt of the news at Levuka in Fiji, was most marked: not only were shops and places of business closed, but even all the bars were immediately shut up for the rest of the day. A public meeting was called, and numerously attended (the Governor presiding), to express the feeling of the great loss which the colony had sustained, and the sympathy felt by its inhabitants for the death of the Commodore; and the following message from the Governor (Sir Arthur Gordon) to the Legislative Council was shortly after published in the *Fiji Royal Gazette*, giving so faithful and so appreciative a description of the Commodore, that it forms a fitting conclusion to these pages:—

"The Governor is confident that every member of the Legislative Council shares the deep sorrow with which his Excellency has received intelligence of the death, on the 20th ultimo, of the late Commodore James Goodenough, C.B., C.M.G., Commanding Her Majesty's Ships on the Australian Station.

"Gifted with great natural ability, possessing an amount of general culture rare among the members of a profession the arduous duties of which leave little time for acquirements not directly connected with their discharge, and combining in an unusual degree largeness of view and gentleness of disposition with restless energy and force of will, Commodore Goodenough was no ordinary man, and a career of eminent distinction seemed evidently to lie before him.

"Although not confounding the labour traffic with the abuses by which it has been sometimes disgraced, Commodore Goodenough had a keen sense of the evils inflicted under colour of it, to which he had himself been a witness, and both felt and expressed the strongest sympathy with the natives of Polynesia.

"Like Bishop Patteson, he has fallen by the hands of those whom he desired to befriend; and, like Bishop Patteson, has but too probably been a victim of the sins of other men who have as yet escaped all human punishment.

"His public services, his intimate connection with the events which led to the assumption of British sovereignty over these islands, and the deep interest he took in the welfare and development of the new Colony, are known to all; and the Board, his Excellency has no doubt, will desire to record its sense of the loss which has been sustained by the Colony, by the service of which he was a distinguished ornament, by the British nation, and by the Queen. Those only, however, can fully appreciate the true magnitude of that loss, who, like his Excellency, have had the advantage of Commodore Goodenough's close personal acquaintance, and know by how high a sense of duty both to God and man every act of his public and private life was regulated.

"By command,

"A. E. HAVELOCK, *Colonial Secretary.*

"NASOVA, *September 16th*, 1875."

The monument to Commodore Goodenough and his men consists of a freestone base on steps, surmounted by a tall marble cross, over the Commodore's grave, and two smaller crosses, with their names and ages over the seamen's graves. In the centre of the marble cross is carved SANTA CRUZ, and round its base are the words oftenest on the Commodore's lips during his last hours—"*God is Love;*" "*With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.*"

On a marble slab, let into the block of freestone below, is the following inscription :—

HERE SLEEPS
JAMES GRAHAM GOODENOUGH,
ROYAL NAVY, C.B., C.M.G.,
CAPTAIN AND COMMODORE 2ND CLASS,
COMMANDING THE AUSTRALIAN STATION.
BORN 3RD DECEMBER, 1830,
AT GUILDFORD, SURREY.
DIED 20TH AUGUST, 1875,
AT SEA,
ON BOARD HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "PEARL,"
FROM ARROW WOUNDS
RECEIVED ON 12TH AUGUST OF THE SAME YEAR,
AT CARLISLE BAY, IN THE ISLAND OF
SANTA CRUZ,
WHICH HE WAS VISITING
FOR THE PURPOSE OF ESTABLISHING FRIENDLY RELATIONS
WITH THE NATIVES,
WHO, NOT KNOWING WHAT THEY DID, KILLED
THEIR TRUEST FRIEND.

HE SAILED AWAY TO DIE,
REFUSING TO ALLOW A SINGLE LIFE TO BE TAKEN
IN RETALIATION.

IN HIS LAST DAYS
GOD WAS ABUNDANTLY GLORIFIED,
HAVING REVEALED HIMSELF TO HIS SERVANT IN GREAT LOVE.
HIS DEATH WAS A TRIUMPHANT VICTORY.

ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM
RESTS
A SEAMAN
WHO DIED IN THE SAME MANNER.

ERECTED BY
HIS WIFE
AND
THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF
H.M.S. "PEARL."

Of the feeling and sympathy shown in England on the receipt of this sad intelligence, it is scarcely necessary to speak.

The public prints contained many testimonies to the elevation of his character, and to the variedness of his abilities; his friends and brother officers bore witness to his genial and loving disposition; while from many pulpits his consistent life and happy death were commented upon. The Dean of Westminster made them the theme of his sermon in the Abbey on All Saints' Day, concluding with the following words :—

"He rests far away, with other gallant sailors, in the burial-ground of Sydney, in Australia. But he, though dead and far away, yet speaks to us here. He tells us by his life what a happy and glorious thing is a good and Christian service of our country and our fellow-creatures. He tells us in his death that it was the great love of God that sustained him in that happy life, and in that agonising but triumphant death. Englishmen!—young Englishmen!—soldiers! sailors!—yet not soldiers nor sailors, nor young men only—take courage from his example. When you are tempted to think goodness a dream, or the love of the Almighty a fable, when you are tempted to think lightly of sin, or to waste your time and health in frivolous idleness or foolish vices, or to despair of leading an upright, pure, and Christian life—remember Commodore Goodenough; and remember how in him self was absorbed in duty, and duty was transfigured into happiness, and death was swallowed up in victory."

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH'S LAST DESPATCH.

"H.M.S. 'PEARL,'
"AT SEA, LAT. 25° 2′ S., LONG. 159° 7′ E.,
"*19th August*, 1875.

"SIR,

"I have the honour to report, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, my proceedings since the date of my last general letter, No. 212, dated 31st July, 1875.

"I left St. Bartholomew Island on the 2nd August, and proceeded northwards, calling at Cape Lisburn and St. Philip and St. Jago Bay, in Espiritu Santo, on the 3rd and 4th, Mota on the 9th, and Vanikoro on the 11th, and arrived off Carlisle Bay, in Santa Cruz Island, on the 12th instant.

"I wished particularly to communicate with Carlisle Bay, where the *Sandfly* was attacked in September, last year, in order, if possible, to open a friendly intercourse with the natives. I therefore steamed off the entrance of the bay in the *Pearl*, and, finding the harbour too small for the ship to enter, I took two cutters and a whale-boat in to a village fronting the entrance.

"I landed with precaution, accompanied by several officers, made some presents, and bartered with a few things the natives brought down.

"The natives were in good numbers. Several of them had put off from different parts of the beach in canoes, some of which met the boats on their way to the shore.

"After remaining on shore three-quarters of an hour, and feeling satisfied with the advances which had been made, I ordered the party to prepare to leave for the ship.

"Every person was in, or close to the boats, except myself, Lieutenant Harrison, R.M.L.I., and Mr. Perry, my secretary, when a man standing between two huts, about four yards from me, fired an arrow, which struck me on the left side. I turned at once to the boats, which shoved off, receiving, at the same time, two or three flights of arrows, which struck five of the men and myself a

second time on the head. To stop the attack, a few shots from revolvers and rifles were fired, and the flights of arrows ceased, one native having been struck by our fire.

"I then proceeded on board. My first impulse was not to molest them; but, on considering the case, and being satisfied, after inquiry, that no person whatever on our side gave the least provocation, I thought it better to send in four boats, and burn the village where the attack had been made.

"The wounds appeared all slight; but as the arrows may be poisoned, and the cases may terminate fatally, I thought it best to proceed at once southward, more especially as the object of my cruise has been to gain personal information, and I shall now be unable, for some little time, to attend to my duties.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"(Signed) JAMES G. GOODENOUGH,

"*Captain and Commodore 2nd class,*

"*Commanding Australian Station.*

"To the Secretary of the Admiralty.

"P.S.—The Commodore died on the 20th August. I have thought it right that I should state on this letter that it was dictated to me on the 13th August, seen by the Commodore in its present state on the 14th August, and signed by him, as it was, on the 19th August, the day before he died. He wished to sign it without any alteration being made in the last paragraph, as it now stands.

"(Signed) W. WYKEHAM PERRY, *Secretary.*

"21 August, 1875."

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